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MEMORIES OF A LONG LIFE.

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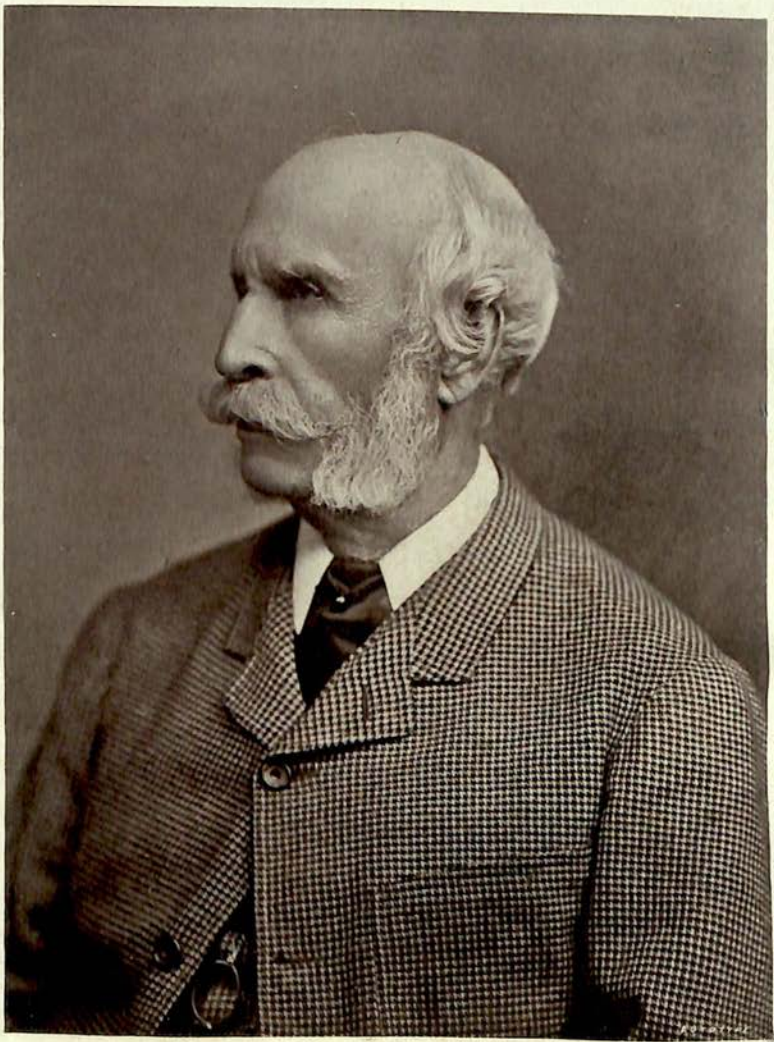

Yours truly

L. Davidson

MEMORIES

OF

A LONG LIFE.

BY

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL DAVID DAVIDSON, C.B.,
H.E.I.C.S.,
HONORARY COLONEL AND LATE COMMANDANT
OF THE QUEEN'S EDINBURGH RIFLE VOLUNTEER BRIGADE.

24312

"Sweet Memory! wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail."
—ROGERS.

EDINBURGH: DAVID DOUGLAS.
1890.

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TO MY WIFE,

THE DEAR COMPANION AND HELP'MEET OF

THE BETTER HALF OF THAT

LONG LIFE.

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Portrait of Col. DAVIDSON, from a photograph by Marshall Wane.—*Frontispiece.*

When Time, who steals our years away,
  Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay,
  And half our joys renew.

MOORE.

MEMORIES OF A LONG LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

My life is divided, like that of Moses, into three distinct epochs. The first sixteen years, taking in my childhood and boyhood, as passed at Haddington, form the first epoch; the twenty years I spent continuously in India is the second; and the remaining years of my life, spent at home, after my retirement from the service of the Honourable East India Company, constitute the third epoch. In looking back, these three periods seem of about equal length; the years gliding on so much more rapidly as we advance in life.

The recollections of my childhood are with me especially vivid; but there is one event which, although it caused a great sensation, I cannot recall. My father possessed a monkey, the history of whose tricks afforded endless amusement to us children in after years. When I was an unconscious baby, this same monkey, taking advantage of a short absence of the nurse, lifted me out of the cradle, and was very busy stuffing me with pap, when the nurse returned, and with a shriek communicated her alarm to the whole household; for every attempt to relieve Mr. Jacko of his assumed services was only answered by a hideous grin and threatened resistance. At last my father appeared upon the scene, and, after some coaxing, Jacko was induced to relinquish his charge. My only recollection of this member

of the family is a handsome red coat which formed part of his attire; for shortly after his flattering attentions to me he was killed in a fight with a greyhound, but not till he had inflicted such severe wounds on his antagonist that he had to be destroyed. One of my earliest recollections was being handed over from the arms of an old nurse to those of a new one, to which transfer I strenuously objected, saying, "I no' gang to that wifie," and this excellent woman bore the name of "Wifie" till she died, shortly after my return from India. About this time, one night I awoke and found myself alone in a pitch-dark room; my screams brought my mother to my rescue, when I declared by way of excuse that "the dark went up my nose and choked me."

At last the dread time came when I was sent to school. I unbuckled my wooden sword, hid it carefully among the shrubs in an angle near the library window, and was led unwillingly away. Not many years afterwards, a real sword was buckled to my waist, and I was despatched to India to begin another epoch of my life.

I never was distinguished at my lessons At the very commencement I was unfortunate, and tried to conceal my want of success. A great friend of my father's, Captain Stewart, who had made a considerable fortune in command of a ship in the Indian trade, was at that time a frequent visitor at our house, the inmates of which he alarmed by sleeping without a night-cap and with the window open. He took a special interest in me, and one day he asked me how I stood in my class. With a little hesitation I replied, "Second dux." The same answer having been frequently given to the same question, it occurred to the Captain to ask, "But, Davie, how many are there in your class?" I replied, with a little hanging of the head, "Weel, there's just anither little lassie and mysel'." When I was advanced into a larger class, the Captain said one day quizzically, "Well, Davie, are you dults?" (booby). "No, I'm no' just

dults, but I'm very nearhand it." But I need not multiply my early school experiences, which always left a sort of humbling sensation behind them, and the more so that my elder brother was particularly clever. I was rather uplifted one day, however, after I had been "put into Latin," when, in answer to my father if I knew my own name in Latin, I briskly replied, "Dāvid Davīdus, Davīdus being sometimes pronounced long and sometimes short." "Ah," said my father, I being tall for my age, "you'll be the long Davīdus." My schooling was at one time interrupted by a somewhat severe accident. One afternoon, in performing the accustomed pleasant trick of sliding down the rail of the nursery stair, I toppled over, and went down the pit head foremost, cutting my chin, breaking some teeth, and bursting a blood-vessel, which caused a rush of blood from the ear. As I lay bleeding but quite conscious, my mother, dressed for a party, appeared. Her turban (the fashion of those days) singularly became her beautiful Jewish cast of countenance; and as she stood with uplifted hands, a picture of the Tragic Muse was firmly fixed upon my mind, never to be effaced. I was dreadfully frightened, thinking I was going to die, and screamed, "Send for the doctor." I was carried to bed, and shortly Dr. Welsh (the father of Mrs. Thomas Carlyle) appeared to my relief. On his saying, "David, I must bleed you," I thrust out my arm and submitted heroically to the operation, which I thought was the only thing that would save my life.

There were "white days" during that schooling time. These were the Wednesdays and Saturdays, when we had a half holiday. My father was very fond of coursing, and had a fine batch of greyhounds; and proud I was to accompany him on Dickie; and still more so to ride home through the streets with a brace of hares under each saddle-flap, fastened by the buckles of the girths. I took to riding as a gosling does to water, and we were put into the saddle almost as

soon as we could walk. Rather soon for my elder brother Henry, for in one of his earliest rides, when, as they were fording the Tyne at Westfield (he holding manfully by the bridle), Dickie suddenly put down his head to drink, and pulled the little fellow over his ears into the water, from which he was rescued, wet and weeping, by the groom. Dickie was my mother's pony; a beautiful creature, a cross between an Arab and a Shetland, milk-white, with flowing tail and mane, but, following a barbarous custom of these days, with cropped ears. Dickie considered himself a lady's pony, and so disliked the other sex that when Edward the groom had to catch him in the "Crofts," where Dickie sometimes grazed, he used to wrap a horse-cloth round him by way of skirt, and approach in the guise of a lady.

This same Edward was a wonderful fellow for work. A very smart Englishman, he groomed a riding horse (Bird), two carriage horses, and two ponies, had charge of a kennel of greyhounds, was valet to my father, waited at dinner when there was company, cleaned the plate, taught the boys to ride, cut their hair, and, if they were not steady under the operation, threatened to clip their ears.

I rode one day with my father to Gullane, where Mr. Dawson, the ancestor of the family of trainers, the latest of whom has his portrait in *Vanity Fair*, began his career, and had his course and stud of racers. Mr. Dawson so admired Dickie that he presented me with one of his little training saddles. Mr. Dawson's brother was a respectable watchmaker in Haddington, whose shop, in my wee boy days, I visited at least once a week, for the regulation of my watch. This watch has a little history of its own. It was given to me by my grandmother, it having belonged to one of her deceased sons, when I was about eight years old; and as my nether garments buttoned on to the upper, which was jacket and waistcoat combined, set off with a frill at the neck, in the absence of watch-pocket, I suspended it by a gay ribbon,

then the fashion, to one of the buttons. And I was not a little proud when, evading the eye of the master, I exhibited it to my companions at school, and, opening the massive silver cases, disclosed the central diamond on which it moved. Its maker must have been an honest workman, for in recording his name, "G. King," he had modestly added, "No. 1." It was my only watch for many years in India, and when stolen from me at the Fort of Asseergurh, it was cleverly retrieved by a native police detector, in the thatched roof of a house in the city of Boorhanpoor. It is still in my possession, and goes well. Having been transferred to the nursery, it has accurately recorded the hour of birth of five sons and five daughters. After rendering these faithful services, No. 1 now enjoys a silent repose among other relics of the past.

One of my rides, when a very little fellow, is vividly imprinted on my memory. I started, in company of the groom, to deliver a letter at Salton, which was rather more than five miles off. Whether I got saddle-sick, or whatever was the reason, when we got to Grant's Braes, Edward thought I had gone far enough, and proposed that I should wait there till his return from the ten-mile ride. Grant's Braes happened then to be the residence of Gilbert Burns, the elder brother of the Poet. He was standing at his door, and, having kindly taken Dickie and put him up in his stable, he brought me into the house. I sat patiently and wonderingly by one side of the fireplace, and, young as I was, I felt a sort of awe. I knew about Burns and his songs; and a kind of reverential feeling possessed me as I sat in his brother's house. I had often seen Gilbert in church, where he was an elder, and had marked him, especially on sacramental occasions, when he solemnly dispensed the sacred bread. He had a splendid head, with high forehead and "lyart haffets wearing thin and bare." The lower part of his face was less refined than that of his

brother, the mouth larger, and the chin well developed, indicating stronger moral qualities. His daughters were sitting in the room reading. Gilbert patted one of them on the back, and asked her gently what she was reading. She said "An essay." It was the first time I had heard the word, and I wondered what it meant.

It was a somewhat weary wait. Part of the time I studied the construction of a receptacle for spills, which had been built in the angle of the mantelpiece in the form of a hay-rack, with the bars radiating from a point. At last Edward returned, Dickie was saddled, the kindly old man helped me to mount, and I rode homewards with Gilbert Burns and his family photographed like a pleasant picture on my mind.

My school days were during the Reign of Terror, or, in other words, the Reign of Tawse. This instrument of torture, a thick leathern strap, with two-thirds of its length divided into four or five thongs, hung over the teacher's left shoulder, the thongs, with their tips hardened in the fire, dangling down his back, the loop at the other end lying conveniently ready for the hand. This equipment caused young hearts to palpitate when lessons were imperfectly prepared. Sometimes it was whispered, "The maister's got on his angry coat this morning," which added in no small measure to the dismay. The effect of this system was, that, while the dull lazy boys got their deserts, and the dull studious boys were unduly punished, the clever lazy boys escaped. Besides, it tended greatly to foster a savage spirit in the teacher. It was interesting to see the different ways in which the punishment was taken. Some would bellow at the first flourish of the tawse; others would shrink, and withdraw the palm at the critical moment of descent; while others—but they were few in number—would greatly irritate the operator by receiving the lashes without flinching, with something of the heroism of a Red Indian under torture. He

is the best instructor of the young who makes the most of the material on which he has to work, whether it be good, bad, or indifferent. But it is too much the system, even in our more modern schools, to push on the clever boys, and leave the slow ones to hobble on in the rear as best they can. I have sometimes thought it would be curious if those who had formed one class at school could be drawn up together in after years in the order in which they had made most progress in the battle of life. I cannot but think some who were at the bottom of the class would rank first as to success in the world. So in the science of projectiles; the "Express," with its light bullet and heavy charge, has a great muzzle velocity and low trajectory at the near distances, but it is caught up and left behind at the long ranges by the heavy bullet and light charge.

The Burgh School of Haddington was both ancient and distinguished. It was established before the Reformation, and there John Knox got the elements of his education, having been born in 1505, within a few hundred yards of the school. In 1809 the Mathematical School was added, and it was as master of that school that Edward Irving began his public life, at the recommendation of Professor Leslie, as "a lad of good character and superior abilities." His athletic performances seem to have left a more lasting impression on after generations than his teaching qualities; and a certain part of the mill-dam, where it approaches the ancient Abbey, is still pointed out as "Irving's jump." In my time the masters of the two schools were men of a different stamp. The Rector of the Grammar School, Mr. Graham, who was elected at the beginning of the century, was a fine-looking, pompous man, carefully got up, with powdered hair, and, on special occasions, knee breeches, silk stockings, and buckled shoes. He bounced into the school within a second of the hour, marched up to his rostrum, and offered a short prayer. He then took out his flowing silk

handkerchief and carefully dusted his seat. This, it was said, was a precautionary measure, as on some notable occasion a wicked boy had inserted in the seat certain inconvenient pins. He then opened his desk, took out the dreaded tawse, and some well-known books, which he arranged with systematical precision. He was an excellent Latin scholar, and his boys occasionally took high places when transferred, as my brother was, to the Edinburgh High School.

The annual examination was a great affair. It was conducted chiefly by ministers of the town and adjoining parishes, some of whom, having been originally teachers, were glad of this opportunity of airing their Latin. The deep-toned "*Cave!*" of Mr. Steel of Morham, when a slip was made, was an oft-recurring incident. But the happy time was the moment of dismissal, with a month's vacation in view, and a bag of "sweeties," the gift of the town, presented to each boy as he rushed to the door.

On the Saturdays, just before dismissal, an event took place which, while it created a general interest, placed a portion of the scholars in an enviable position. The Rector from an inner recess of his desk pulled out certain piles of penny pieces, and placed them with a complacent air in a conspicuous position. Then the favoured ones, the boarders, advanced one by one, and each received his penny. One big boy, whose father was regarded as a sort of Crœsus, actually received a sixpence! Immediately on dismissal, there was a rush either to Claggum Nanny's or the nearest sweetie shop, and the penny pieces, and even the sixpence, soon changed owners. Nanny Cairncross, the vendor of this sticky material, was a special friend of mine, and proposed sending to me in India some of her favourite ware, but it was suggested that under the influence of a tropical sun it would certainly melt. Nanny immediately met this objection by saying, "Oo, mem, but he'll *sup* it."

The teacher of the Mathematical School was quite another

type of man. Tall and spare, handsome in features, with a shock head of red hair, powdered too, from the habit of running his chalky fingers through it as he worked out a problem on the blackboard. Utterly careless of attire, intensely earnest in his teaching work, unpunctual, to the sore trouble of his pupils, when the hour of their dismissal had come and gone. An enthusiast in regard to everything he taught, he imparted no small measure of his enthusiasm to his scholars. Severe in the early part of his career, he mellowed greatly towards its close. To be taught by such a master was to me a new era in my school life. Learning a dead language, in the sadly roundabout way in which it is taught, was to me tiresome in the extreme; and "the science of number and quantity" was much more to my taste. The mathematical problems we got as exercises at home were pleasant puzzles, the solution of which created a wholesome and friendly rivalry in the class. I dreamt about them, and the board at the head of my bed was covered with triangles, squares, and circles, in my eagerness to put my solution to the test, and, when solved, it was as if I had discovered a new planet. Mr. Hardie, though well up in the earlier stages of mathematics, was in danger of being caught up by his more advanced pupils in the higher branches, and had to apply himself to keep ahead. In this, his case resembled that of a certain young professor of languages, who was applied to by a wealthy self-made man, who wished to give his son and heir that liberal education, the lack of which he had himself so greatly felt. After arranging for some of the European languages, he wound up by saying he was anxious to add to these a fair knowledge of Chinese. "Very good," said the professor; "I shall be happy to teach your son Chinese, but that branch is more expensive than the others. I charge ten shillings a lesson for Chinese, and my engagements are so numerous just now, that I shall not be able to begin it for a month." This matter having been settled to

the satisfaction of both parties, the millionaire withdrew. A friend of the professor, who had been sitting in a corner apparently absorbed in study, now broke into a horse-laugh, and said, "What a fellow you are, to undertake to teach Chinese, when you know as much of it as of the language of the moon!" "Not so fast, my friend," said the professor; "I know what I am about. I am to get ten shillings a lesson, and having, you observe, a month's start, it will be odd if I cannot keep well ahead of my pupil."

Mr. Hardie married in 1835. In 1836 his wife and child were laid in the same grave, and in 1837 he took his place beside them; all "in the sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection." A letter from me must have reached him just before he died; his executors, old pupils, found it in his desk, and were kind enough to send it to me. A handsome tombstone (for which I had the privilege of subscribing) was erected in the yard of the Abbey Church, as a tribute from his scholars, and marks this interesting grave.

"The Knox Institute," toward which Mr. Thomas Carlyle contributed handsomely, has now supplanted the Burgh Schools; and, with its excellent Rector and well-chosen staff of teachers, it promises to maintain the character of Haddington for educational advantages. Latterly I was tutored in French by Mr. Johnstone, the early friend and correspondent of Carlyle; a gentle, scholarly man, capable of great things, but destined to wear out the last few years of his too short life in the drudgery of teaching for a miserable pittance, the A B C and elements of English and arithmetic in the Haddington Parish School.

A couple of years before I left for India, there was established at Haddington, chiefly through the exertions of Dr. Robert Lorimer, son of one of the collegiate ministers, a School of Arts, the lectures of which I attended regularly; thereby getting a smattering of chemistry, natural philosophy, and logic. At one of the annual meetings, Dr.

Chalmers gave an address, in which he ridiculed the notion some had of the danger of over-educating the working classes. He said it would tend rather to the general advancement, that "it was like transferring the spur from the heel to the toe, so that the rear-rankers would prick on those in the front rank of the community."

At the time referred to in these jottings, the tendency of those who had earned an independence to crowd to the capital was not so great as it is now. They were generally contented to occupy a villa in the neighbourhood of the town, and enjoy their *otium cum dignitate* among the friends and associates of their early life. These, with a sprinkling of retired naval and military men, formed a pleasant society. Up to the end of the last century, and even later, the nobility had their residences in the county town, and went in and out among their own people. Now, except in the shooting season, their time and their money are spent either in London or on the Continent; and even in the capital of Scotland, the Earl of Wemyss was the last nobleman to retain a family house, and it was sold the other day. Among the retired officers in Haddington, in my early days, was Sir James Baird, who occupied a modest villa; and, as Commandant of the East Lothian Yeomanry Cavalry, revived his military ardour, as he mounted his charger for the annual training. The yeomanry went into quarters at Dunbar, and drilled on the Belhaven sands. They were splendidly mounted, and a fine body of men. The Marquis of Tweeddale was a private in one of the troops. They messed together, and a good deal of toddy was drank on these occasions. Sir James Baird presided; and on asking one of his troopers if he would allow him to help him to the roast of beef he was carving, he answered, "Thank ye, Sir James, but I'll ha'e nane o' yer red flesh; I'll joost help mysel' to the doo tairt." My father was a keen yeoman, and did not resign till my elder brother could take his place.

The latter long commanded the last surviving troop, and lived to be the senior yeomanry officer in the kingdom. His elder son was also a yeoman, so there were three generations in the troop. In 1848, when I was present at the annual review, a little boy, the second son of my brother, seeing the smart adjutant (a retired sergeant of cavalry) ride past, pointed him out to me, and asked in a confidential whisper, "Uncle, is that a *real* soldier?" This boy became a real soldier himself, was adjutant of his regiment in the Abyssinian campaign, has now retired as a lieutenant-colonel, and is one of the Queen's Gentlemen-at-Arms.

But I have been led away from what is personal in my early reminiscences. Having developed a decided taste for mechanics, I was always "making something." On showing one of my novelties to old Sandy the gardener, he would say approvingly, "Eh, Maister Davit, the invention o' man is wonderfu', for my son Sannie invented an ailshone heft!" (an awl handle). My greatest success was a crossbow of peculiar and novel construction, from which I could shoot leaden bullets with singular precision. To this fact the cats of some generations back might have borne testimony had they been alive. But it was against the sparrow that I mainly waged war; having as a pet a fine sparrow-hawk, whom I considered it a duty to supply with his natural food. From constant practice I attained no ordinary skill, and was well acquainted with every point in the trajectory of my crossbow ball. One Saturday afternoon, with only fifteen rounds of ammunition in my pocket, I brought home to my hawk eight sparrows, shot with single pellets on the highest ridges of the distillery roof. In the neighbourhood of our house the sparrows grew wary, and I used to take an occasional shot by way of practice at the gilded ball of a weathercock, which offered a most tempting target. From the effects of constant peppering, the side of the ball got bulged inwards, and, pressing on the staff of the vane,

stopped its action. In this condition it served no purpose beyond furnishing my father with matter for a joke, when he would say, "People looked at that vane in vain!" At last the plumber was sent for to put it right. Crossbow in hand, I watched him from below with rather a curious eye. On reaching and examining the ball, the man looked down to me with a look and shake of the head that plainly said, "I know who did this, but I won't tell."

One day Wombwell's menagerie made its appearance in the town, and formed up into its mysterious hollow square on a piece of vacant ground, dedicated to such use, just opposite my father's stables, and at a considerable distance. From the flat leaden roof of the coach-house I could just see on the opposite inner side of the square of waggons the upper row of cages that contained the monkey tribe. From this coigne of vantage, and sheltered from view by a convenient ledge or parapet, I lay concealed, and contemplated some lively practice. The distance was so great, I knew I would merely tickle the monkeys and enliven them a bit. Lying flat like a sharpshooter in a rifle-pit, I made a few experiments to find the range, with satisfactory results. The monkeys, who had been accustomed to be peppered with hazel nuts, at first entered heartily into the fun; till at last a well-directed pellet found its way between the bars, and, with sufficient force to give a tolerable sting, it hit a well-conditioned monkey in a fleshy place. Jumping round with marvellous agility, rubbing the place with one hand, while with the other he seized the bullet, he put it between his teeth; but it appeared from his grimace a harder nut than he could crack. Had he known the kindly offices performed for me in my babyhood by one of his fraternity, I daresay he would have considered my treatment of him a very shabby return.

When I was exercising my skill on my more legitimate game, the sparrows, a fine boy of some seven or eight years

of age was handed over to me to amuse, and I thought I could not do better than give him a lesson in projectiles. The birds, as usual, made themselves scarce, and I almost despaired of getting him a shot. At last I spied a young sparrow of some second brood, perched on the top of a pear tree, and offering a very favourable mark. We stalked the game skilfully under cover of some gooseberry bushes, and at last the bow was bent and in the hands of the eager young sportsman, while I was anxiously watching the result. Twang went the bow, and, with my practised eye, I saw the bullet pass an inch or two over the sparrow's head. Again he tried, and this time it went so close it must have caused the bird to wink. The third shot struck! Down fell the sparrow, and up rushed the youngster, as proudly, I doubt not, as he did years afterwards, when he brought down his first antlered stag in the forests of the North. The young sportsman was the present Earl of Wemyss, so well known, not only as a shot, but as the distinguished leader of the Volunteer movement.

While on the subject of sport, I may mention that my father had made a varied collection of arms, consisting of guns, pistols, and blunderbusses, to say nothing of swords, rapiers, and dirks. These my elder brother Henry and I had tastefully arranged in a press, which we called the armoury. The possession of such a store of weapons suggested to my brother the propriety of bringing them into use. So one Saturday afternoon he assembled a good number of his school companions, and we had a jolly sham fight. The field of battle was the garden, to the alarm of our neighbours, and the wrath of Sandy, whose gooseberry bushes were much disturbed, as it was among them that the enemy to be dislodged had established a strong position. On that memorable occasion the weapon I carried was a very light single-barrelled flint gun, which had evidently been built for a youth. From that moment I cast a covetous

eye upon this piece, longing to put it to the test with something more formidable than blank ammunition; and soon afterwards, when I was fourteen years of age, it actually came into my possession. Having proved its efficiency with shot, I longed to make some experiments with ball. Ranged along the bottom of the garden wall, and at a suitable distance from my bedroom window, was a row of flower-pots, which I took for granted must be cracked. I practised at these with a small charge of powder, with more satisfaction than success; till an unfortunate stray shot barked the stem of a rider cherry tree, and enraged old Sandy the gardener to such a degree that I had to seek another range. It was seldom Sandy lost his temper, for he was a kindly old soul, and he and I were sworn friends. When writing to Sandy from India, I reminded him of those days, and in his characteristic answer he says, "Yes, Maister Dāvit, and well do I mind helping you to string your crossbow; and eh, Maister Dāvit, weren't ye a gran' marksman! Didn't ye gar the pigeons come aff the hoose?" Sandy himself was one day my target. He was perched on the top of a long ladder nailing some cherry trees, when I from the other side of the garden, seventy yards off, called out, "Sandy, may I have a shot at you?" "Oo ay, and I'll wager ye'll no' hit me." But hit him I did in a safe place, and made him start. He told me afterwards "it was vary sair." Sandy Ogilvy was one of those who, when they get a good place, think it wise to stick to it. He served the family for half a century, was still "to the fore" when I came home, and left the garden only for the grave. He came of a good stock, for "his father before him" got a prize as the servant who had been longest in one place of any in the county; I think it was seventy years.

Owing to the not unreasonable objections to my ball practice in the garden, I established my range in a field behind it; and, seeing an old disused door in a very suitable

position for a target, I proceeded to put it to that use. This door was in the wall of a neighbouring garden, and, never having known it to be opened, I supposed it was built up on the inner side. Sticking up an oyster shell for a bull's eye, and having paced a hundred yards, I made some tolerable shots. A few days afterwards I heard the town crier, with beat of drum, proclaiming something in the street. Listening curiously, I heard words to this effect: "Whereas some evilly disposed person has fired bullets through the back garden door of Mr. George Spiers, thereby endangering the lives of himself and the members of his family, notice is hereby given, that any one who will give information that will lead to the detection of the offender will be handsomely rewarded." Thinking no person could give better information than myself, though without any sanguine expectation of being "handsomely rewarded," I confessed the delinquency, and was not a little alarmed when I found that my bullets had not only pierced the garden door, but had gone through the door of a summer-house into which it opened, and then swept down the garden walk! The owner, a very worthy man, with great good-nature, accepted my sincere expression of regret, but I daresay he was somewhat relieved when, not long after, the little gun was packed into a box, and it and I were packed off to India, to prosecute the science of projectiles in a wider and more interesting field.

Nothing excited a greater sensation in the quiet town of Haddington than the rapid tolling of the fire-bell. It was heard on three occasions quickly succeeding one another. Haddington having been burned down according to history twice, it was feared that the prophecy that it was to be burned down a third time was about to be fulfilled. The accomplices of some notorious characters in jail raised fires in the outskirts of the town, and in the confusion attempted to break open the prison, and set their comrades free. My

father had for his amusement, and a costly one it proved, a sort of home farm on the east suburb, and, as he was a conspicuous figure in the Justice of Peace Court, his stack-yard, unfortunately not yet insured, was the first to suffer. As the fire-bell sounded, we rushed to the gate, and over the tops of the houses we could see the livid glare and the flying embers. At that moment some one whispered to my father, "Oh, sir, it's yer ain barnyerd!" No effort could stay the conflagration. Two lines, one of men for the full buckets, and one of women for the returning empty ones, stretched from the stackyard to the Tyne. Blankets were pulled from many a bed, wetted and thrown upon the stacks, and by this means several were saved that were detached from the others by an intervening road. What seemed to grieve my father most was the loss of a little hayrick he had allowed the humble Methodist preacher to build within his ground. The feeling of indignation was general and intense. An old wife standing at her door was heard to exclaim, "Wha could a' done this to Maister Davidson, him that does naebody ill and a'body gude!" The other places fired were the farm offices of a Justice of Peace; and, worst of all, a row of poor cottages at the Yellow Craigs, a height immediately above the town. The alarm was so great that a body of mounted gentlemen were formed into squads to patrol the town at night.

I have many pleasant recollections in connection with our summer visits in my early boyhood to Salton, where my father for some years had the home farm. He was one of the trustees of the Salton property, and, as factor, he had to be a good deal there during the minority of the late Andrew Fletcher, the lineal descendant of the patriot of that name. There were plenty of trout in the Salton water; though, my skill with the rod being limited to bait fishing, my success was comparatively small, still it was pleasant to wander by the side of that beautiful stream, cheered by

occasional nibbles, and sometimes by the capture of a trout. I cannot say all the memories were pleasant, having a painful recollection of being stung severely by wasps, whose nest under a huge iron roller I had unfortunately disturbed. The row of cottages in connection with the farm had been occupied through a long succession of years by the same families of labourers; and in almost each of them the three generations were to be seen: the aged grandfather propped up in the easy-chair, the stalwart son with his tidy wife, and their bairns, building their little chuckystone houses and making their mud pies, near the door.

Not long after the burning of the stackyard, my father gave up the land he had in the immediate vicinity of Haddington, and took, to my mother's dismay, the farm of Monkrigg, then the property of Mr. Fletcher. I say to my mother's dismay, for she knew by past experience that my father's farming had always been a losing concern. But it afforded him great amusement, and there was something fascinating about Monkrigg, as a pretty place in itself, and capable of great improvement. The old-fashioned house, nestled in wood, was perched on the summit of a ridge, the land stretching down from it in almost equal portions towards the north and south. As the name implies, it had originally belonged to the monasteries at Haddington, from which it was distant about a mile; and had been selected with that taste for which the Romish ecclesiastics were so distinguished. To me this new move was a source of new pleasure. There were plenty of rabbits on the place, and I had the shooting of them. The little gun was in frequent requisition, and I am sure our pointer, "Till," knew the Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, for she was always waiting behind the stable door, ready to rush out, and in the usual direction, the moment I applied my finger to the latch. I found Sandy Wight, the grieve, or farm-steward, at Monkrigg, a very cordial coadjutor in my cam-

paigns against the rabbits, which he denounced as "vile varmint," that made constant inroads on his crops. Before I had acquired the art of "shooting running," I was glad of his help in a stalk for a standing or sitting shot. "Come wi' me," he would say, "and I'll gie ye a gran' chance at a kinman." Through a bit of young wood we would creep, and, peeping stealthily over the wall at the edge, we would discover a batch of rabbits taking their evening feed on forbidden ground, unconscious of our evil designs. "Noo, Maister Dāvit," he would whisper, "ye see that muckle yin; tak' time, and tak' a gude vizzie." Before long I happened to make a running shot, and it seemed so easy, that I forthwith abandoned my smouching practice as unworthy of a sportsman, and in due time I became a very tolerable shot.

Monkrigg up to this date was ignorant of high farming, and its fences, formed of double hedges with a ditch on each side, afforded admirable cover for game; besides, it marched with Lennoxlove, which was strictly preserved. But of course I drew the line at rabbits, although I must confess a hare would sometimes "cross my line of aim" and suffer for it. It is told of a sporting Paddy, that, on being charged before a Justice of Peace with shooting a hare, he put in for his defence that the hare was to blame for crossing his line of aim when he was firing at a bush. "No, no," said the Justice, "that won't do. There is Pat O'Fannogen, who says he saw you take a deliberate aim and shoot the hare." "Plase yer honour," says Paddy, "don't be minding what Pat says; it's not me that would tell your honour what I heard Pat say the other day." "Well, what did he say?" "Plase yer honour, if ye'll excuse me, but he said yer honour was not as fit to fill that chair as a jackass!" "And what did you say?" "I said ye was, yer honour!"

One day my father, happening to see me with my gun in

my hand, asked me to let him see me shoot a rabbit. So we put "Till" into one of these thick double hedge fences, and before we had gone many yards a rabbit bounded out and was doubled up. A few steps farther on, something very like a rabbit rushed along between the double hedges, and, as it crossed a slight opening, was knocked over. It proved a hare! Well, thought my father, that was a very natural mistake. Farther on, "Till" made a dead point; when, with a whirr that made my heart jump, something with a glittering green neck, golden body, and long taper tail, rose like a rocket from the thickest of the cover! The little gun came up instinctively to the shoulder, and went off of its own accord. Down came the feathered rocket with a tremendous thud. It was a pheasant! My father looked at me, I at him, and then at the gun. "David, my man, do you mean to say you took that for a rabbit?" The only other occasion on which I erred in the same direction was perhaps more excusable, for it was on the Queen's highway. Walking from Monkrigg in the company of an old retired major, we spied a fine cock pheasant feeding in a field close to the road. I said to the Major, "If that bird is put up, it will fly over our heads to the covers of Lennoxlove." I had hardly spoken when up went a hat into the air, and it had scarcely reached the ground, when up rose the pheasant like a paper kite, steering its way towards Lennoxlove. The little gun again jumped instinctively to the shoulder, and down went the pheasant, after a series of gyrations, flop on the hard road. The Major wrapped it in his silk pocket-handkerchief and put it under his arm, with the tail sticking out, and carried it off as a surprise to his wife. My father must have looked with a lenient eye on these delinquencies, for in one of his last letters to me when in India, he said he hoped to see me once again at Monkrigg, bringing down (of course legitimately) a long-tailed cock.

Not long ago, while reading Besant's charming story of *Dorothy Foster*, I was pleasantly reminded of a visit I paid with my father, in the summer of 1826, to Etherstone, or Adderstone, as it latterly was called. To me who had never been farther than Edinburgh, that beautiful drive into Northumberland was a no ordinary treat. Old "Dunny," who took us there, was about the finest gig horse I ever saw, and was quite a member of the family. It was great fun to my father, in driving one of us to Edinburgh, to keep a few hundred yards ahead of the mail coach, and hear from time to time the horn of the guard warning us to clear the way. As "Dunny" lingered, and the coach drew nearer, expecting to give us the go-by, a little touch of the whip, and off he went with a fresh spurt, which was repeated again and again at each tout of the horn. We went from Haddington to Berwick at one drive, stopping to bait the horses and refresh ourselves at Broxburn and Houndswood, drawing rein for a little at the Peasebridge to examine that marvel of architecture, as it was thought in those days, crossing as it does a very deep ravine. We stayed a day or two at the old and interesting town of Berwick, receiving a hearty welcome from old friends of ours now all gone. I walked up the southern bank of the Tweed to see another wonder of that time, the Union Suspension Bridge, the first success in that line of our friend Sir Samuel Brown, and returned to Berwick by the opposite side of that splendid river. On the way out I witnessed a grand take of salmon, thirty-three in number, and admired the stalwart fishermen of the Tweed, dragging the heavy net ashore. As the segment of the net grew smaller, there was a wild commotion as the fish attempted again and again to leap out, but they were cleverly tossed back again by the watchful fishermen. Then there was a scramble, and a tap on the snout, rapidly and cleverly administered, ended the career of each.

The drive from Berwick to Adderstone was delightful, the sea on one side, and Holy Island, and a fair landscape on the other. We were welcomed to Adderstone by my mother's cousin, Mr. Foster, and his wife. The old house, described by Besant, has given place to a modern erection, designed by Burn, but Bamborough Castle stands on, or rather hangs over the cliff, washed at its base by the angriest of angry billows,—the scene of many a wreck,—much as it was centuries ago. In the interior we were shown a well of great depth, dug out of the living rock. To help the visitor to appreciate its depth, a frame, holding a candle at each of its four angles, was slowly lowered. As we watched it, the four lights, like the stars of the Southern Cross, grew more and more dim, and drew nearer to each other till they almost merged into one. We spent a few days visiting my mother's relations and friends; and we had some good coursing, which, mounted on one of Mr. Foster's ponies, I greatly enjoyed. I noticed that the gentlemen still adopted for evening dress the fashion of older times, and Mr. Foster, though a middle-aged man, wore powder, small-clothes, silk stockings, and shoes with buckles, which, being a well-made man, became him very well. Mr. Pratt of Bellshill, another cousin of my mother's, received us at dinner in a light brown coat with gilt buttons, a splendid waistcoat, drab breeches and white silk stockings, a perfect beau of the old school.

The question of my choice of a profession began now to assume some prominence. As I had shown some aptitude for mathematics and military drawing, my father asked the then Marquis of Tweeddale to get my name placed in the Duke of Wellington's list as an engineer cadet, which he readily agreed to do. This appeared a settled thing, and some of my outfit had been procured, when it was discovered that, through some unexplained delay, my name had not been added to the list till it became evident that

before it could reach the top I would be considerably beyond the restricted age. So this project was at an end, and, as I had a decidedly mechanical turn, the next profession thought of was that of civil engineer. Rennie being an East Lothian man, my father anticipated getting me into his office, but, before taking any steps in that direction, he consulted Jardine, with whom professionally he had at that time a good deal to do; and he discouraged the proposal on the ground that, at that time, engineering was a poor provision for any but those who had attained to eminence; and these, he said, in Great Britain might be numbered by the fingers of one hand! So here again I was adrift.

Much of my spare time was devoted to mechanics. Patterson, or "Pirnie," as he was called from the nature of his profession, as a maker of pirns and spinning-wheels, was a special friend of mine, and his shop was my favourite resort. The old building in the lower part of which that shop was situated occupies a place in history. It belonged to the Earl of Bothwell, and some have believed that he brought Queen Mary to it on his way to Dunbar. It is also said that Cockburn of Ormiston, when conveying four thousand crowns to Haddington for payment of the English troops at that time established there, was intercepted by the Earl, wounded and robbed. The Earls of Arran and Moray, with a considerable body of horse and foot, as well as two pieces of artillery, laid siege to Bothwell Castle, and would have captured the Earl, but, creeping down Gool Close to the Tyne, and stealing along the bank of the river, he took refuge in the house of Cockburn of Sandybed, and, changing clothes with the turnspit, took his duty till he effected his escape. Pirnie, a grave, stalwart man, belonged to an Old Light congregation, to whose church I sometimes went with my nurse "Wifie," and heard the minister, Mr. Chalmers, preach in top-boots and broad Scotch. I soon

learned to turn, and erected a very primitive lathe in my bedroom; but afterwards got the use of a superior instrument, on which I could turn metal as well as wood. Another workshop which I frequented still more constantly was that of two brothers, named Halliday, who were mechanical engineers, and did something in the steam-engine line, which was then in its infancy. With their guidance I was busily engaged in constructing a miniature steam-engine to stand on the top of the kitchen grate and turn the jack; when "a change came o'er the spirit of my dream." I was busy one day in the garret where my workshop was established, at work on this very engine, when I heard a hurried footstep on the stair, and in rushed the cook, saying my mother wanted to see me. Seeing something unusual was in the wind, I said, "Peggy, what's the matter?" "I dinna ken, but yer mother says ye're gaun to Indy!" And, true enough, I found Sir George Warrender, uncle of the present baronet, had somewhat unexpectedly offered a cadetship, and that to India I was bound. It was a great surprise, as I had heard nothing of the cadetship having been asked.

Now came a great ado about outfit. Many experienced ones volunteered their advice, with the result that I was supplied with some things that were not the thing, such as silk stockings to wear at the Governor's levees, and shoes a mile too big to allow for the swelling of the feet. But in essentials I was well rigged out, only before reaching Bombay I had outgrown my suits of white clothes, which at that period was the usual dress when out of uniform. The gunnery department was the one about which I was most deeply exercised. True, there was the little gun, but I looked with a covetous eye on a new percussion gun my father had taken as part payment of a debt due to him by a gunmaker in the town. *Experienced* old hands were again consulted, and it was settled, to my grief, that, as the percussion principle was then quite new, there would be

difficulty in obtaining caps in India, and it would be safer to adhere to the flint. After I had been some years in India, the double gun was sent out; and it turned out a first-rate one, both with shot and ball, and was well known by the name of "the Haddington" in our sporting expeditions in the Asseer jungles and elsewhere. Then for pistols the "armoury" was ransacked, and I was allowed my choice of some four or five pair of primitive as well as more modern weapons. Selecting a pair from among the latter, I proceeded to the garden to put them to the test. When busy shooting at one of the posts in the washing green, which formed an appropriate object, old Sandy the gardener, attracted by the shots, came up with an unusually grave face, and, seeing me at work on a supposed enemy at the conventional distance of twelve paces, said in a tone of severe expostulation, "Ah, Maister Dāvit, I ken what ye're about; it's that dooelling ye're after! Eh, sir, I hope ye'll no' meddle wi' that;" and I had some difficulty in soothing the good old man, assuring him I had no intention of putting them to that use.

CHAPTER II.

It was with mingled emotions I contemplated my approaching departure to a land of strangers, and my separation from the friends and scenes of my early life. There was an exuberance of feeling at the prospect of entering a manly profession, and that in a land full of adventure and romance. On the other hand, there was something like a sinking of the heart when I thought of parting from so many loved ones, just when the event of my leaving drew forth an almost unexpected exhibition of affection and regard. My father, too, was laid upon a bed of sickness, having been attacked with an affection of the heart, which filled us with the gravest apprehensions; and my mother had just given birth to the little fellow who was to take my place.

So I went my round of leave-takings. Kind and hearty were the wishes for my welfare, even from unexpected quarters; and I did not know I had so many warm friends till I was on the point of losing them. Patterson, the turner, when I went to Bothwell Castle to bid him good-bye, said, "Weel wad I like to gang wi' ye, sir, if it was but to get a cut at the Indian wuds." It was about eight o'clock on a cold November morning in 1827, that, as I stood in my father's sick-room, we heard the horn of the guard that heralded the approach of the "Union" coach. So, after some hasty and sad partings, I hurried to the Bell Inn, where I found a number of well-known faces gathered about the coach. The last hand that was thrust

into the coach for a farewell grip was the horny one of old Sandy, whose wheelbarrow had conveyed my luggage from the house. Sixteen was an early age to be cast on the ocean of life to sink or swim, and India was, in the practical sense, farther off and less known then than it is now. I confess to some strugglings of the heart as we hurried past the scenes of my boyhood, where every object awakened some cherished recollection. Something like a sense of desolation crept over me as I felt myself for the first time utterly alone in the world. But there is a buoyancy in the young heart that bears it up under the pressure of such feelings as these. There is a principle lurking there that no circumstances, however depressing, can altogether subdue, causing the heart to rise again and again, as the billows sweep over it. That principle, I need hardly say, is Hope. Seated opposite me, as my travelling companion to London, wrapped up in no end of broadcloth, with his keen eyes sparkling from under the peak of a fur cap, was the Bard of Hope, the immortal Thomas Campbell.

We had proceeded some way before I discovered I was in such distinguished company. Yet I was struck with the vivacity and humour of my fellow-traveller; and especially with the adroitness with which he suited his conversation to the various parties who in succession occupied the vacant seats. An old lady travelled with us some fifty miles, and the poet was soon deep in her confidence. She had a son who was a hypochondriac, and she poured into the poet's ear a long account of the varied hallucinations that in turn took possession of his mind, some of them highly ludicrous, but which were listened to with the utmost gravity; while he unfolded in his turn a marvellous list of similar cases that had come under his observation, some of which, I could not help thinking, were pure inventions. At one place we took up a country bumpkin whom the poet discovered to be irrecoverably wound up in an affair of love, and the twinkle

of his eye showed how much he relished the simple and earnest way in which the rural swain "owned the soft impeachment." As we approached London he got hold of a member of Parliament, and they were soon in deep discussion on the politics of the day. But what interested me most was a series of anecdotes illustrative of his pranks at College. He had just been elected Lord Rector of the Glasgow University, and this naturally led him to speak of his college days.

He seemed to have taken the lead in all the mischief of his time. The principal butt was a pompous little professor, who had not been very happy in his efforts to command the respect of the students; and he went so far as to complain to the Principal that they neglected to give him a hat. Mr. Campbell declared, though I for one could scarcely swallow it, that, in order to make amends for this dereliction, some of the leading students went to a hatter and ordered a hat of prodigious dimensions, which Campbell was selected to present to the professor with an apology for their apparent neglect. Then followed some, what appeared to me apocryphal stories of the tricks they played on this professor, who, he declared, had not only made love, but had the audacity to spend his honeymoon within the precincts of the University, when the happy couple were subjected to a series of practical jokes, which, with other of his stories, would hardly bear to be repeated. In truth, I arrived at the conviction that our distinguished bard was poking fun at his companions in the coach, and was a coarse man, and an accomplished fibber.

We slept the first night of our journey at Newcastle, but the second we spent in the coach, of which Mr. Campbell and I were the only occupants. It was intensely cold, and, as Mr. Campbell was suffering from ague, all the fun was taken out of him, and he had a miserable night of it; indeed, his groans so excited my compassion, that I transferred from

my legs to his a pair of warm worsted overalls, which a considerate friend bought at "Curly Cunningham's" hosiery shop close to the Bell Inn, and pressed on my acceptance, in consideration of the coldness of the weather, just as we were starting. On our arrival, about midday, at the "White Horse" in Fetter Lane, during the bustle attending the collection of our luggage, my travelling companion walked off with my warm overalls on his little legs, and this was the last I saw of them and the Bard of Hope.

As I had accompanied my father on a visit to London about the middle of the year, I had formed the acquaintance of kind friends who were ready to receive me, and help me to complete my outfit. Mr. Charles Kerr, of the house of Fletcher & Alexander, undertook to arrange my passage, and was anxious to ship me on board the *Sarah*, which was to leave Gravesend in the beginning of December. But my heavy baggage had been sent from Leith in a smack, and at that season of the year smacks were proverbially slow in making the passage to London. And then there were certain letters of introduction to the Governor of Bombay and other big-wigs, which my friends in the simplicity of their hearts expected would at once get me on the staff, and lay the foundation for my future success; and without these letters I was on no account to start. Before the luggage arrived, or the principal letter was obtained, the *Sarah* had sailed. However, she too had to encounter adverse winds, and the day my traps arrived, intelligence reached London that she had put into Portsmouth; so at a few hours' warning I took the Portsmouth coach and travelled all night to catch her.

The last night I was in London, dining at Sir Samuel Brown's, I met a batch of scientific men who had just returned from an experimental trip to Brighton on Mr. Gurney's steam locomotive, and the chief topic of conversation was the recent history and future destiny of steam

as a locomotive power. Sanguine as they were in their anticipations, I think it would have astonished them had I been able to foretell that in twenty years I should return from India to find England a perfect network of railways; and that by one of them I should be taken back from London to Haddington in about eleven hours. Sir John Ross, the Arctic voyager, was one of the party, and led the conversation with many interesting anecdotes of his adventures, and spoke of writing the probable future of steam. He mentioned that when he was a middy just come from school, with a very limited knowledge of Latin, he helped to carry on a conversation in that language between some grandee from the coast of Naples and the Admiral, without understanding much of it himself. The Neapolitan spoke of course in the Italian style, while the Admiral flourished off his Oxford Latin, to the bewilderment of the Italian. Ross, who was standing by, had learned to pronounce Latin in both the Scotch and English fashion, and was able to turn the Italian Latin into English, and the Admiral's English into Italian, so as to enable both parties to understand each other. Lady Brown in a bantering way reminded me of a week's visit I paid her father, Mr. Home, at 12 Charlotte Street, Edinburgh, when she and her sister were in their teens. I was a very little fellow, and on them fell the somewhat difficult task of keeping me amused. I did not feel at all in my element making calls with them; besides, the porridge was thin and the milk blue, and altogether I was like a fish out of the water. On the last evening of my stay a brother of theirs who was in the army came home on leave, and entertained me with a display of fireworks; and the Roman candles and Catherine wheels, which were tied to the area railing, must have astonished the neighbours as well as me. When I got home, on being asked if I enjoyed my visit, I was ungallant enough to say, "No; there was nacbody but

'lassies!" This unfortunately was repeated to the old gentleman, and for years afterwards it was a standing joke at my expense; indeed, on the day I went to bid him good-bye before starting for India, he said, "You will not be able to say in India, 'There's naebody but lassies,' for you'll find very few lassies there."

The time I spent in London is very pleasant to look back upon. My host, old Mr. Hurley,—with his two sons and two handsome daughters,—was everything that was kind. And when I had so suddenly to leave for Portsmouth, Mr. Hurley resolved to do a father's part to me, and see me on board. Well happed up by his careful daughters, for it was intensely cold, and having purchased a fur travelling-cap for the occasion, he started with me by coach at six in the evening, and we arrived at Portsmouth next morning. As there was not a moment to lose, my luggage was put on board a boat, and we pushed off in search of the *Sarah*. There were many ships lying windbound on the "Mother Bank," and our boatmen did not know which was ours. All were getting under weigh, as a favourable breeze had sprung up. It seemed as if we were going to lose the race, when my at that time telescopic eye descried the word *Sarah* chalked on the bow of a vessel slowly moving from her anchorage. We overhauled her, and got on board. Brief space was allowed for thanks and farewell words, and soon was I watching, with saddened heart, the boat returning with my kind friend seated in the stern, and the boatman pulling hard against the breeze.

We had not been long under weigh before I had to yield to Neptune's demand for tribute, which did not add to my happiness. As my cabin had not been put in order, the captain asked me to occupy his; and as I lay there with my eyes shut, I listened to sounds that were new to me. First a shrill whistle, then "All hands to 'bout ship," followed by "Sheets and tacks, mainsail haul;" then a

tramping of feet and a dragging sound. After an interval the same sounds were repeated, and so again and again, till, overcome with the want of sleep on the previous night, I fell into a slumber. When I awoke the sickness was gone, and all was comparatively quiet; so I got up and came on deck. To my surprise, we were at anchor on the "Mother Bank," surrounded by the beautiful scenery of that lovely region. The ship had tacked and tacked again, in the vain attempt to get through the Solent and past the Needles. During our enforced detention I joined the other passengers in some pleasant visits to the Isle of Wight and Portsmouth, inspected the *Victory*, and witnessed an official visit of the Duke of Clarence. We, in our wish to get as near as possible to the pageant, rowed too closely past the *Victory* as she was firing her royal salute, and one of her wads just cleared our heads.

About the end of 1827,—I cannot recall the precise day,—when the captain and most of the passengers were on shore, a favourable breeze sprang up, and at the summons of the "Blue Peter" we hastened on board, taking with us a lot of cats, to whose presence the sailors attributed our subsequent misfortunes. We had hardly passed the Needles when we encountered a formidable gale, which increased into a hurricane when we got into the Bay of Biscay, and sent even the more seasoned of the passengers into the sick bay; I of course among the earliest; and I lay tossed and troubled for several days. When I looked over the edge of my hammock with lacklustre eye, I saw that most of my belongings had broken loose; and floating helplessly in the water we had shipped, were candles, soap, hair-brushes, and other toilet conveniences, in elegant confusion. The desire to rescue my cherished property caused me to leap out of bed, and, once on my feet, I managed to dress, and scramble upon deck. The sight that met my eye as I held on by the tackle of the mizzen, was beyond anything my imagina-

tion had pictured of a storm at sea. The waves were indeed, as the story-books say, "mountains high;" as the ship pitched headlong into the hollow, it seemed as if she never would rise out of it. There, some way off on the weather bow, was an object that excited great interest. It was a vessel in distress, with her flag half-mast high, asking for that help which we in our own disabled condition were unable to afford. We had sprung a leak, and it required the constant working of our only pump to keep ahead of the water in the well. Our cargo was of iron badly stowed, part of which, as we afterwards discovered, had broken loose, and had driven a hole in the ship's bottom. I did not understand the danger, and, having by this time found my sea-legs, rather enjoyed the scuffle. I heard afterwards that there was a consultation among the officers of the ship as to whether we should turn back to London, or try to make Lisbon for repairs. The latter course was providentially adopted; for we learned afterwards that we would have encountered a dreadful storm in the English Channel, in which many vessels were lost, and which we in our disabled state could hardly have weathered. Though after the lapse of some days the wind abated, there was a heavy swell; and groping our way along the coast of Portugal, for we had lost our reckoning, we entered the Tagus, glad to be anchored in smooth water, amid such beautiful surroundings. As there were at that time no docks in Lisbon, the only mode in which the *Sarah* could be repaired was by discharging her cargo, and having her careened; that is, hauled over first on one side, and then on the other, and her bottom thoroughly examined and repaired. This threatened to be a long business, but when we realized the extent of the damage sustained, and the narrowness of our escape, we could only be thankful. We had been twenty days in making Lisbon, but the *Sarah*, though a small teak-built vessel of not more than 500 tons, had proved a good sea

boat, for we found that the British packet conveying the mails had been three weeks at sea, and had not yet arrived. Subsequently we learned that several vessels had been lost in the storm we encountered. As it was ascertained that it would take at least two months to get the *Sarah* ready for sea, a large house was taken for the passengers, and we made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit of.

The period of our detention at Lisbon was one of unusual interest and excitement. Don Miguel was about to return from England, where he had out-generalled the Duke of Wellington and the Tory Government, who had accepted his professions of fidelity to the Constitution, in spite of the protestations of the moderate party, who had been driven into exile, and were then in England. Having the support of the reactionary party, headed by his mother, and relying on his popularity with the old nobility and the army, he had not landed long before he showed himself in his true colours; for, in spite of his promises, he dissolved the Cortes, and shortly afterwards, having got himself proclaimed King of Portugal, he entered on that career of tyranny and despotism which wrought such mischief to the country, and ended in ruin to himself.

Portugal having solicited the assistance of Great Britain, a considerable force had been despatched to Lisbon in the month of December; and when we arrived, on the 19th of January 1828, we found two battalions of Guards and a troop of Horse Artillery in quarters close to the city, and seven British seventy-fours and two brigs of war at anchor in the harbour. Among the sights of Lisbon, we visited the quarter where the royal carriages of some centuries were stored, a wonderful collection of gilded and highly decorated rattletraps; little thinking that shortly afterwards we should see a whole cortége of them actually in motion. The man-of-war having Don Miguel on board somewhat unexpectedly hove in sight, and put the whole city into a state of des-

perate excitement. Mounted officers were galloping in all directions. Lackeys and coachmen were rushing along, buttoning on their laced toggery as they ran. Unwilling steeds, of every degree of disablement, were being forced along to horse the dilapidated royal carriages. A royal barge of great length, manned by a host of oarsmen, moved on its centipedal course towards the man-of-war, to land the royal Don. Of Portuguese troops none seemed ready for the emergency, to do honour to the Regent and future King. It was a battery of British Horse Artillery that gave the royal salute at landing, and a regiment of British Guards that received the hero with presented arms. The Portuguese men-of-war, to the great amusement of the officers and men of the *Sarah*, tugged and tugged in a vain attempt to hoist their topmasts, and bungled sadly as they manned the yards, in striking contrast with the smart way in which the thing was done by the British fleet. Backed by the English, the Royalists had it all their own way, and the Constitutionalists had to hide their diminished heads; but a time of retribution came, when the bad son of a bad mother had an arrest put on his wild career, and in turn was obliged to flee. At night there was an illumination, and we were told, if we did not light up our house, we would get all our windows broken. The arrangements for this were laid on me, and it was done in style; for, in addition to the candles in the windows, I made a grand display of fireworks from the balcony that stretched along the upper windows, and gave a prominent place in large illuminated letters to the legend,

"VIVA DON MIGUEL NOSTER REY ABSOLUTO."

The harbour with its surrounding scenery is exceedingly beautiful, but the city itself has, or had sixty years ago, few attractions. The architecture of the churches struck me as very commonplace, but the old Tower of Belem has a fine effect as you enter the Tagus. The aqueduct which conveys

the principal supply of water to the city is carried over the valley of the Alcantara on a structure the central arch of which, with a span of one hundred feet, is more than two hundred and sixty feet high; and, as it is very narrow, looking up to it from below, it appeared to me like a ribbon floating in the air. The city, when I visited it, was filthy in the extreme, and the prevailing savour of sardines fried in olive oil was almost acceptable, in so far as it overpowered worse smells. Having procured a mount, I went to a grand review of the British troops, and saw the Guards march past in fine style. The day was hot, and when some smart manœuvres had been gone through, and the men were allowed to "stand easy," they could not resist the temptation to upset a hand-barrow full of oranges, which was followed by a general scramble. This rather amused the officers, although they had to fork out liberally to satisfy the bellowing vendor. In the evening a ball was given to the British residents, attended of course by the naval and military officers. The most striking figure was that of the beautiful Countess of Villa Flor, whose husband was one of the banished Constitutionalists. The dances were square dances, executed with that dancing-school precision to which I had been so recently accustomed.

We had great trouble with the crew of the *Sarah*. Wine being cheap, sobriety was the exception, and some of them bolted. The steward robbed the captain of some watches and jewellery, and, having raised some money on them, he ran a fine rigg; till one night he was recognised by the second officer at the opera, where he was sporting the handsome uniform of a naval officer. A good deal of the property was recovered, and he had to complete the remainder of his service before the mast. While at Lisbon, I received letters from home, containing distressing accounts of my father's health; and I had to carry this sorrow with me through the remainder of my voyage.

After about two months' detention, the *Sarah* put to sea, and our voyage to India was a prosperous one. We sighted Madeira, and one of the Canary Islands, but touched nowhere. A word or two about my fellow-voyagers. The captain, though a good enough sailor, was far from being a pleasant man. Presuming on his position on board the little ship, he carried himself haughtily towards his officers, and his bearing even towards the passengers was not that of a gentleman. His orders to the officers were plentifully interlarded with imprecations, which lost nothing of their volume when passed on to the men. The doctor was a good-natured Yorkshireman, with curly hair and a rubicund countenance. The officers were a rough set, as were the men, with a few exceptions. On the previous voyage of the ship under another captain, there had been a regular mutiny. A chalk line was drawn across the deck, and death was threatened to any one who crossed it. One of the more violent did so, and was shot dead by an artillery cadet, who was tried and acquitted at Bombay. The passengers were few in number: Dr. Gilder, who, after serving some time as surgeon in the Bombay Army, joined a mercantile firm, and made a moderate fortune; Captain Mason of the 15th Native Infantry, returning from furlough; a young fellow of the name of Wooler, joining a long-established house of that name in Bombay; and a Mr. Gray, who settled first as an agent for Cockburn's house, and ultimately on his own account. Gilder was a delightful companion, and I had great enjoyment in his society. Mason had been subject to some impertinence from the captain, and, on arrival at Bombay, consulted Gilder and myself on the propriety of demanding satisfaction, but was dissuaded from so serious a step. Gray was a nice enough fellow, sang a good song, and went by the name of Gentleman Gray.

The first time I ventured up the rigging, I saw a sailor stealing after me with a suspicious-looking lanyard in his

hand; and, concluding rightly that he had come to tie me up, I gave him the slip by coming down to deck hand over hand by the mizzen halyards. However, I thought it best to pay my footing, and so be made free of the rigging; and many a seat I had on the maintopgallant yard, watching the porpoises and flying fish, and dreaming of times past and times to come. The voyage was somewhat barren of incidents; we had no visit from Neptune on crossing the line, did not kill the inevitable shark, or shoot the poor albatross. I may mention one thing as illustrative of natural history. The second mate, from the dolphin-striker, hit a dolphin with the grains, or trident, but did not secure it. This poor fish followed the ship for several weeks, even when we were running at the rate of eight knots an hour. I could see it from the stern window of my cabin, with the wound in its back, and its nose close to the rudder. We concluded that it kept close to the ship for protection till its wound was healed, lest it should have been preyed upon by the voracious tribe. It could not have slept during that time, *ergo*, fishes do not sleep. We passed the Cape of Good Hope in a hurricane, going ten knots almost, under bare poles. Passing through the Mozambique, we sailed close to Johanna; and, the wind favouring us, we sighted the coast of India in the end of June. A streak of low land, fringed with cocoanuts and palms, was the first glimpse we had of our destination, and in a few hours more we were at anchor in the beautiful harbour of Bombay; when began, as if in a new world, the second epoch of my life.

CHAPTER III.

Creeping into a palanquin, I went under the escort of Captain Mason to report my arrival to the Adjutant-General and Fort-Major; and I cannot say that our journey through the narrow streets and stifling odours, so peculiarly Oriental, gave me a pleasing impression of the land of my future sojourn. I found, as my entrance on the service dated from the day my ship left Gravesend, that, however tedious my passage, I had superseded in rank nearly all the cadets of the season, and that I stood third on a list of forty. I have that list now in my possession, and, alas! how few are now in the land of the living! I had hoped to get quarters—for inns were not in existence in those days—with an old friend of my mother's, Mr. Romer, who had recently been appointed a member of Council; but found he had not yet arrived from Surat. Mr. George Forbes, of the old firm of Forbes & Company, kindly offered me the hospitality of his house, but suggested my sleeping at the Cadet Establishment, as he could not accommodate me with a room. However, on delivering my introduction to Messrs. Leckie & Co., on whom I had a draft, one of the partners, Mr. Sindry, was kind enough to ask me to put up with him at Colabah; so thither I went. At that time Colabah was a separate island, reached by ferry-boats at high tide, and by a causeway at low water. When I started for it in a palanquin, with the doors closed on account of the torrent of rain, the water on the causeway was up to the bearers' knees, and the sensation of water overhead, and the

splashing of water nearly up to the bottom of the palanquin, was new and curious. Colabah is a long and narrow island, with a lighthouse at the farther end, and my host's house was somewhere about the middle. It had, of course, the usual verandahs all round, and plenty of openings for air and the sea breeze. I noticed that all the chairs were arm-chairs with open cane seats, and the dinner-table was adorned with fruit and flowers, which arrangement was at that time unknown at home. When the master of the house called out "Boy!" for there were no bells, to my surprise a grey-headed old man answered the summons. After the usual courses, and before the sweets, came the inevitable rice and curry, and the chief beverage, both during and after dinner, was Hodson's Indian ale, a very heady article. When I retired to bed under mosquito curtains, I was disturbed by a concert maintained by crickets, buzzing insects, and croaking frogs. In the morning I awoke to the consciousness that I had been severely bitten, and, on examining the curtains, I detected a small hole in one corner, through which the mosquitoes, gorged with my blood, were bundling, like the audience of a theatre on fire. I took my revenge by administering a fillip with my finger-nail to as many as had not effected their escape. Dining shortly after at the house of Mr. Forbes, within the fort walls, where there was a large party, chiefly of gentlemen, the scene was peculiarly Oriental. Every guest had brought one, two, or, I might say, if I include the hookaburdar, three servants, who stood in their pure white dresses and handsome turbans and cummerbunds with folded arms behind their master's chairs. If you had not a servant, your chances of being attended to were somewhat small, as you were dependent on the voluntary services of the attendants of the guest next you. After dinner, the hookaburdars slipped in, and each, having spread a handsome narrow Persian rug behind his master's chair, prepared the

chillum, blowing vigorously at the red-hot balls, and handed the chased silver mouthpiece of the snakelike tube to his master, when a general gurgling was heard that astonished unaccustomed ears.

As a new arrival in Australia is called a "new chum," so the raw Indian is called a "griffin." His mistakes, until he gets experience, subject him to no small amount of misadventure and practical jokes. A thoroughly Scotch lad arrived in Bombay with some good introductions; one being to a member of Council, who lived high up on Malabar Hill, and who asked him to be his guest. Starting in a palanquin, he observed that the hamals groaned, as they always do, when they climbed the hill; and being a tender-hearted lad, and somewhat fat withal, he could stand it no longer, but jumped out, and, in spite of the hot sun, clambered up the hill. In answer to his host's inquiry, and to account for his want of breath and the drops of perspiration that were rolling down his cheeks, he said the bearers suffered so much in ascending the hill, that he thought it better to get out and walk; and he added he was glad he had done so, as he was distressed to notice that some of them were actually spitting blood. The fact was, the hamals, who were chuckling at the softness of their fare, had been regaling themselves as usual by chewing their paun leaf and suparee, the acrid juice of which, combined with a touch of lime, gives that blood-red tinge to the saliva which had so greatly frightened the cadet.

In continuation of the experiences of this "griffin," and in connection with mosquitoes and the curtains used as a defence, I may mention that next morning the member of Council, finding his guest did not make his appearance at breakfast, was afraid he was ill, and went to his room to see what was the matter. There he found his ruddy-faced young friend lying in bed all right. On asking why he had

not come down to breakfast, the cadet replied, "I wad hae come doon, but I canna get oot." The fact was, the hamal, or Eastern valet, after the youth had gone to bed, had carefully tucked in the curtains all round, so that when the cadet awoke, and thought of getting up, he felt all round the curtains for an opening without success; and, after repeated trials, was obliged to accept the situation, and attempt to fall asleep. Shortly afterwards he had to present himself at the levee of Sir Charles Colville, the Commander-in-Chief. Some of the staff, having heard he was a good subject for a practical joke, informed him that it was the custom on his first presentation to salute with his sword; and, having made him practise the salute in an adjoining room, he entered the reception chamber, and, walking with severe gravity up to Sir Charles, deliberately drew his sword, and made a clumsy attempt at a salute. Sir Charles drew back for a moment, and then, seeing the lad had been played upon, he received him very kindly, and made him put up his weapon. The cadet, encouraged by Sir Charles's condescension, on meeting him shortly afterwards, said, by way of conversation, "Another fine sunny day, Sir Charles." Sir Charles laughed, and said, "Yes, my lad, you'll get plenty sunny days before you are done with India."

But it hardly becomes me to expose this Johnny Raw, seeing that, at the time to which my narrative refers, I was myself a jolly griffin, wondering with open eyes and ears at the new experiences that were presenting themselves at every turn. When I got into my cadet's jacket, I could not resist the temptation, when I approached the sentry at the Apollo Bunder Gate, to expose a bit of my red sleeve, to secure a salute. I met with great kindness from the different gentlemen to whom I had letters of introduction; and on Mr. Romer arriving to take his seat in Council, I went to stay with him. He had been long in

India, and I was surprised at his vivid recollection of people and places at home, which led to many a long talk. He was very deaf, and on my introducing myself, not catching my name, he said, "I should know your face;" and when he ascertained who I was, he said, "Yes, your face is familiar to me, for you are like your mother." I had not been long with him before I got orders to proceed to Poona. A batch of cadets, under charge of Lieutenant Aston, left the Apollo Bunder in boats for Panwell. There were thirteen of us, and great fun we had, especially in racing up the Panwell river, when ever and again a boat would stick in the mud, and others would pass it, in their turn to stick fast, and be given the go-by. We had to land in small dug-outs, which were easily upset. Next morning we commenced our journey up the Ghauts. Taking shelter under a tree to escape a passing shower, my head touched a nest of red ants hanging on one of the boughs. In an instant I had the whole inhabitants swarming over my face and neck, digging their mandibles most viciously into my flesh, a very unpleasant experience of Indian life. I messed with Lieutenant Aston and a somewhat aged cadet. When sitting at dinner after our first march, a cadet named Lodge, who was killed in action, poor fellow, soon after he joined the 25th, came rushing in with pale face to say another cadet had beat his servant, and he wished to know whether he should call him out. This same Lodge, at the next station, stripped and plunged into a deep weedy tank to recover a Malabar pheasant which a brother cadet had shot; and he had some difficulty in getting out, having got entangled in the weeds. The "pheasant," so retrieved, was duly roasted and eaten, on the strength of its name, although it really belonged to the crow species. The messmen at the travellers' bungalows had some difficulty in supplying the wants of so many hungry youths. These messmen are often the retired or dismissed messmen of

European regiments. One of the latter class had belonged to the 20th, and, in excuse for his dismissal, used to lay the whole blame on the commanding officer, Colonel Thomas; whom he declared it was impossible to please. "Yes, masser, one day he say, 'You messmans, muttons is tuffs;' other time, 'fowls is tuffs, beefs is tuffs;' and sometimes 'butters is tuffs.' Now, masser, how can butters be tuffs?" With so many wild young fellows under his charge, Lieutenant Aston had a difficult duty to perform, but, except that a fight was got up between two of their ponies, whereby one was kicked down a steep descent, and got a good deal injured, nothing serious occurred. Making two marches a day, we reached Poona on the third, having passed through some of the most beautiful scenery I had ever beheld. It being the monsoon season, we had many falls of rain, and jets of water like silver threads, and sometimes of larger bulk, streamed down the distant heights; while the clearness of the atmosphere made the most distant features of the landscape appear as distinct as those at hand. It is perhaps a fault in Indian scenery, that there is really a want of distance. The summits of many of the mountains, terminating in scarp rock, form natural fortresses, and little was left for man to do, beyond strengthening some weak point, to turn them into those formidable strongholds which played so conspicuous a part in the Maratha wars.

At Poona I was received into the house of Mr. Dunlop, the judge; having been introduced to him by my fellow-passenger, Mr. Gilder, a very old friend of his. Mr. Dunlop was a grandson of Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop, the descendant of Wallace, and the lifelong friend of Robert Burns. I found he was born at Morham (almost marching with Monkrigg), which belonged to his father; and that Mr. Dunlop had begun his education at the Haddington Burgh School. In his features he bore a strong resemblance to the portrait of his grandmother, and he was not wanting in

the characteristics of his race. A first-rate horseman, he was a keen hog-hunter, and had gained many a first spear. His son "Wallace," recently dead, did good service during the mutiny in India as a leader of volunteer horse, for which he was made a C.B., and latterly he was well known as a rifle shot, and captain of the Scotch Eight. Mr. Dunlop was an excellent public servant, and rose to be a member of Council.

Shortly after my arrival at Poona, the Governor, Sir John Malcolm, came with his staff and other officers and civilians, to breakfast with Mr. Dunlop, and I had the opportunity of delivering a letter of introduction from Sir Samuel Brown, as also plans of various bridges on the suspension principle, of which I had charge. These had reference to a suspension bridge which Sir John had some thought of getting erected at the Sungum. He received me very kindly, and, taking me into a corner, he said he did not intend to ask me to stay with him at Government House, as big dinners were not good for young lads; but that I must apply myself diligently to acquire a knowledge of my profession, and study the language. During breakfast he managed to lead, if not monopolise, the conversation. Happening to speak of Edward Irving, who was then in the zenith of his popularity, he said he had heard him preach before leaving London, and, having mentioned the text, he gave us an outline of the sermon, which lasted a considerable part of breakfast. I met his brother Sir Charles in Bombay, when staying at Colabah, he being then superintendent of the Indian Navy. He naturally was a great admirer of his brother, who one day, in pulling on his boot, felt a snake wriggling in it, and with great presence of mind pulled on the boot and crushed the snake. Shortly after this Sir Charles was pulling on his boot, and felt something in it that he made sure was a snake; so, pulling it on with great energy, he found to his discomfort it was his spur!

It was during my stay with Mr. Dunlop that a serious collision took place between the Government and the Supreme Court at Bombay. Mr. Dunlop had given a decision in the Adalut Court where the parties were two natives of rank, and he who lost the case appealed to the Supreme Court at Bombay, of which Sir John Peter Grant was the third Puisne Judge, and they upset Mr. Dunlop's decision. The matter was referred home; but, before the answer arrived, the two judges senior to Sir John Peter Grant died, and he took upon him the responsibility of shutting up the Court. Before going this length, the Court issued a habeas corpus on the native in whose favour the decision had been given, and sent a body of armed peons to effect his arrest. Sir John Malcolm resisted this, and put a company of soldiers at Mr. Dunlop's command to defend the native's house. The decision from home was against the action of Sir John Peter Grant; and in appointing two judges to fill the vacancies, one of whom was to supersede Sir John Peter Grant, Lord Ellenborough said they would thus put the wild elephant between two tame ones.

The first "official" I received was from the adjutant of the regiment to which I was attached, requiring for the information of the commanding officer my "reasons in writing," for not attending divine service on the previous day, it being Sunday; and I "had the honour to state" in reply that I had attended service twice that day. Having arrived only the day before, I was not aware of the division order that all cadets were to attend divine service, and report having done so to their respective commanding officers. Some wild fellows had been in the habit of galloping their tattoos past the church when the service was going on, a practice which Sir Lionel Smith, who commanded the division, was determined to put a stop to. It was no small relief to me, soon after my arrival at Poona, to receive a

letter from home, giving very cheering accounts of my father's health. He had made a most unexpected recovery, and was enabled in some measure to resume his official duties, and to enjoy his country occupations. I had had the satisfaction of recovering for him a considerable sum of money, advanced by him some twenty years before, for the outfit of an officer high up in the service, which, by some mistake, had been overlooked, and was now cheerfully repaid.

Poona I found to be a delightful residence in the monsoon. It was the resort of all who could find it convenient to live there during that season, and was the scene of uninterrupted gaiety. Of that, however, I saw little; for Mrs. Dunlop being then at home, although Mr. Dunlop exercised good hospitality, and had frequent dinner-parties, he neither gave nor attended evening assemblies. In the afternoon the bands played on the open plain round which the lines circled, and all the fashionables gathered there. I was struck with the old-fashioned dress of the ladies, which seemed years behind that at home, and even the carriages had a very antiquated appearance. What I enjoyed most was the divisional parades, which were on a grand scale. It was splendid to see the Horse Artillery scampering over all kinds of ground: sometimes, on a "march out," ascending rough, stony hills independent of anything like roads. Colonel Wiltshire, commanding the Queen's, was a splendid drill and a thorough martinet; and his voice of thunder was to be heard,—"Mr. Cavendish, that right shoulder of yours will be the death of me!" or, "Mr. Courtney, you speak like a mouse in a cheese!" Poona was very hot in the hot season, and at that time Mahabheshwar had just been discovered as a sanatorium. I remember the Governor and his staff dining with Mr. Dunlop just after they returned from exploring it.

I accompanied Mr. Dunlop to an afternoon party, at an

old palace under the hill Pahur Buttee, where there is a beautiful loch on which we sailed. Having ridden there somewhat hurriedly, and all the shelter for horses being occupied, my horse, in his heated state, was exposed to a land wind which seized his loins, and I lost the use of him for a month or two, so that I was for some time deprived of riding exercise. When the cold weather set in, Mr. Dunlop accompanied the Governor on a lengthened trip to Dharwar and the southern Maratha country, and left me alone in the little bungalow in his garden which I occupied. As I knew very few of the cadets, and had lost the use of my horse, I led a very solitary time of it in the gay camp; strolling about the extensive garden in the mornings and evenings, firing bullets at the water-snakes that swam about a neighbouring tank, and reading Shakespeare during the heat of the day. At last Colonel Russell, commanding the artillery, to whom I had a letter from his brother-in-law, Captain Miller, a nephew of the Edinburgh publisher, asked me to stay with him, and pitched a tent for me in his compound. It was the first time I had lived in a tent, although afterwards half my service was spent under canvas. I felt it odd to have but a few thicknesses of cloth betwixt my head and the outer world. Colonel Russell was a handsome, dashing officer, young for his years, and who seemed to sleep in his splendid Horse Artillery's uniform. His wife was a delightful person: very young, having married at sixteen, with several children at home, and with her the youngest, a sweet and beautiful girl of six, named Florence, who was a special favourite of mine. Florence was a bold rider, and, when at play in the house, had a stick representing each of her father's chargers, which in turn were ridden, groomed, and fed. I made her a stick with a handsome horse's head, but a crooked one with an ugly knob continued the favourite. Florence grew into a beautiful woman, and was known in after years as "the

Rose of Shropshire." One of Florence's sticks was called "Emaum," after a beautiful colt of that name, which the Emaum of Muskat had sent as a present to Sir John Malcolm, but which had got into the Colonel's stud. It turned out troublesome to mount, and unpleasant to ride, and, as the Colonel never mounted it, I had the riding of it, at the cost of some trouble.

Mr. Dunlop returned from his tour, but I continued in my quarters with Colonel Russell. However, I used to join Mr. Dunlop in a hunt after foxes and jackals, with a very miscellaneous sort of pack, the master of which, a young civilian named Legeyt, turned out a perfect exquisite, in pink and top-boots. My horse, a very good one, something like my father's "Bird," not having quite recovered, I had invested in a tattoo, which, though good enough to look at, turned out a perfect brute, with a mouth like iron. The ground we hunted over stretched from the Hera Bagh, the old palace by the loch, where Legeyt lived, towards the hill fort of Poorundur, and was rocky and stony to a degree. The mongrel pack had been in the habit of engaging in a vain chase after antelope, then abounding all round Poona, and so spoiling our fun. One morning, on repeating this trick, Mr. Dunlop and I tried to head them and drive them back. Galloping as hard as I could, and coming suddenly on a deep cut in the shelving rock, over we went neck and crop. I lay unconscious of what had happened, till the return of Mr. Dunlop and our friend in pink. When I recovered from my swoon, I found I had come right on my face against the rocks, and was in a very dilapidated state. My tattoo had not fared much better, having broken his face and knees. I managed to ride to Mr. Legeyt's house, where they got a palanquin and sent me to Colonel Russell's, where I had a good long spell of it in bed, after being, as was the custom in those days, copiously bled. I was very unhappy for many weeks. I had broken my nose, cut my

tongue through, and injured my jawbone. My face was like a plum-pudding that had fallen in the cinders, and a hamal was employed to fan me all the night, to keep the mosquitoes off, and renew the cold applications. For a long time I could take nothing but thin congee, or rice water, and of course got very weak, but happily had no fever. My host and hostess were kindness itself, and so was a cadet of the name of Robertson, who had brought me a letter of introduction from his aunts at Haddington.

In the beginning of 1828, some defalcation was discovered in the accounts of the Commissariat Department at Poona, and a Court of Inquiry, of which Sir David Leighton was president, was appointed to investigate the matter. During its sitting, Sir David lived with his relative, Colonel Russell, so I saw a good deal of him. He was an excellent officer, and the flank companies of my regiment, the 18th Native Infantry, having been engaged at Beni Boo Ali, where he was a staff-officer, I often heard the officers speak of him. On one occasion, when they expected our outposts would be attacked by the Arabs, Sir David, in going his rounds, cautioned the men to stand fast as their only chance; "for," said he, with a grin for which he was noted, "they can run like deer, and will soon catch you up if you attempt to bolt." He was Adjutant-General of the army when Sir Charles Colville arrived as Commander-in-Chief, and the latter, wishing to push on a young assistant surgeon who had been his fellow-passenger, directed Sir David to put him in orders for promotion. Sir David replied, "It can't be done, sir; it's contrary to the regulations of the service." "But, Colonel Leighton, I insist on its being done." "Then, Sir Charles, you must get another adjutant-general, for I will do nothing that's contrary to the regulations of the service." This brought Sir Charles to his senses, and raised Sir David in the estimation of the army. One day, when Colonel Leighton went to Sir Charles for his signature to

some official documents, he found him at the door of his house, examining, with the help of his staff, a horse he was intending to purchase. "Come along, Leighton, and tell me what you think of this horse." Sir David replied, with his notable grin, and in his broad Doric, "I'm nae judge o' horseflesh, Sir Charles. Be sae gude as sign my papers and let me back to my office."

While the inquiry was going on, I was in the habit of taking an evening ride with Sir David, and on one of these occasions we rode to the other end of the cantonment, a distance of about three miles from Colonel Russell's bungalow. When near the racecourse a loose horse came galloping up, and began to attack our horses. As he was disposed to follow mine, I took him on the racecourse and split along as hard as I could, till at last he left me, and went back full tilt towards Sir David. I followed at my best pace, but on arriving at the spot where I had left Sir David, he and the horse had disappeared among the compounds and their intersecting roads. I began to be greatly alarmed, and, after an ineffectual search, turned and galloped towards home. On my way Sir David's horse tore past me without saddle, and with the remains of the reins flying in all directions. He went straight to his pickets at the Colonel's bungalow, and, arriving there before me, Sir David's hamals, with his palanquin, had started to look for their master; so I turned with them, and brought them to the spot where he had disappeared. It was now dark, so a torch was lighted, and we searched by the hedges and ditches, but all in vain. Leaving them to prolong their search, I again turned my tired horse's head, and galloped home as fast as he could carry me. Jumping off, I ran up to the house to break the thing quietly to Colonel Russell, and consult what was to be done. Peeping into the sitting-room, what did I see but the object of my anxiety quietly enjoying a cup of tea! When I told him how relieved I was to see him so comfort-

able, he said, with his usual grim smile, "The beast cam' back to me, and when I saw he was gaun to be veecious, I just dismounted, let them fecht it oot, and walked hame." He never thanked me for the trouble I had taken; however, he did not forget it, but took an interest in me, got me put in orders to join my regiment, which was the best place for me; and twenty years afterwards, when I visited him at his house near Cheltenham, he referred very kindly to our previous acquaintance. Before the proceedings of the Court of Inquiry had terminated, the object of it, Major Snodgrass, had committed suicide.

Just before starting to join my regiment, I met with a serious loss. I had saved a little money to purchase a tent, and having received my pay, like a griffin as I was, I put the same, in presence of my servant, into my writing-desk, which I kept on the table of my tent. I had been joined by two other cadets, Cormack and Baynes, whose tents were pitched one on each side of mine. One evening, just before going to bed, having called my servant to let down the tent curtains, I sat at the table, on which was a light, and, leaning over to open my desk, I encountered a blank space! On lifting the light, I saw the desk was gone! At first I thought it was a joke of my companions, but I soon saw the true state of the case. Summoning all our attendants, numbering eight, one stood sentry over them with a drawn sword, while the other two took their depositions. Cormack, who was the most learned of the three, acted as clerk, while I put questions to each witness; and Cormack insisted on prefacing each sentence with the words, "and the deponent further saith." I then did, what should have been done at first, that is, I applied to the superintendent of bazaars for assistance. He sent two ramoosees, who searched all about the tents, and looked especially for any place where the ground appeared to have been recently disturbed, but without success. My suspicion was strong against my head

servant. When I replaced the light on the table, I saw that some books had been carefully piled up between it and the spot where the desk had stood, so as to throw a shadow over it, and it was so cleverly done, that, though I sat down just opposite the place, I suspected nothing, and would have gone to bed in ignorance of my loss, as the thief no doubt expected, had I not wished to put something into my desk. Next day the bazaar master, who acts as magistrate, went into the case, and the moment he saw my servant he recognised him as an old offender, and had no doubt he was the thief, but there was no means of convicting him on the present occasion. The bazaar master thought it probable the desk would be found somewhere near; and in this he proved correct, for three days afterwards the gardener of the next house saw it lying in a prickly-pear bush, as if it had been pushed through the hedge. I hastened to examine it, and found that everything was there except the money and a gold seal I got from my father as a parting gift. But there was a concealed drawer, so, hurriedly pulling out the inkstand and pressing the hidden spring, the drawer was disclosed, and in it Rs. 112. But, alas! the remaining 240 were lost to me and my heirs for ever.

The ramoosees were a sort of police, employed on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief. They were, in fact, by habit and repute thieves, but were subsidized, on the Rob Roy principle, to protect property. They lodged Rs. 10,000 with the authorities as security for their refunding the value of property stolen from those who paid a small sum monthly for their services; but the hours for which they were responsible were limited to from eleven at night to four in the morning, and, as my robbery had occurred before eleven, I had no claim on them. Thieves in India are especially clever. They have been known to take a blanket off a man while he slept, and a pistol from under his pillow. When the ramoosees are on the watch, they

utter now and again a peculiar cough to signify that they are on the alert. Lord Clare, when Governor, and living at Dappoolee, was troubled at night with this cough, and said to his aide-de-camp, "That poor man who watches near my window at night has a distressing cough; do give him some of my cough lozenges."

The 18th Regiment having been ordered from Mhow—which was transferred to Bengal—to Asseergurh, I was put in orders to join it there. I had a tender leave-taking the night before starting with dear little Florence. The future "Rose of Shropshire" put her arms round my neck, kissed me, and wept bitterly. I sent her from my first halting-place, as a keepsake, Goldsmith's poems, and wrote on the blank leaf—

> "Heaven shower on thee rich blessings from above,
> So very young in years, yet old in love!"

But, thinking this might be considered too sentimental, I cut it out, and wrote a simpler expression of regard.

As I wished to ride two stages in the morning, I sent on my horse half way, and rode Emaum the first stage. When we reached a small nullah full of water, Emaum objected to wet his boots, and we had a considerable fight, which ended in his so throwing up his head and twisting it about that he got both reins on one side,—a peculiar trick of his,—and, after a series of pirouettes, he laid me on my back on the sand. However, I held on by the bridle, which prevented his going straight home; and, getting some natives to hold down his head, I got on him again, and reached my own horse, which took me to the second station, where an old mosque had been turned into a travellers' bungalow, and there I overtook Messrs. Wallace and Maude, the two ensigns junior to me in the 18th, who were to join along with me.

A word as to my fellow-ensigns, and fellow-travellers, in our long march. Wallace was the son of a Dr. Wallace,

medical officer with the Governor, Lord Clare, and a man of great ability, who had great influence with his lordship. The son, Robert, a small lad of sixteen, looked a perfect boy, but was old for his years, and gave promise even then of the distinction to which he rose. His first service, after being adjutant of his regiment, was as assistant to Sir James Outram in restoring order in the Mahi Khanta; next as assistant to the Commissioner in Scinde, and latterly as Resident at Baroda, one of the highest appointments a military officer can fill. Maude, six feet three, beating me by half an inch, though the junior ensign, was much the oldest of the three, being at least twenty. The son of a Yorkshire man of business, who was an active electioneering agent, and had considerable interest, Maude looked forward to an appointment in the Nizam's cavalry, which suited his taste, as he was a good rider. He was disposed to presume on his years and experience, but was a right good fellow at bottom, and we all three got on well together, forming a friendship of a most enduring character. That between Sir Robert Wallace and myself continues to this day; but Maude, after serving in the Nizam's army, died not long after his retirement.

Our baggage, including tents, was conveyed on camels, and formed a rather imposing caval—or rather *camel*cade. On our second day's march, our attention was attracted to a lofty obelisk rising in the far distance. As we approached it, we found, from the inscription it bore, that it had been raised to commemorate one of the most heroic incidents in the history of our Anglo-Indian wars. A British officer named Staunton, on his way to Poona with a weak battalion of native infantry, a few squadrons of horse, and a detachment of artillery, encountered the whole of the Peishwah's army, amounting to 40,000 men. Staunton took possession of the village of Corygaum, and had a desperate struggle with the enemy. Unfortunately the petah, or citadel, was allowed to

be occupied by the Peishwah's troops. But what chiefly added to the distress of the British force was the want of water. With the exception of Staunton and two others, all the officers were killed or wounded. The hero of the conflict was Paterson, the adjutant of the regiment, a giant in stature and in strength, who performed prodigies of valour, but fell at last. The resistance was successful. In the morning the Peishwah did not renew the attack, and Captain Staunton brought off his guns and colours, his sick and wounded, to Seroor. The meeting unexpectedly with such a trophy of victory by three young officers at the outset of their military career, may remind one of the incident in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, when the youthful party, under the escort of Greatheart, arrived within sight of the monument set up to mark the spot where Christian had his encounter with Apollyon, and, though wounded almost unto death, came off victorious.

When we reached Seroor, a circumstance occurred which left a very favourable impression on my mind. We had no sooner reached the place when the news spread abroad that the son of Dr. Wallace, who had at one time been the surgeon there, was passing through; and a concourse of people turned out to greet him, bringing presents of fruit, and showing great interest in meeting the son of one who had been kind to them, and who had, no doubt, ministered to them in times of sickness and trouble. I saw that the natives of India were grateful for kindness, and I never forgot it.

The third day brought us to Ahmednuggur, then a comparatively small station, having not yet been made the headquarters of artillery. I had a letter to Colonel Willis, the officer commanding, who was very kind to us, took us to see the Ferriah Bagh, a ruined palace in the centre of a loch, and invited us to dinner, told us hunting stories, and gave us an escort of a naique (corporal) and three sepoys,

—which constituted my first command,—to protect our baggage, as we were about to pass through a country infested by thieves. I little thought it would fall to me in after years, as Superintendent of Revenue Survey and Assessment, to survey and classify the land of that district, fixing the Government rental on leases of thirty years. I see from a letter written home during our march, I describe the country we were passing through, between Ahmednuggur and Aurungabad, as "bleak and flat, being a great expanse of black soil, covered with brushwood and scorched grass; with only a green spot visible here and there, which, on our approaching nearer, proved to be a village surrounded by trees;" and that "all these villages were either wholly or partially fortified, with mud walls in different stages of decay." This is a true enough description of a country at that time only sparsely cultivated; but, under the beneficial influence of the new and moderate rates of assessment, all the arable land, so long lying waste, was brought under the plough; though I regret to add that, after my thirty years leases had expired, rates which I cannot but think too heavy were imposed, with injurious results.

The night we arrived at Aurungabad was one of considerable anxiety. Wallace had lingered behind; and late in the night, Maude and I watched in vain for his appearance. At last we applied to the town major for help, and search was made for him in vain. We, as was natural with our limited knowledge of the country, magnified the danger of the situation; and we were greatly relieved when he appeared at our tents early in the morning, looking as if he had passed the night on horseback. In explanation, he told us that, overtaken with the darkness, and unable to find the track, he had dismounted, crept into a shed, and made his bed among the straw.

There was much to interest us in Aurungabad, as the capital of the Mogul Empire, when Aurungzebe, who gave

it his name, was Viceroy. We were shown his ruined palace, and the throne from which he dispensed justice. One of the sights is a mausoleum which he erected over the remains of a favourite daughter. I find it thus described in a letter home: "It is a very beautiful building, but now in a dilapidated state. The gate by which we entered the garden in which it stands is very lofty and of wrought brass, the studs being elaborately chased. The tomb itself is principally built of white marble. The folding doors are immense slabs of marble, cut with an open-work pattern like a Chinese fan. Inside there is a fine saloon, in the centre of which, screened off by a high marble railing of the most beautiful fretwork, is the grave itself. Altogether I was much pleased with it, and left with a far higher opinion of the taste and talent of the natives of India than I had formed before I entered the place." I may add that it was built somewhat on the model of the celebrated Taj at Agra, but of course very much inferior in size and magnificence.

The Nizam's officers were very kind to us, and we frequently dined at their mess. As a boy I had often heard with deep interest of "Tiger Davis," a Nizam's officer, who had married a Miss Sheriff of Haddingtonshire, the niece of a fine old Scotch lady at whose house I sometimes took tea. She was quite of the old school, and, after tea, washed and dried with her own hands the beautiful china set, which she carefully placed in the press. One evening I was listening most eagerly as she narrated a narrow escape Major Davis had had from a wounded tiger, which had him under him; and when she came to the most thrilling crisis, when she described the tiger as "*wakened* with the loss of blood," I interrupted her narrative with the natural inquiry, "Was the tiger asleep then, Mrs. Scot?" This gallant fellow was killed at this station by his own men. His adjutant had foolishly irritated the high-caste troopers by some order regarding the cutting of their beards, and they rose in open

mutiny on parade. Major Davis, on hearing of the disturbance, rushed to the parade, and, ignorant of the great provocation they received, was rebuking the men, when, in a moment of excitement, they cut him down and killed him on the spot, to their subsequent grief, as he was much liked, and admired for his gallantry. Quoting from my home letter, I say: "This is the station at which Major Davis chiefly resided, and the officers here speak of him in terms of the highest estimation and regard. I went yesterday to see his tomb and the house he occupied, and I could not suppress a sigh when I thought of the tragic end of this brave and distinguished officer. As a tiger-hunter, his place has been taken by a Captain Johnston, who, we are told, has killed upwards of one hundred tigers, and chiefly on foot. On one occasion he was thrown by his elephant right on the top of a tiger, but escaped with only a few bruises."

From Aurungabad we went to Dowlutabad, a very remarkable fortress. It consists of a sort of pyramidal rock, with a perpendicular scarp all round, varying from 100 to 150 feet in height, terminating in a deep ditch with a counterscarp of considerable height, which appeared to me artificially formed with great labour. The only entrance is through a tunnel pierced in the centre of the scarp, and reached from the counterscarp by a temporary wooden bridge. This tunnel, cut in the living rock, in some places is so low that you require to creep through. It is of great length, opening high in the rock. It finishes with a sort of cavity, across which, in case of siege, an iron grating can be laid, so that the upper part of the cavity can be filled with combustibles, and the passage charged with smoke.

Our next march was to Ellora. It is not my object to give an account of these wonderful rock temples. Yet I will give, in the words used in writing to friends at home, the impression they made on the ensign of seventeen, when he came to inspect them more than sixty years ago: "Last night we

arrived at Ellora, and saw the caves this morning. I can compare them to nothing I ever saw. The labour bestowed on them must have been enormous. They are cut in the solid rock, and the roofs, which are in some instances lofty, are supported by pillars of beautiful form, all from the same piece of rock. They run a great way into the hill, and some are of three stories. The finest of the whole, though it can hardly be called a cave, is a magnificent temple formed of a single stone detached from the hill, so that it stands in a courtyard upwards of 150 yards in depth. The temple itself covers nearly half an acre of ground. Its base is supported on elephants, and it is completely covered with the most beautiful carved work. Altogether it has in its construction a combination of fine taste, magnificent workmanship, rocky duration, and indefatigable perseverance. Some of the caves are very grand, but there is a good deal of similarity in their design, differing mainly in the order of the columns that support their roofs. None of them, however, can be compared with Kailas, the temple I have endeavoured to describe. Fancy the labour it would cost to construct a cathedral like that at Haddington out of a single rock, and to clear a space all round it out of the solid mass."

The only place of note between Ellora and Asseergurh was Adjuncta, where there are caves which some consider almost as wonderful as those of Ellora; but I doubted whether we could spare the time to inspect them, as they are a long way from the halting-place. We were now to pass through a country much infested by tigers. A party with Sir James Outram (then captain) had recently killed seventeen tigers, besides panthers and bears. We were now having a taste of the hot winds, so that the tables, and especially the metal things in our tents, were quite hot to the touch. In the same letter from which I have quoted, I see some remarks, illustrated by a sketch, on Perkins's steam gun, which would almost apply to the rapid fire of the

machine guns now in use: "I hope Mr. Perkins's steam gun has not been brought to perfection yet, as we soldiers may all expect to be disbanded, and our place taken by steam soldiers." Mr. Perkins is represented as polishing off a regiment with his steam gun, and his aide-de-camp has galloped up to inform him there are just five more regiments to be accounted for, on which Mr. Perkins directs that he may be furnished with 5000 more bullets, or just one for each man.

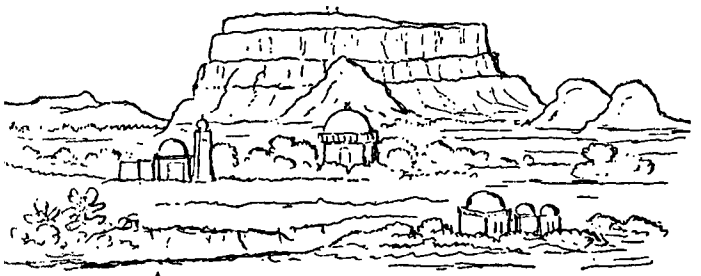
On reaching Adjuncta, we put up in a sort of Mahomedan summer-house built on the edge of a precipice, and looking down on the rocky bed of a river now almost dry. The spacious hall has a flat roof of brickwork, and as part of the plaster had fallen off, I was able to see that the bricks circled round a central point, and the stability of the perfectly flat roof was due to the adhesive power of the cement. Holes were dug at intervals in the chunam (cement) floor, which we were told had been done that pegs might be driven in for picketing the horses at the time of the battle of Assaye, when it was used as a stable for General Wellesley's stud. We were not a great way from that famous battlefield, where the future Wellington, with a force of 4500 men, defeated, after a hard fight, the army of Scindia and Ragojee Bhonsla, consisting of more than ten times their number; a large portion being drilled and led by European officers, while they had a hundred guns served by French artillerymen.

Leaving Adjuncta, our next halt was at a very jungly place called Yellelabad, from which we could see Asseergurh thirty-six miles off, rising from the plain, with a background of hills dividing Chandesh from Malwa. These hills have flattened tops, and are well scored with ravines, which abound in game. In the evening we went out to see what we could shoot, and bagged some partridges and peafowl. When pursuing our sport by the side of a river with steep banks

covered with jungle, a native who was with us cried out that he saw a tiger. I happened to have a small bag of bullets in my waist-belt, and, having dropped one into the little gun over the shot, I handed some to my companions, who did the same, though they were too small for the larger bore of their guns. We did not feel after these imperfect arrangements that we were quite in a condition to beat up a royal tiger, but, having done this much for self-defence, we set about getting out of the unpleasant neighbourhood as soon as possible. Pursuing our way along the river edge, noticing at every step the fresh prints of tigers, we saw at the side of a piece of thick cover something brown, and as we approached it, with our guns at full cock, we discovered it was a bullock that had just been killed, and had dragged itself to the river brink to drink. It was severely wounded on the back of the neck, and the marks of the tiger's claws were all over its body. When we had crossed the stream, a native who was on a height told us he had seen a large tiger and several smaller ones enter the patch of jungle just before we came out of it.

CHAPTER IV.

The large and at one time opulent city of Boorhanpoor was our next halting-place. The remains of aqueducts and ruined country seats showed it had at one time been the residence of men of rank and substance. It belongs to Scindia, and is situated on the bank of the Taptee, on a tongue of land that runs into our dominions. Fourteen miles beyond it rises the fortress of Asseergurh. Having



Asseerghuth as seen from Boorhanpoor

reported our approach, we started in the afternoon of next day, and as we neared the fort we were met by two officers, Lieutenants James and Meadows, who had come to show the griffins how to ride up the hill, which was rather a difficult matter with horses unaccustomed to twist round narrow, zigzag approaches, and to clamber up steep, half-broken stairs. But we felt we were bound to follow, and, passing through a succession of gates, we soon entered the fortress. The top of the hill which forms this natural stronghold is

cleft, except at the end by which we entered, which is the highest, by a ravine running the whole length. Across this ravine there are several strong embankments of masonry, which divide it into tanks, affording an ample supply of water for the garrison; and the mouth of the cleft, which is the weak point of the natural formation, is stopped by a huge mass of masonry, forming at the same time a very remarkable sally-port, furnished in many places, as are the other gates, with arrangements for welcoming the assailants with a plentiful shower of hot materials of various sorts. The hill-top is of an irregular character, and is about 1100 yards long by 600 wide, containing some sixty acres within the walls. These last are in most places mere breastworks well looped for matchlock fire, built on the edge of the rock, which is a scarp of from eighty to one hundred feet in height all round. At intervals there are round towers, each with a large pivot gun mounted *en barbette*, but incapable of being so depressed as to command any object at a reasonable distance; and on the highest point above the usual entrance there are some very handsome guns, some of which, I believe, have been since removed. One of these, named "Hybut ool Moolk," or the "Dread of the country," seems to have been a favourite target for our guns when the place was taken, as it has several shot in its carriage and one right on its muzzle. The fort was taken by a detachment of General Wellesley's force, after the battle of Assaye, but was subsequently restored to Scindia. In 1819 it was besieged and retaken by a British force, the chief loss being caused by the explosion of the powder magazine of the principal battery. The defence on the flanks of a ravine running up to a point where there is a curtain of stonework had been destroyed by our fire, and before we proceeded to breach the curtain the Killadar capitulated.

As we entered the fortress, we saw the ensign senior to

us visiting the guards, with a gorget added to his uniform, signifying he was "the officer of the day." In the evening there was what was called a guest-night, in honour of the new arrivals, and seventeen of us sat down to dinner, showing how well the native regiments were officered in those days. We got a most kindly reception, and soon felt quite at home. Major Bagnold, who commanded the fortress, invited me to be his guest till I could be accommodated with a house; and thus began a friendship which ended only with his life. He was a remarkable man, Major Bagnold, a typical Indian of the old school. He had begun his career in the Indian navy at an early age, but got transferred to the army about the beginning of the century. He had a peculiar facility for learning languages; and besides being one of the best Arabic scholars in the Presidency, he knew Persian, Hindustanee, and Marathee. A thorough soldier, he was the first to introduce the bayonet exercise, at which he could beat any swordsman. He was the means of introducing into England the art of making Damascus gun barrels, and was presented by a leading gunmaker with a handsome double-barrelled gun on this principle, as an acknowledgment of this service to the trade.

Major Bagnold's knowledge of Arabic, added to his other qualifications, led to his being appointed Resident at Mocha. It was when there in that capacity, that an unfortunate event took place which ended in the abolishing of the Residency, an act of political timidity, to say the least. An Arab had come to the Major to make a complaint, which he promised to inquire into next day, and the man went away perfectly satisfied. But some of the man's friends, not having seen him come out of the house, took it into their heads that he had met with foul play, and, drawing their swords, they assaulted the guard, and demanded entrance. The guard kept their ground, and threatened to bayonet them, when the cowardly rascals attacked some of the

Major's unarmed servants, who were standing near the door, and cut them down. The Major, who, with his medical officer, Dr. Mackell, a Haddington man, was in the room above, rushed down on hearing the noise, and desired the naique of the guard to open the door, that he might speak to the assailants; but the naique very properly kept it closed, saying the men were in such a frenzy of excitement that it would be madness to reason with them. The Major, intent on his purpose, was trying to force open the door, when he heard a shot fired, and something heavy fall outside; and immediately the doctor came running down as pale as a sheet, with the smoking pistol in his hand, saying he had just shot one of the Arabs. On going up the stair and looking out at the window, sure enough there was a big fellow lying on his face, with a drawn sword in one hand and a stone in the other. Major Bagnold called on some of the bystanders to witness that the man was shot in the act of committing violence. The Arabs, on seeing their comrade fall, took to their heels, and spread a report that they had been attacked when quietly passing the gate of the Residency. The Major and his doctor were thus placed in an unpleasant position, they being the only Europeans there, and the people hated the English; but the thing was explained to the satisfaction of the Governor of the place, and the whole had a beneficial effect. The authorities at Bombay, however, took fright, and withdrew the Resident, although he offered to remain at his post without pay.

While on the subject of Mocha, I may mention a circumstance which was told me by Major Bagnold, and which interested me much. The ship *Topaz*, commanded by Captain Lumlie, and having on board a Lieutenant Wilkie from Haddington, was lying off Mocha, with the design of taking the fort. Captain Lumlie, underrating the enemy, landed a boat's crew to attack the North Fort, a strong tower well mounted with guns, without either petard to blow open the

gate or ladders to scale the walls. Some Arabs, who were posted outside, attacked the boat's crew, and the midshipman in command closed with the chief, armed with a cutlass. The Arab wrapped his skin cloak round his left arm and parried the blows. At last, the middy making a desperate cut at the Arab's head, the cutlass bent, and, his foot slipping at the same moment, his opponent closed, and, drawing a crease, drove it into the middy's thigh, and cut him up to the breast. The crew retired to the boat, but not before they had avenged the death of their officer by running the chief through with the bayonet. Captain Lumlie was greatly blamed for his mismanagement, and a couple of frigates being run close under the walls of the fort, they opened fire, and the place surrendered next day. The poor midshipman's hat was found in the fort; and it was ascertained that the Arabs had carried it in triumph on a spear through the town, so great was their delight at getting hold of a "Toppeewallah's" toppee or hat. Lieutenant Wilkie retired as a captain to spend the remainder of his days at his native place, Haddington, and he gave my father the very crease with which the middy was killed. I remember, when my brother and I took off the embossed silver setting where the blade joins the handle, we found the remains of the poor middy's lifeblood, that had hardened in the recess. I had heard the story told by Captain Wilkie, but had quite forgotten the place where it occurred.

Although we had a good muster of subalterns, we had only two captains present with the corps; two were on the staff, and one was absent on leave. Between the two captains present there was a great disparity in years and length of service. The one, Hurle, who commanded the regiment, was a cadet of 1805, and the other, Corsellis, of 1818, showing the irregularity in regard to promotion in the Company's service. Hurle was an excellent officer, and was much esteemed by all under his command. Corsellis had been adjutant, and was an

admirable drill. He was a great favourite with the younger officers, and took a lead in sport and fun. The men had a "Talim Khana," or place for athletics and wrestling, in which the officers took a great interest, and there was a very pleasant intercourse between them and the men. The rig-out of the sepoy at this date was as absurd as military blockheadism could make it. On his head was a heavy peakless shako, wide at top, made of hard basket-work, covered with blue cloth, and adorned with a cotton billiard ball, and brass plate bearing the number of his regiment. The unfortunate head that carried this ingenious instrument of torture had to mould its rim from the persistent round form into the necessary oval, producing many a headache. The poor throat was tightly enclosed in something like a leathern dog-collar, with brass clasp, and covered with white cloth. Jacket, and trousers at the loins, were tight to bursting; and the only reasonable part of the whole affair was the chuppal, or sandal,—which, I think by mistake, has given place to the shoe,—cool and pleasant to march in. The accoutrements were quite in keeping with the costume: thick, stiff, pipeclayed cross-belts, from which was suspended a pouch resembling a small portmanteau, the black cover of which, when not polished to the required standard of excellence, cost Jack Sepoy many an extra drill; a waist-belt of the same stiff material,—very uncomfortable after dinner,—carrying the bayonet; the knapsack, as uncomfortable as useless. When a sepoy thus accoutred attempted to run, the disengaged hand was employed in making swift alternate journeys between the shako and the pouch, in the attempt to keep the one from tumbling off and the other from bumping. We had one black sheep in the corps, who, shortly after I joined, was cashiered for embezzling money when holding the office of mess secretary. He was a drunkard as well, and so a good riddance. Being a Freemason, an attempt was made by the two senior officers at the

station to hush the matter up. A meeting of the officers was held, and the delinquent was allowed to read an apology, and to offer to refund the cash. It was then put to the officers, beginning with the junior, whether this should be accepted. Maude said yes; Wallace said no; and, as one dissentient voice was sufficient, that matter ended, and he was cashiered. Had the question come my length, I find I say in my letter home, "I would have declined replying, stating at the same time that, as I had been such a short time in the service, and had no experience in such matters, I did not think myself competent to give an opinion."

In these primitive times we did our messing on very economical principles. We had no flash kit, merely the tables and dishes to serve the dinner on, the rest being constituted "camp fashion," and I am sure, if Sir Charles Napier had dined with us, he would have signified his approval. When the first bugle for mess sounded, a number of servants might have been seen making their way to the mess bungalow equipped as follows:— A chair on his head, in one hand a large bundle containing plates, tumbler, wine-glass, two muffineers, knives, forks, and spoons, and, if the master could afford it, a bottle of Hodson's beer. The other arm not only supported the chair, but carried a "cooza," or porous earthen vessel of water. These were arranged at his master's accustomed place at the table. At Asseergurh the Hodson's beer supplied by the stores of the mess was so expensive that few could afford that luxury, and water tinged with brandy sometimes took its place. The two commanding officers

always had their glass of beer, and, as it was the constituted custom to ask some one to share the bottle, it was said a favourite was so invited, or, some ventured to hint, the one who had the smallest tumbler. The fare was very simple, mutton, fowls, rarely beef, and of course rice and curry, with some simple pudding. It was only on guest-nights that we had "Europe articles," in the shape of canned salmon and preserved fruits, which retained little of their original flavour, but were prized for their home associations. The regiment that had preceded ours fared better; their mess manager was a great gourmand, and insisted on ordering various delicacies. Having written to Bombay, to a Parsee shopkeeper, for some peach water to flavour their jellies, he was in great glee when he heard of its arrival, and suggested a supernumerary guest-night on the occasion. Some of his brother officers, who shared his gastronomic proclivities, went with him to open the precious casket. It smelt odd, and what was their horror when they discovered that the wretched Pestonjee, instead of peach water, had sent them pitch water! They were apt to make these mistakes: ordering from Mhow some carpenter's tools, I mentioned among other things some bradawls, and to my astonishment there came a couple of bridles.

Our only regimental band was excellent drums and fifes, and the result of these moderate arrangements was, that an ensign could live comfortably on his pay. There had been some extravagance, however, at Mhow, their previous station, and the consequence was that most of the young officers were more or less in debt, and had to pay such high interest for borrowed money, that really I found myself better off on ensign's pay than they were on lieutenant's, with Rs. 30 company allowance besides. This made such a strong impression on me, that I resolved never to get into debt. I made it a rule which I have handed down, not without good effect, to young officers, to have the money to pay for any

extravagance before I bought it. I reasoned that there was some enjoyment in saving up the money for the anticipated purchase, which, when acquired, was enjoyed the more from being paid for, whereas, when a thing was bought on tick, the pleasurable novelty of the possession would long have passed away, while the uncomfortable sense of the debt it had involved would still be hanging over one.

The Commandant of the fortress was kind enough to invite me to stay on with him, but he made the proviso that I should spend what I saved in house rent in the salary of a good moonshee, and that I should apply myself diligently to the acquisition of Hindustanee. This was to me a laborious business, as I had no natural aptitude for learning a language. I had to create a sort of artificial memory, and I hit upon a plan which helped me greatly in catching the idiom. I may as well mention it in the interest of any dunces like myself. I took Æsop's fables in Hindustanee, and in a scribbling book I wrote down the English of each word and inflection exactly in the order in which it came, producing something like this :—

Kone eik koota nuddee ke puhar jat hota
Some one dog river of across going was ;

and, having gone through the whole book, I set the Hindustanee version aside, and began to translate back from my peculiar English into Hindustanee, in the native character. I thus got a good idea of the idiom and construction of the language. I was surprised in after years to find that this method of mine resembled a system adopted in Europe, and named "the Hamiltonian system."

I must now mention a notable member of the garrison, who made his appearance soon after our arrival ; having been absent on a shooting expedition with Captain Outram, and who had barely recovered from a severe mauling from a bear. This was Tapp, the fort adjutant. They had shot a

bear, which was supposed to be dead, when two little cubs detached themselves from the mother and ran off. Tapp, who had a great love for such pets, ran to secure them; when, the bear's maternal instinct giving her fresh life, she rushed on Tapp, got him down, and, seizing one of his arms in her mouth, gnawed it severely. Shots fired into her only made her bite more fiercely, when Outram, seizing a knife from a native, threw himself on Bruin, and, cutting her throat, released Tapp's arm. In former years Tapp had helped Outram in a strait, when, in fulfilling a rash vow that he would spear a tiger on foot (as described most graphically by Douglas Graham, and quoted in Outram's Life), the tiger, with the blade of the broken spear sticking in his neck, turned upon Outram, and would have made short work of him, had not shots from Tapp and Graham turned the scale, and saved his life. Tapp was the leader of our sports, when, after encamping below the fort, we got through our annual drill and review, and were released to go forth into the jungles in pursuit of game. In after years he became a distinguished officer, behaved valiantly at Mooltan, in the siege of which he, as well as another gallant officer of his regiment, Leith, was severely wounded. In the Persian war, under Outram, he commanded the advanced guard, composed of his Irregular Poona Horse, a troop of the 3rd Cavalry, two guns of Horse Artillery, two companies of H.M. 64th Regiment, and two companies of the 20th Native Infantry. The rearguard, under Major Hough, formerly of the 18th, consisting of his own 2nd Belooch Battalion, and a troop of Tapp's Horse, was formed up on the left. Tapp had great faith in the revolver, then just coming into use, and at his own expense he armed his Poona Horse with it. The revolvers arrived after he had taken the field, and he told me the only way he had to practise his men in their use was to make them fire at a mark down a well. In the early morning Tapp's advanced guard came suddenly upon the

Kashkai Regiment drawn up in line, and he was on them with his Horse before they knew what they were about. Giving the command "Out revolvers," he closed upon the enemy, killed a vast number of them, and carried off their standard. After further good service he was made a Queen's Aide-de-Camp. He died not long after his retirement, and his son, another "Tommy Tapp," was killed only recently in leading his Egyptian corps against the enemy.

But it is with his early life I have here to do. He was a short, stout-built man, with fine dark eyes and a black moustache. He excelled in whatever he attempted, and was very great in field sports. He had the best house in the fortress; and, what I thought more of, the best rifle. It was a single flint Staudenmayer, most accurate in its performance. In after years, when it passed into other hands, I put it to a severe test by making my first experiments on it with the telescopic sight. Tapp's shooting peculiarity was this, that it required the excitement of the chase to lead him to concentrate his aim; for his performance at the target, when he could be induced to try, was in no way remarkable; whereas in the field, the graver the emergency, the surer was Tapp's shot.

Captain Hurle, like the good and wise commanding officer he was, after our drill and inspection was over, took almost all the duty on himself, and let as many as liked go into the jungles; believing, with Sir John Malcolm, that the best sportsmen made always the best officers. There was a range not far distant, called the Boree range, which, as we had no elephant, was peculiarly suited to our case. The hills had tableland, up towards which ran a succession of ravines, generally terminating, as they merged into the flatter ground, in rocky, precipitous heights. Under Tapp's generalship we posted ourselves along the sides and at the head of these ravines, while the Bheels, with tom-toms and other noisy instruments, beat up towards us. We never knew what

game would be started, whether tiger, bear, or panther; but, whatever it was, we were prepared to give it a warm reception. Once, when I was watching with the little gun at the edge of a rocky height, a tail swept across a foot or two below me and made my heart jump, but it proved only the tail of a huge monkey. Most of us were raw hands, but we improved by practice. As I find one of these adventures related in a letter home, I shall give it, somewhat shortened, as an example of the kind of sport we had.

Having failed one day to receive "Kubber," or news of game marked down by the Bheels, a party of seven of us set out to beat what we knew to be a likely ravine. It was unusually large, having a deep watercourse at the bottom, and on one side very steep and partially covered with grass and jungle. Tapp, Wallace, and Maude took the one side, and Corsellis, Budden, Dr. Arnott, and I the other, which was the steep one. The Bheels with their tom-toms beat towards us. I was a little ahead of our party when I heard a rustle, and immediately Tapp's voice from the other side, "Look out, Davidson!" when out sprang a panther within a few feet of me, and pausing for a moment on a rock, when I ought to have shot him dead, off he bounded, my bullet striking up the dust below him. We could not tell where he had gone. I went down in the direction he had taken, but he must have turned upwards, for the others put him out of the grass about fifty yards above me, and, in spite of a couple of shots from the others, down he came right upon me like a flash of lightning. I sprang to one side, swinging round a small tree, and fired into him with one hand as he passed. It turned out I had hit him in the paw, which irritates more than anything; and near the bottom of the ravine, finding some Bheels in a tree, he climbed the stem; but their shouts caused him to drop down and turn up towards us again. Dr. Arnott, who was detached from the others at that moment, was accosted by a Bheel who saw

the beast crouching in the grass, and whispered to the doctor, "Deckho sahib, bhite giya." "Look, sir, he is sitting there." But Arnott, whose knowledge of the language at that period of his service was limited to two words, "Toom, khookh," "you, any?" hearing the word "bhite giya," and regarding it as a summons for his surgical assistance, exclaimed "Bite giya? What, has any one been bitten?"

The side of the ravine at this place was unusually steep and loose, and in coming down it to where we understood the beast was hiding, we had to sit and slide; it was something like the slope below the Radical Road under Salisbury Crags. We were in a sort of echelon formation, and a horsekeeper of Corsellis's, carrying a spear, being the highest up, was employed in throwing down stones. One of these stones must have struck near where the panther was hid eyeing us; for in a moment he darted out, and in a few bounds passed our line, in the face of a couple of shots, seized the horsekeeper by the naked head with his claws, and down they rolled. As he was passing Budden, who was just above me, he quitted the native, and, seizing Budden by the thigh, down they went in a heap. The moment he quitted Budden, Corsellis and I fired, and one of us hit him with a raking shot and doubled him up. Dr. Arnott, who lived to be Inspector-General of Hospitals, had two patients on his hands. Budden's wound was within half an inch of the femoral artery; but the claw wounds in the horsekeeper's head proved more serious, and confined him to hospital for several months. All this was no doubt rather clumsy work, but it must be remembered we were young hands, indifferently armed with single-barrelled flints. It was the first and last attempt, I doubt not, of the future Inspector-General of Hospitals, as it was of Budden, who shortly after took jungle fever and retired from the service. The distance from the opposite side of the ravine was too great for the party there to render any help.

In one of the salient angles of the fort, adorned by a few drooping trees, there is a quiet little nook that tells a sad tale. It is the European burying-ground; and from the record on its tombstones you may tell, without the help of any other register, what regiments in succession have been there, as each has left one or more of its members in that little corner of the rock fortress. Side by side there stand two tombs bearing nearly the same date. They are in memory of two out of three young officers who, in their love of sport, had recklessly braved the deadly jungle, and passed some nights amidst its poisonous malaria at the unhealthy season. All three came back with that terrible low continuous jungle fever; two died within a few days of each other, and the third was spared to do good service to his country, to win an honourable position among the chivalrous and brave, and to find a resting-place, after a national funeral, in Westminster Abbey, where he lies side by side with the gallant Lord Clyde. I need not say I refer to Lieutenant-General Sir James Outram. And our regiment had to pay its tribute to the insatiable demands of this same quiet nook. After our first monsoon, when the unhealthy time begins, Lieutenant Stevenson, a most promising though somewhat wild young officer, was taken ill. He was an eager collector of objects of entomological interest, and in pursuing butterflies and moths under the midday sun, often without his hat, he was seized with fever. I remember at the mess, he complained of an owl that had taken up its quarters near his bedroom window, and disturbed him with its hootings in the night, which the natives say is always a sure precursor of death within the dwelling; and the last evening he was with us at mess he expressed his determination to shoot it; but the fever, which already had a hold of him, was too rapid in its course. When a comrade was sick, the officers took it by turns to nurse him through the night, and to supply as best they could, though somewhat roughly, those

wants to which there was no mother's or sister's hand to minister. And solemn and sometimes salutary were those long silent hours of watching, when we sat by the bedside of the restless sufferer, and welcomed the smallest sign of sleep; broken though it might be with wandering words, and whisperings of strange yet tender names, as the spirit seemed to hover over the far-off home.

I was to have sat up with poor Stevenson the last night, but when I went to him he was lying on his back, with one naked arm stretched out, and his chest heaving as he drew each long and laboured breath; and, the doctor said, beyond all human help. There was a letter found, which he had written, just before delirium set in, to friends at home; probably a farewell one, sealed in haste, and stamped with the chequered bottom of his salt-cellar. And the officer who shared the bungalow with him said he heard him repeating snatches of hymns he had perhaps learned at his mother's knee. Solemn, but I fear, in most cases of the kind, too transient, were the feelings of the brother officers, as, with the touching pageantry of a military funeral, they followed their comrade to his grave, and, after the solemn words of the burial service, left him there in that long deep sleep which the farewell shots of the firing party could not disturb. Such incidents as these cast an occasional gloom over our little circle, and awakened emotions sincere and heartfelt, though unexpressed in words; but as at the funeral, according to custom, the solemnizing music of the "Dead March in Saul" gave place to some sprightly air, as with unmuffled drums we marched back from the burying-ground, so the young hearts, depressed for a season, soon regained their elasticity, and seemed to say with one accord,—

> "But let us change this theme, which grows too sad,
> And lay this sheet of sorrows on the shelf;"

and so the lesson passed away, to all appearance unimproved,

and justified the complaint of the poet Cowper when he says,—

"Observe the dappled foresters, how light
They bound, and airy o'er the sunny glade;
One falls—the rest, wide scattered with affright,
Vanish at once into the darkest shade.

Had we but wisdom, should we, often warned,
Still need repeated warnings, and at last,
A thousand awful admonitions scorned,
Die self-accused of life all run to waste."

About fourteen miles from the fortress was a beautiful spot, which was a favourite residence of Major Bagnold, and where most of us spent some pleasant days. It is named Mahal Gooraree, and is situated on a tributary of the Taptee. In olden times, when Boorhanpoor was at its best, some wealthy prince, who had a fine palace on the opposite side of the river, had conceived the idea of bringing water to refresh his garden from this tributary stream. With this object he built a very substantial "bund" across it, and immediately below that another lower bund, forming a footway across the stream, and enclosing between it and the main bund a sheet of water, replenished by the surplus flow, that after a heavy fall of rain formed a beautiful cascade. On each side of this enclosed water, on elevated platforms, and facing each other, were the twin Moorish summer-houses from which it takes the affix Mahal. One of these was in comparative decay, but the other had been repaired, divided into rooms, and made a comfortable dwelling-place; while the opposite one was occupied by servants. The aqueduct, some three miles in length, which conveyed the water so arrested, was to be traced in its ruined state, and had hollow pillars at stated distances to allow the water to rise in them to its own level, so as not to overstrain the main stone pipe. The principal bund was of sufficient height to send the water back a good distance, and form a

considerable reach, on which there was a boat. Admirable bathing was enjoyed from the main bund.

This spot is surrounded by the wildest jungle, and in the days of which I write was the favourite resort of the denizens of those regions; so that game was to be shot almost from the door. One evening I was sitting with Major Bagnold after dusk, when we heard the voice of a European who seemed to have lost his way; and very shortly there appeared a tall, broad-shouldered, handsome man, with a short rifle slung at his back, who congratulated the Major on the strong position he had taken up, as he had nearly broken his own neck and his horse's knees in his efforts to reach it. This was Fraser, commonly called "Tom Fraser," and more familiarly "Jeff;" whose excellent and modest narrative of soldiering and sport, drawn from his diary after his decease, is published under the title of "*Sport and Military Life in India*, by Lieut.-Colonel T. G. Fraser, 1st Bombay Fusiliers." He was one of the best all-round sportsmen I ever knew, and an accomplished, well-read man. He did admirable service through a long career, and was but ill rewarded; for, being peculiarly unfortunate in his promotion, when he was strongly recommended to the Queen for some mark of special favour, which should have taken the form of brevet rank, it was withheld owing to the interference of the Deputy-Chairman of the Court of Directors, on the ground that it "would be injurious to a gradation service"!

It was at this same Mahal Gooraree, though on a subsequent occasion, that a sporting incident occurred which is noted by Fraser in his diary. He and his friend and brother officer, Tapp, met here, and proceeded on foot to kill a tiger that had been marked down in a "scindebund" (or strip of date trees and jungle) close by. Fraser had to borrow a gun, he having arrived in advance of his kit, and it was imperfectly loaded with a bullet that was too small for it. However, he was not the man to stand on trifles.

He says in his narrative: "I and my guide, a diminutive Bheel, armed with a bow and arrow, which might possibly have killed a cat, were to enter the bund, while my friend was to remain in close proximity outside, in case the tiger should break cover. After traversing some fifty yards of jungle, where the shadowing branches threw a green and fitful shade, the skinny specimen of humanity by my side whispered, 'Don't be afraid, I am with you;' and, pointing to a recess under a young date tree some twenty feet from us, added, 'There she is;' and I saw a fine tigress couched head towards the intruders, placidly eyeing them. With my own rifle I should have made short work of her; but with the gun I had, and loaded as it was with ball enlarged with cloth, I felt I could not kill her. I fired, however, steadily at her eye; with a roar she rushed towards me, but, blinded or confused by the ball, that struck too high to penetrate, passed me within a few inches, and rushed outside the trees; when a shot and a roar, followed by a second, and a death stillness, assured me of my friend's vicinity and my own safety. Emerging from the jungle, I found her lying dead in a shallow nullah, from the bank of which Tapp had given her a quietus. The tigress, myself, and my pigmy Bheel protector, with his two-foot bow, reassuring my fainting powers 'not to be afraid, for he was with me,' formed the subject subsequently of a clever sketch by an amateur artist of our party." I happened to be the "artist" so flatteringly referred to. I cannot accurately recall the sketch, but I subjoin one something like it.

The fort of Asseergurh, like most places in India where there are the ruins of old buildings, was much infested by snakes; and of these the deadly cobra was the most prevalent. I had not been long there before I killed one of great size in the roof of the stable. I wounded another in the Major's compound, which escaped into a hole. One morning a few days afterwards he was seen dead on the

floor close to my sleeping-place; and the natives declared he had come to be avenged on me, as that was their custom when wounded! They are very courageous, and will pursue a man. Colonel Fraser mentions a cobra, irritated by the barking of a dog, giving him chase; and, when he took to the water for safety, swimming after him, and biting him, so that he died in half an hour. All snakes are excellent swimmers, but there are some that are especially water snakes. From a bridge near Nassik I killed several in the water with an air-cane to which I had applied my telescopic

sight. But to give an example of the audacity of the cobra. The first time I commanded the detachment in the fort, the regiment being encamped for exercise below, a sepoy came running to tell me there was a cobra at the sallyport that seemed determined to have a pup out of a litter belonging to a pariah dog, which was a regular institution there, being fed and petted by the guard. I took my gun and hurried down, and there, sure enough, was a large cobra, coiled on the top of the parapet that surrounded the pit of the sallyport, with a portion of its body erect, its hood distended in

fighting order, and its horrid glassy eye viewing with strong desire a batch of little pups nestled in a hole at the base of the parapet, in peaceful ignorance of their danger; while the enraged mother, a few feet distant, was barking furiously. A shot from the little gun finished the cobra's career, and relieved the anxiety of the poor mother. Among some old buildings at Boorhanpoor, I and some of my brother officers came upon a large cobra, which we were pelting with stones. Having delivered my shot, I was stooping down for another stone, when some one called, "Look out, Davidson!" when there was Master Cobra making straight for me. This did make me jump, when a well-directed stone put an end to the pursuit. While on the subject of snakes, I shall mention a singular hunt for a cobra, with a singular termination. Passing along one of the roads within the fort in the company of one of the officers, who had a gun in his hand, a cobra crossed the path before us, and crept into a hole under a high wall. We were trying to rouse him out with a stick, when the regimental bheestie, or water-carrier, came past with his bullock and water-skins full of water. An idea was suggested, and forthwith put in practice. With stones and earth formed into mud we built a sort of trough round the hole, and high enough, as we thought, to enable us to flood the upper story of the snake's abode, and then we made the bheestie fill it to the brim from the nozzle of one of his skins. In a few seconds we heard a commotion within, when out rushed the cobra in desperate haste. We, of course, made way for him, and my friend fired a hurried shot, and missed. After the snake flew the bheestie, and, overtaking him, he seized him by the tail, swung him round and round for a second or two, and then, slipping his disengaged hand up towards the head, he gripped him fast. It was the work of about a quarter of a minute. We wished to kill the reptile, but his captor would not consent to that, saying he would drop him over the fort

wall, where he would do harm to nobody. It turned out that the bheestie had been in the habit of thus catching snakes. But, poor fellow! he tried the trick once too often, and died from the bite of a cobra. Years after this event, when encamped in the Sholapore District at survey work, I was just going to sit down in my detached tent, when I spied a cobra snugly coiled beneath the seat. I rushed into my tent for my rifle, which happened to be loaded, and before the snake, who was bundling out, got clear away, I cut him in two with the bullet. The adjutant of the 11th Native Infantry, with which I did duty for a short time at Poona, was sitting in his arm-chair in a half-dreamy state, smoking a cheroot, when he saw a snake, perhaps attracted by a cup of tea that stood conveniently near, twisted round the arm of his chair. Without the slightest movement, he quietly directed a puff of smoke right in the face of the snake, at which it at once untwisted itself, and made off in double-quick. A soldier in one of the Queen's regiments at Poona asked an Irish comrade why sarpents were here called snakes. "Ough, man, sure it is because they go snaiking along."

Conversing with Major Bagnold on the subject of dreams and apparitions, he related to me two remarkable examples that occurred to himself. He was not a man at all likely to be carried away by an excited imagination; indeed, he attributed what occurred simply to accidental coincidence. On the first occasion, he dreamt that he was at home, traversing the well-remembered streets, but he was struck with the fact that all the houses were shut up, as if it was early in the morning. At last he came to his uncle's house, and there, too, all the shutters were closed. He rang the door-bell; the door was opened by the well-known butler, who, with a grave face, said, "Oh, Master Michael, you are just too late; your uncle died at two this morning." In the course of a few months he heard of his uncle's death, as nearly as he could calculate, on the very day, and certainly

at the hour mentioned by the servant. Some time after this, he was in command of a party in pursuit of some free-booting Pindarees, and kept a journal. One morning he dreamt that his brother Tom, who was an officer in the Bengal Army, came to his bedside in a riding dress, with boots and spurs, and a riding-whip under his arm, and said distinctly, "Good-bye, Mike; I'm off." Remembering the previous case, he in this instance made a note of the circumstance, carefully dated, on the margin of his journal. In due course he heard of the death of his brother from the effects of a fall from his horse, on that very morning.

The horse I had bought in Bombay being an expensive one, and having been offered the price I gave for him, I sold him; and after a considerable interval, when a horse was of no use, shut up as we were in the fortress, I got my friend Dunlop to buy me a Bheema Terree, country-bred one, which died in my service some ten years afterwards. As he had a Roman nose, he was named "Mark Antony." He was a thorough good one, but vicious, difficult to mount, and ready to eat you if you tumbled off. I had acquired the knack of picking a thing up without dismounting, which was very needful if my hat dropped off on a hot day. He was not often borrowed; but once I lent him to Sam Mansfield (brother of Lord Sandhurst), to ride the first stage right through from Kaladgee to Dharwar. When Mark (whom he mounted when secured at his pickets) got to the end of my usual evening ride on the Dharwar Road, he thought it was time to turn back, and this led to a fight in which he must have got the best of it, as he gained his point, and Mansfield had to get another mount. I took him out in the evening on the same road, as, having gained the victory in the morning, I thought he might try the trick again, which indeed he did; but, being furnished with a pair of sharp spurs, I took it out of him, and brought him home quite subdued. I have several sketches of Mark, but on too large a scale for

convenient entry here: one, ridden by Tapp and winning the Asseer Welter; another, when he was entered for the Hack plate at Bombay, but refused, with much kicking, to the amusement of the spectators rather than his rider, to move to the starting-post. Mark nearly got me into trouble when I was pursuing a wounded bison in the Manzeroot jungle. I had fired a shot from Mark's back which struck the bison, when he turned and charged. The little gun being empty, there was nothing for it but flight. But the first touch of the spur provoked in Mark the usual spirit of resistance; so down went his head, and up went his heels. The suspense was but for a moment; the bison did not complete his charge, but veered off, leaving Mark Antony and me to fight it out; and perhaps not liking the look of the noble Roman's heels. Mark was hard in the mouth when excited, and one evening, when I was galloping him round the little racecourse we had constructed below the fort, he bolted, and took a flying leap down the wall of a terrace six feet deep, but happily there were bushes at the bottom, which broke our fall, and he saved his knees, though he got a deep gash in his side, which took some time to heal. His horsekeeper, Cassee, was a first-rate fellow. He died of cholera, after serving me faithfully seventeen years. His brother Cannoo joined me shortly after him, and continued with me through my whole service.

On one occasion a party from the fortress rode out to a place on the Taptee river, not far from Boorhanpoor, and joined a hunt after a tiger, which we killed late in the day. The sun had set, and, having a good way to go to reach the fort, we galloped as fast as we could through the jungle in the direction of the road; but, getting entangled in some thick underwood, night came upon us before we reached it. It was soon pitch dark, and we did not know where to turn. It was agreed that Mark should lead the way; so, laying the reins on his neck, we proceeded in file, without

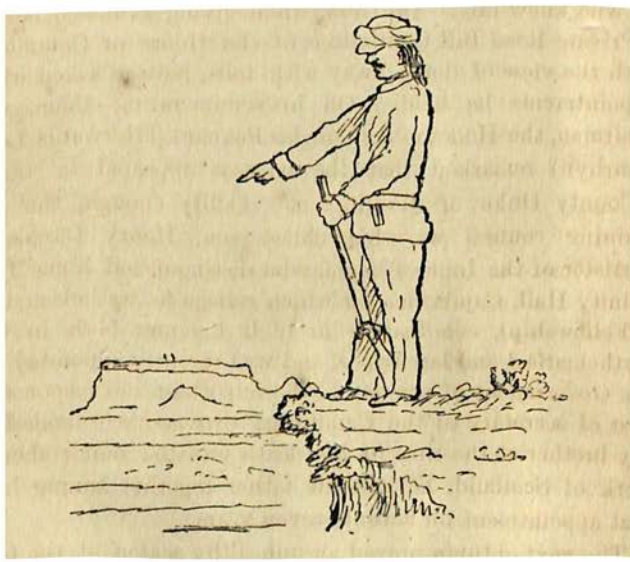
the smallest idea of the direction he was taking us. At last we seemed to have reached something like a path, for the roads in those days were little more, and I remembered that in the bridle track from Boorhanpoor to Asseergurh there was in the middle of a narrow gully a sudden drop in the rock of about two feet; so I said to my companions, "If Mark is right, before long we shall come to that well-marked place." And sure enough, before long, I felt Mark hesitate, as if groping for something with his feet, and then down he went all right. He had brought us so far on our way; and after a somewhat tedious ride we saw the lights of the fort, and got safely home not far from midnight.

Rummaging the Commandant's library, I came upon a book that interested me much. It was the Tracts of Benjamin Robins on subjects connected with gunnery, and written more than a century and a half ago. There was one set of tracts that riveted my attention, that in which the Quaker treats of "The nature and advantages of rifled barrelled pieces;" and here began with me that study of rifled projectiles which I have kept up for nearly sixty years. Mr. Robins's remarks in the essays referred to, while eminently suggestive, are far from being of an exhaustive character. On the contrary, they are intended rather as introductory to a scheme of his own, which he expected would be simpler in its application, which he had already tested by experiments, and which appeared to him infallible. What that scheme was we can only guess, as this distinguished philosopher and engineer, having been appointed to Madras as the Company's Engineer-in-Chief, died there without an opportunity of prosecuting the subject. From a careful study of his writings I came to the conclusion that Mr. Robins had in view to give the bullet a rotatory motion round its axis, such as is given to the arrow and the shuttlecock, from a principle contained in itself; viz. the addition of wings laid obliquely to strike the air and produce the

desired effect. Now, as I did not at that time possess a rifle, but only the little gun, it would have suited me exactly to substitute for the round ball a projectile that could be shot with accuracy from a smooth bore. This led to my constructing a bullet with wings laid spirally, which I hoped, by striking the air, would give the required rotatory motion. But it proved a complete failure, as have done many experiments made subsequently by others in the same direction, as detailed in the *Mechanics' Magazine*. The fact is, the bullet is too short to retain its position, after leaving the piece, for a sufficient time for the air to act on the wings in the manner hoped for. A year or two afterwards I made improvements in the rifle bullet, grounded on Robins's suggestions, which proved permanently useful; but I will mention these in due course of my narrative.

Somewhat unexpectedly I found myself at the mess sitting opposite a man whose face made a great impression on me. A fine high, white forehead, which had been protected from the sun that had deeply tanned the lower part of the face; straight nose, heavy brown moustache, somewhat pouting under lip, and firm, well-developed chin, formed the general features; but what struck me most was a peculiar eye. It seemed to search you to the core. His dark hair hung down below the collar of his coat, the lower half bleached lighter by the sun, from which it sheltered his neck. This was Captain James Outram, of whom I had heard much. He had come to see Tapp and Bagnold, and take them a hunting tour, and, as they left next day, this was all I saw of him at that time. Many years afterwards, Bagnold, having taken a trip home after thirty-six years' continued residence in India, was on board a steamer on one of our Scotch lakes. On the deck of the steamer was a lady whose eye struck him as something he was quite familiar with. While she was speaking to some one, he heard her use the words, "My son James." This was enough for

Bagnold. He immediately said, "Madam, you must be the mother of my old friend, and at one time my adjutant, James Outram!" He had hit the mark; that eye, which he had got from his mother, was enough, for Bagnold never before had seen its match. I knew Mrs. Outram well in after years, and she remembered the circumstance, and the pleasure it gave her so unexpectedly to meet an old acquaintance of her distinguished son. I add a sketch of Sir James I made in those days, which was considered very like.



Returning from one of our hot-weather expeditions, on my way to mess, a home letter was put into my hands, and from a glance at my mother's closing words I saw she was a widow, and my beloved father had entered into his rest. I braved it through at the mess, not wishing that any one should see my weakness; but when I got home, the sense of my bereavement came upon me with double force on account of its temporary suppression. It had come somewhat

suddenly at last, and my poor father had died after a very short illness. My eldest brother was only twenty-two, yet he had established such a character as a man of business, that he was at once installed in his father's place as sheriff-clerk, and in four other clerkships. He took his father's place also as head of the family, doing a father's part to the children, of whom seven were unprovided for; all of whom he lived to see settled in life, and all of whom he survived, but at last followed to the grave, lamented and honoured by all who knew him. In 1863, when giving evidence before a Private Road Bill Committee of the House of Commons, with the view of doing away with tolls, he was asked what appointments he held. On his enumerating them, the chairman, the Honourable Douglas Pennant (afterwards Lord Penrhyn) remarked that the witness appeared to be a "County Duke of Wellington." Oddly enough, the examining counsel was his eldest son, Henry Davidson, barrister of the Inner Temple, who distinguished himself at Trinity Hall, Cambridge (of which college he was elected to a Fellowship), eventuating in high honours both in the mathematical and law tripos, and was recently appointed by the Government of the day to the important and responsible post of secretary to the Cambridge University Commission. My brother at the time of his death was the senior sheriff-clerk of Scotland, he and his father together having held that appointment for seventy-seven years.

The next autumn proved an unhealthy season at the fort. We had at that time one hundred and seventy men in the hospital, which occupied a large Mahomedan mosque, the two lofty minarets of which are conspicuous from a distance. Several of the officers were also taken ill, and as change of air was the only thing that appeared to afford a chance of recovery, they were sent off as soon as possible, each under the care of an officer. This reduced our numbers considerably. One of the last seized was our excellent commanding

officer, Captain Hurle, who died at Boorhanpoor, to the regret of the whole corps. So the little burial nook had to open its bosom to another victim to the climate. He was succeeded in the command of the regiment by Captain Worthy, who had just returned from leave to Europe, having married a second time. We never had more than one lady in the fort. Mrs. Corsellis having gone home with her children, Mrs. Worthy came just in time to take her place. The want of female companionship must have been felt by these ladies, and the young officers tried to make up for it by their assiduous attentions, and greatly enjoyed a little peacocking, as it was called. Mrs. Worthy was a daughter of Sir Jonah Barrington, and was a very pretty and agreeable woman. Lieutenant James gave up his comfortable bungalow to them, and occupied a small hut in his compound.

Worthy was fond of horses, and brought up with him from Bombay two very fine Arabs, bought in the "Bombproof," just after their arrival in the country. The best of them in after years came into my possession, was my charger for the five years I held the adjutancy, and took me many a spin after antelope when I joined the Revenue Survey. He was named Bedowin, was a dark chestnut, and as fine a horse as ever I saw in India. He soon gave proof of his mettle, for his owner took him to Mhow to the races, where he carried off the "Maiden" and the two other principal races. He was equal to anything in that way, though destined to less distinguished, but perhaps more useful work. Tapp was his jockey at the races, and "steered him to victory." But, poor fellow, he was less fortunate in one of his mounts, which, in a hurdle race, fell at one of the leaps; and another horse, coming up just as Tapp was recovering himself, crushed Tapp's head against one of the posts; and the injury was so serious that he lay for a long time unconscious, and Maude, the kind-hearted nurse of the regiment, went to Mhow and attended

him through a long illness, which to a certain extent resulted in recovery; but for a long time he could not bear the crack of the rifle, and had to abstain from his favourite pursuit. His hunting cap had saved his life, but though a strong English one it was considerably crushed. He patched it up in a most successful manner, and presented it to Outram, and, strange to say, it saved his life also. In one of his hunts he was mounted on a wretched elephant named Ram Bukhs, who had once run away with me. Ram Bukhs took the sulks, and when punished resolved to get rid of his rider. To effect this, he rolled from side to side with such rapidity and force, that, although Outram clung to the howdah with all his strength, he was pitched out at last, and, landing on his head, was picked up insensible. When he came partially to himself, he was directing the mahout to drive to a tank in Katteewar, some hundred miles distant. The hunting cap was shattered a second time, but a second time had saved the wearer's life.

I can recall a rather curious day's experience with Outram's party. It was just the beginning of the rains. A tigress with three nearly full-grown cubs was marked down in a scindebund through which ran a stream then quite dry. As we had not much accommodation on the elephants, I got them to put me and a Bheel on a tree in the centre of the strip of jungle where the tigress would be likely to pass. The elephants had not long entered at the farther end before the three cubs came bounding along right under my tree, when I could easily have potted one of them, but I knew the mother must be near, and waited for her. And there she was, peering over a bank not thirty yards off, with nothing but her eyes and the top of her head visible. It was a small object to aim at, especially with my imperfect little gun, but I thought I would try it. I daresay the bullet passed between her ears, but it was a miss, the head was rapidly withdrawn, and the cubs also

quickly disappeared. They had all gone, however, towards the elephants, and I had done good service in stopping their exit at my end. So I reloaded, and sat patiently hoping for another chance. Very soon the sky was overhung with black clouds, which were lit up with flashes of lightning, and down came the rain in torrents, and wet me to the skin. It had not far to go to reach the poor Bheel's cuticle. There we sat, like two drenched crows, and the rain falling not in drops but in sheets. It was impossible to keep the flint gun dry. Suddenly we heard a rushing sound as of a torrent drawing near, and shortly we saw a body of water with a perpendicular head at least a foot and a half high, come rushing down, and in a few seconds the dry bed of the nullah was converted into a deep, gushing stream! I thought it no use to remain in the tree, so, getting down and using the gun as a stick to steady me, I waded the nullah with the water rising nearly to my waist. Proceeding up the scindebund, nearly to the other end, I came upon the elephants with the occupants in great excitement. Caps were cracking, but no explosion followed; while one of the cubs was charging up to an elephant who was roaring with his trunk well in the air. At last a gun went off, and the cub succumbed. They had wounded the tigress, but she escaped, and the rain prevented them following her marks. However, the three cubs were bagged.

The rapid flooding of rivers and streams, of which I have given this example, often proves a serious impediment to the traveller during the monsoon, and where bridges and ferry-boats are not available the natives have recourse to a float formed of gourds. A cord having been fastened to a large long-shaped gourd, a smaller one being tied to the other end, the native gets astride, and, laying his breast on the larger gourd, with hands and feet he paddles himself across. Women too avail themselves of this singular conveyance, under the escort of a ferryman, who, similarly

mounted, for the small remuneration of one pice (about a farthing) takes his fair charge in tow, carrying her basket, with perhaps a child in it, on his head, and conveys them safe across. Herds of cattle swim these flooded rivers like water-rats, and the herd boy, as a matter of course, takes the tail of the hindmost bullock in his hand, which gives him a very comfortable lift across. These methods of crossing rivers, however, are hardly in accordance with our European ideas of comfort; and so thought I one day as I stood after a long ride on the bank of a wide and rapid stream which separated me from my halting-place. I did not relish the idea of buffeting the muddy current on a horse of gourds, and, as there was no boat within twenty miles, it seemed as if I must either do this, or bivouac without my dinner on the bank. When in this dilemma, a native signified that he would soon set me right. From a neighbouring hut he brought a "charpaee," or native bedstead; not a four-poster such as we luxurious people use, but a small light frame of wood, having four little legs—hence its name, "char pace," or four legs—and held together by the interlacing of a piece of cord, which thus forms a sort of netted bottom to this simple piece of furniture. He next brought out four round earthen "chattees," or pots, and, after strengthening the bottom of each with a few inches of sand, he put the legs of the cot into these pots, and signified that the vessel was ready to be launched. As I sat doubled up on the extemporary raft, in company with my saddle, I found myself raised an inch or two above the level of the water, the earthen pots forming admirable floats. A couple of lusty swimmers then took me in tow, while another took my horse, and after a prosperous and not very tedious voyage I landed on the opposite bank.

I have said nothing about a member of Major Bagnold's household, who was held in high esteem by his master, though cordially hated by everybody else. I mean a dog

named Muffy. He was a cross between a savage Arab dog and a large poodle. He was born without a tail, like a Manx cat, and was covered with curly white hair. Muffy regarded me as an intruder, and was long in acknowledging my overtures of friendship. At last he condescended to give me a paw; and in the morning after parade, when I climbed a near but steep ascent from the stable to the house, I would find Muffy, who was singularly regular in his habits, sitting at the top ready to offer me a paw. On one occasion, when his master was absent, in fighting with another dog he got terribly bitten in the ear, and, as no one dared to meddle with him in the irritable temper it produced, it grew into an ugly sore. At last I resolved to try what I could do with it, and was surprised to find him let me handle it, cut open the bad places, where maggots had bred, and finally apply a poultice of marsh mallows, which, when tied on with one eye out, gave him the most comical look you could conceive. This poultice I renewed daily, dressing the sore, till I effected a perfect cure. He looked grateful, and would have wagged his tail if he had had a tail to wag. Some time after this, at Mahal Gooraree, Muffy got his curly coat into such a mess that the Major determined to have him shorn. A barber was sent for, and, held with some trouble by his master, his hair was closely cut. And did he not look indignant at this outrage! Hiding himself in any dark corner he could find, he was in the vilest humour. When at the table speaking to his master, if, without altering my tone or looking towards the corner where he lay concealed, I said in Hindustanee, "I will cut that dog's hair," immediately we heard a growl. And when, without speaking, I put out my hand and with my fingers imitated the motion of a pair of shears, he would fly out and threaten to bite me. As his hair grew, his former not over-gracious temper was revived. After the lapse of a couple of years, Colonel Bagnold, having meanwhile held

the post of acting Resident at Cutch, had returned to Bombay, and being there at the time, I went to see him at a friend's house. He was in the billiard-room playing a game, and, as I was shaking hands, I felt a dog's nose touch my leg, and immediately Muffy circled round the room in perfect ecstasy; then, taking another sniff, round he went again till exhausted, and, a soberer mood succeeding, he retired as if half ashamed to his corner, and made no further demonstration of affection. Colonel Bagnold said he had never seen him do such a thing before.

There was another creature at Asseergurh which deserves notice in this record of bygone days. This was a female spotted deer whose name was Nancy. She belonged nominally to Dr. Ross, our surgeon, but she was really "La fille du regiment." She was the boldest creature ever known, and had an appetite and digestive powers exceeded only by the ostrich. When we were encamped below, it was almost an everyday sight, Nancy emerging from a tent pursued by a servant, she munching as she went along a cake of soap cribbed from the owner's wash-hand stand, and the soapsuds streaming in white lines from her mouth. Dr. Ross's servant, who spoke through his nose, would sometimes complain, "Miss Nancy won't take her toast, sir!" and no wonder, as she had probably just consumed a cake or two of brown Windsor. Paper was also one of her favourite eatables, and it was fun, on one occasion, to see the doctor in hot pursuit, and Nancy eating as she ran, inch by inch, a half-read Europe letter he had left for a moment on the table. Nancy regularly attended parade, and especially when we were firing blank cartridge; and as the volleys were being fired by companies from right to left, Nancy would run along within twenty yards of the front, picking up and eating the paper of the cartridges, and she seemed to enjoy the flavour contributed by the consumed powder. When we were up in the

fortress, she derived pleasure in being pursued by a pack consisting of all the dogs in the place, bounding over the low walls, and occasionally waiting till her pursuers had regained a little of the ground they had lost in the chase, to start off again with fresh vigour. She often appeared with her face blackened, the evident result of getting her head into the sepoys' cooking-pots as dinner was preparing in the lines. I cannot recall at this moment what became of Nancy, but I rather think, when Dr. Ross left the regiment to take up the appointment of surgeon to the Residency at Bushire, he sent her back to an officer at Mundlaisir, from whom he got her.

CHAPTER V.

When the hunting season came round, we greatly missed the generalship of Tapp, who, though he had resumed his duties as fort adjutant, was unable to bear the report of a gun. By this time I was better armed, having been able to purchase a double rifle, and having got in addition the double gun from Haddington. Outram occasionally visited our neighbourhood, and he was always most generous in mounting his horse and giving up his seat in the howdah to some eager young hand. But he made it a *sine qua non* that there should be at least one steady shot to protect the elephant in case of a charge. When I had retired from the service, came home, and lived in the country, I got up, as my contribution to a course of lectures given in the village, two lectures on Indian subjects, in which hunting scenes held a prominent place; and Outram, whose name was then comparatively little known in this country, was one of the principal figures in the *dramatis personæ*. As his distinguished career became developed, my poor lectures became singularly popular, and were delivered in many parts of the country; and on one occasion to the 78th Regiment, when it garrisoned the Castle of Edinburgh, in the presence of old Mrs. Outram and many of her friends. In one of these lectures I give the following description of the *modus operandi* in tracking and marking down a tiger:—

"The first thing to be done is to disperse the Bheels over the country in quest of the royal game. They scatter, yet act in concert, and when the 'pug' or print of the tiger's foot is found, they collect and follow up the marks. In this

their dexterity, to one who is not initiated in the craft, surpasses credence. They seem to follow the game over places where no vestige of a mark could light. Sometimes they are at fault; at others the scent, as it were, runs breast high, and on they go at a jog trot, marking as they run, with the point of a spear, the last decided print. I shall not attempt to follow them through each variety of ground, but will suppose them to have come at last to a piece of thick jungle, covered with high grass, where no trace can possibly be found. Here you will suppose our little friends the Bheels have at last come to a stand. Not at all; they divide into two parties, right and left, and circle round the patch of jungle till they meet at the opposite side, looking with lynx eyes at every inch of the line by which they circumscribe the spot. Finding no signs of egress, they conclude at once the tiger is within the 'gird' or circle; so they divide again and circle back, dropping a man at intervals, till they have formed a ring of sentinels around the patch. These sentinels get into trees, partly for safety, but chiefly to extend their range of vision. The tiger, perhaps not satisfied with his resting-place, or for reasons tigers can only know, is about to quit the spot. A Bheel sees him from aloft, and utters a low, deep 'Ugh!' The tiger, awed by the human voice, generally retires inwards and tries another place. Again he encounters that same mysterious 'Ugh!' till at last from necessity he becomes reconciled to his quarters, and, the sun being hot, he lays himself down to rest. A messenger is then sent to tell the Sahib Log that a tiger is marked down. Should the sportsmen be at a distance, or should any circumstance prevent their obeying the call, these staunch pointers will keep their post, and, if the tiger breaks cover, they track him from place to place, even for days together, to his final halting-place, where they again surround him with their guardian ring.

"And this faculty of tracking is not confined to the case

of animals; for they follow up the traces of men with the same facility. This makes them a valuable agency for the apprehension of marauders when they take to the jungles to escape detection. Outram's band rendered much good service in this way when Khandesh was a sort of hiding-place for outlawed men. On one occasion, Outram had been long upon the trail of a noted thief and murderer who had practised every stratagem to elude his grasp. One day, when sorely pressed, he came to Outram's tent and gave himself up. Having done so, he made a merit of it, and pleaded it as a reason why he should be leniently dealt with. Outram, however, gave him reason to understand distinctly that he must expect no favour on that account. At the same time he added, 'I will not take advantage of you; you are now at liberty to go back into the jungles, and I guarantee you twenty-four hours' start.' The wretch shook his head, made a salaam, and said, 'No, Sahib, it is of no use, for sooner or later I must be caught.' It will readily be gathered what an important place these Bheels occupy in all arrangements for wild sports in India. As in this country, if a sportsman were to go out shooting without his dogs, he would have more trouble in filling than in carrying his bag; so, in the sports of India, to traverse those vast regions of dense jungle without some substitute for a pointer would be very slow, uncertain work. This substitute we have in these Bheels or shikarees. Aborigines of India, and inhabiting the unhealthy parts, which at particular seasons are almost certain death to the European, they are a puny-looking, short-lived race. Small in stature, lean and wiry, they are capable of great endurance; and from constant exercise their senses of sight and hearing are wonderfully acute. Robbers and marauders by natural descent, for long their hand was against every man, and every man's hand was against them. Hunting, varied by plundering and cattle-lifting, was their normal trade. There was something fine

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about them too. They were the Rob Roys of India, and, like our Rob Roy, they for a long time levied blackmail from the inhabitants of the open country. Proscribed by Government, and hunted down, they were killed by hundreds, but they never were subdued. At length, under the beneficent government of Mountstuart Elphinstone, a wiser and more humane policy was practised towards them. The result is, that, formed into an excellent police, a body of them are employed to protect the very country they previously plundered, and are thus transformed into faithful servants of the State.

"It is well known from his published Life that the main instrument in effecting this change was Lieutenant-General Sir James Outram. He found the Bheels in a state of open rebellion. With the help of a detachment from his own regiment, he attacked and routed them in one of their hill fastnesses which they thought impregnable. Having thus reduced them to a temporary subjection, and having proved himself to be no ordinary foe, he changed his tactics, and went among them unattended, confidingly and as a friend. He interested himself in what interested them, engaged them in their favourite occupations of the chase, and, showing his own prowess, won their hearts. By a true though untutored instinct, they came to understand the man, and accepted him as their leader and their friend. Accompanied by their wives and children, they followed him from place to place, as if he had been their hereditary chief. Nor was this attachment confined to one side. While these hardy mountaineers revered and loved their conqueror, he also loved and respected them. And in this was the secret of his success. He saw in their rugged natures the elements of much that was true and noble, much that was kindred to the true and noble of his own character. And we have here in Outram's treatment of the Bheels a great practical lesson, which our rulers in India and in Burmah would do well to

ponder over and improve. We may subjugate for a time the tribes of these regions by the overwhelming valour of our troops, but we can attain to a real and enduring peace only through the affections of the people."

The great improvement made in later years in the construction of rifles, and the more deadly character of expanding bullets, has led to what was generally the exception in the times of which I write, the shooting of tigers on foot. Most tigers were killed in those days from the elephant, and a wonderful ally he has proved on such occasions. Hyder was the name of the elephant most distinguished in Khandesh in the days to which I refer; and if his history could be written, with the various exploits in which he took a prominent place, it would be a most interesting book. I don't know whether he is still alive, but I know he outlived most of those whom I have seen him bear on his back in the hunting-field. He was the property of a very keen sportsman, Mr. Sprot Boyd, then Collector of Khandesh; and the expense of his keep was in part defrayed from the Government grant of Rs. 50 for every tiger that was killed. The reward was afterwards reduced to Rs. 30; as if some sporting man in power wished to preserve a few for his own special amusement. Indeed, I have heard that of late the officers of the Forest Department rather like to have a few tigers as a sort of police to preserve the young trees from spoliation. I heard Mr. Boyd tell an exploit of Hyder's which he witnessed, and I think is worth recording here. Hyder's cakes were baked in a very simple oven; the oven, in fact, so often alluded to in Scripture. It consisted of a large earthenware Ali Baba sort of jar, in the bottom of which a fire of dried grass and twigs was kindled; and when the embers were still red, the cakes were stuck all round the inside of the jar to bake. One day Hyder's mahout had gone through this process, which he completed by covering the jar with a lid on which he heaped some stones, and then

went into the bazaar, leaving Hyder in comfortable anticipation of his dinner. The time arrived for taking out the cakes, but not so the mahout. At length Hyder's patience was exhausted, and the cakes were running considerable risk of being burnt; when, tugging at his pickets, he managed to get rid of his front fastenings, and, wheeling round, he found he could just reach the oven with his trunk. He cautiously lifted off the stones, removed the lid, and ate the cakes! He then put on the lid, and, replacing the stones one by one most carefully, returned to his place; and if he had not been watched in this manœuvre by Mr. Boyd, the mahout might have wondered to his life's end how the cakes had disappeared. Outram used to tell a story of Hyder which I must not omit. His mahout, though first-rate in the field, was not a member of the temperance society. Hyder himself was fond of the bottle, and the two sometimes got merry together. One dark night, after a successful day's hunting, Outram heard Hyder trumpeting tremendously; and, as he was pitched close upon the jungle, he made sure a tiger must be prowling about his tents. With this conviction he seized his rifle and hurried to the spot. There he found Hyder in a very elevated condition certainly; not, however, from the presence of a tiger, but under the influence of some arrack to which his keeper had treated him, as a reward for his steadiness in the field; and it was but too evident the mahout had shared it with him; for there he sat at Hyder's feet, talking to his companion in the firm belief that he understood every word he said, and was recounting the exploits they had performed together. Hyder was looking uncommonly wise, and, at the end of each recital, waved his trunk in the air, and trumpeted forth his applause. The mahout, when his wife was busy, would sometimes place his infant under Hyder's care; and he might be seen, with the baby gooing at his feet, carefully brushing the flies away with a slender branch.

There is one qualification which the elephant possesses in no ordinary degree, which peculiarly fits him for sporting purposes; he is an admirable climber. I am very much mistaken if old Hyder could not have conveyed me comfortably to the top of the Great Pyramid in Egypt. Sounding each step of his progress in doubtful places with his trunk, slowly but surely he clambers up the rocky sides of hills, one would hardly think accessible to such a clumsy-looking creature. More quickly, but as safely, he descends the steepest banks of jungly ravines. When the earth is too loose to afford him a footing, he lays himself flat on his belly, and stretching his fore legs in front of him, and dragging his hind feet behind him like anchors, down he slides like a huge boulder; pulling himself up just in time to prevent him shooting over the perpendicular edge of the water channel at the foot. On occasions such as these, at times he will get into a mess, and then the sagacious creature will lie as motionless as a block of granite, till a way is dug for him to scramble out. The two great faults in an elephant are, in the one case to charge the tiger and attempt to pin him with his tusks, when he is apt to pitch his rider on the tiger's back; and in the other when he takes fright and runs away. The last may not seem so dangerous; but, considering the impediments he may meet with rushing at the rate of ten miles an hour through a dense jungle, where creepers as thick as his trunk hang from tree to tree just high enough to sweep the howdah from his back, the second predicament is quite as unpleasant as the first. I have experienced both, and hardly know which I liked the least.

We had frequent expeditions to the Manzeroot jungles, where tigers, bison, and, above all, spotted deer, abounded. I understand the rich soil of that region, formerly overgrown with brushwood and trees of moderate size, has been reclaimed and brought under the plough. The character of the ground made it difficult to follow up the bison when

wounded. Outram told me how he once speared a bison on his famous black pony. The bison, quite blown, had pulled up after a long chase in the bottom of a nullah with sloping sides. Outram rode down upon it on his active pony, and before it could get under weigh thrust his spear into it, and was up the other side. This was repeated till the bison succumbed. It was wonderful to see how the spotted deer, when frightened, could clamber up the perpendicular sides of a nullah. I saw a whole herd go up a place at least thirty feet high, and when I came to examine it I found there were cracks in the face of the sandy cliff into which they dug their feet, and with the impetus they had acquired they reached the top. The place where this occurred was a few days afterwards the scene of an adventure, showing the tenacity of life of these animals. I had wounded a very fine stag with an oblique shot through the body, but he went on as if untouched. I followed him up with the help of the Bheel that was with me, and saw him down below this cliff standing beside a tree. It was a long shot, but I seemed to have hit him this time in the right place, for down he fell. We went up to him, and I held him down by the antlers, while my horsekeeper, Cassee, haullaled him, or cut his throat. The moment I let him go he made a vicious prod at me with his horns, started to his feet, and bolted in the direction of the cliff. My rifle was up to my shoulder, and the trigger pulled, but I had operated on the barrel that had just been fired, and there was only the click of the descending hammer. Running after the stag, I arrived at the edge of the nullah just as he had gained the summit of the cliff, and was about to disappear in the thick jungle, when a shot from my second barrel grazed his spine just at its junction with the neck, and he seemed to die in a moment, tumbling down with a great crash. This was the Master of Ravenswood's shot at the wild bull, and a very bad shot it is, as an inch higher and he would have missed, and poor Lucy must

have died! Now this stag, which had the best head I ever killed, had two fair shots through his body, one to all appearance through the lungs, and his throat cut, though his jugular had been missed; and yet he was capable of this great exertion. From my experience at red deer, I have come to the conclusion that, from their not being kept in such constant exercise as the deer in India, which have to be ever on the *qui vive* to avoid the animals that prey upon them, they have not such great vitality; but of course some allowance must be made for the superior killing power of the expanding bullet now in use.

The 18th Regiment, having completed the three years' tour at Asseergurh, was ordered to Malligaum, on the southern border of Khandesh. I had preceded it, having gone to Bombay to undergo an examination in Hindustanee, and joined it at Malligaum. We were sorry to leave Asseer, but were still within a long ride of the old hunting quarters, and within easy reach of the jungles in the vicinity of Adjuncta and Sooltanpoor. Dhoolia too, the headquarters of the Collector of Khandesh, was within thirty miles, and was the post for a detachment from the brigade. The other regiment of the brigade was the 19th Regiment, under the command of Major Stalker, and there was a battery of Artillery. The two regiments got on admirably together; but we were most unlucky in our brigadier, whose chief happiness seemed to be to limit as far as he could the happiness of others. He held no social intercourse with the officers, and, what touched us to the quick, was a perfect niggard in regard to leave. He brought up false charges against a most excellent and honourable brigade major; who unfortunately, in the heat of denying the charges and establishing his innocence, made a slip, which his accuser knew too well how to take advantage of; and it ended, not only in the brigade major losing his appointment, but in involving our excellent commandant, Captain Worthy, who had gone with him to the brigadier to

remonstrate, and who in consequence lost the command of the regiment. This was a sad blow to us; as with it began the intrusion upon us of a series of stray lieutenant-colonels, our next senior officer, not on the staff, Captain Corsellis, being too much of a junior to hold the command. The first of these intruders was a good-natured, stout old gentleman, who died of apoplexy one morning in his bath; and was succeeded by the most incompetent creature that ever wore a red coat, and with whom we were saddled for two years; when Worthy, having recovered from an attack of liver, which sent him home, rejoined us, and was reinstated

in the command, but his failing health prevented him holding it long, when we were again handed over to a stranger. Nothing can injure a regiment more than such a system as this.

It was a source of great enjoyment to the brigadier to bully our incompetent commander; and although there was a humbling element in it, I must say we rather enjoyed it. For example, the brigadier ordered him to put the brigade through the manual and platoon, the former of course with ranks in "open order;" but when he came to the platoon, or, as it is now, firing exercise, he forgot to close the ranks, so that the rear rank men, in bringing their muskets to the

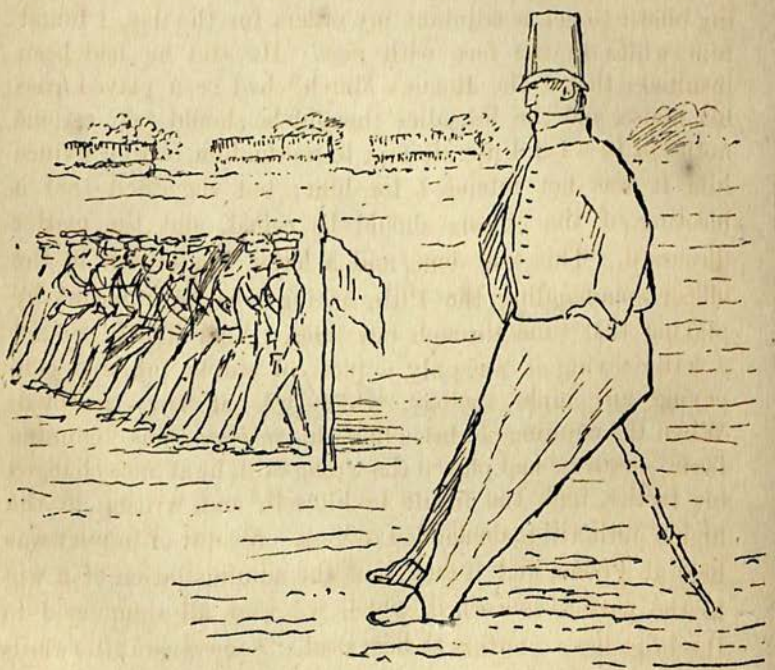
loading position, were in danger of tickling the necks of the front rank with their bayonets. "Tak' care, tak' care!" cried our wonderful commander, to the amusement of the whole brigade. "Tak' care, or the rear rank men will be knockin' aff the front rank men's bannets." This was most humiliating to me, at that time adjutant; but the brigadier did us the one good turn of sending our colonel into nominal sick

quarters, so that the drill of the regiment, and subsequent review, fell into the hands of Corsellis.

I give a sketch taken at the time of what we called "The Twa Dogs."

Our brigadier never thought it too early to commence our annual drill, and we were highly amused when a brigade order went round to the following effect: "The weather appearing seemingly (*sic*) to be clear and settled, the drill

of the 18th and 19th Regiments will begin," etc. And the poor orderly who carried round the order-book was nearly drowned, as will be seen in the sketch. The brigadier was often to be seen on the skirts of our parade-ground, where he was in the habit of sitting on his stick. Had he been a good officer, we should have liked to see him take an interest in our drill, but, having come from mere office work

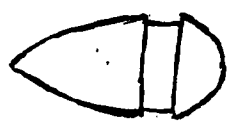


to his present command, he had neither capacity nor experience. I must mention a semi-serious and semi-comic event, which created a great stir, and was nearly ending worse than it did. At a party at the hospitable house of the commandant of the 19th Regiment, it was proposed, as they had the band with them, to finish off with a march through the lines of the officers; at the extreme end of which, after passing the bungalows of the officers of the 18th, was the

abode of the brigadier, and immediately opposite, on the other side of the road, the house of our commanding officer. Now what did these wild boys do? As soon as they got near the brigadier's house, they ordered the band to strike up "The Rogue's March." I was in bed at the time, but awoke with the noise, and heard in the morning what had taken place. When I went at ten o'clock to my commanding officer to get as adjutant my orders for the day, I found him white in the face with rage. He said he had been insulted; that "The Rogue's March" had been played past his house, and the brigadier thought he should take serious notice of it. I did not attempt to soothe him, or to convince him it was not intended for him; but suggested that a meeting of the officers should be called, and the matter discussed. This was done, and a letter was written to the officer commanding the 19th, asking what was meant by playing that tune through our lines. Very shortly we got a letter saying it was only a piece of stupid fun, and conveying an ample apology, which was at once accepted. When the cunning old brigadier—his *sobriquet* was "cunning Isaac"—saw he had played the wrong card, he at once changed his tactics, took the insult to himself, and, writing to the higher authorities, demanded redress. A court of inquiry was held at Poona, and it ended in the administration of a wig to the parties concerned, which we were all summoned to the brigadier's quarters to hear read. Some years afterwards the poor old fellow took ill in Bombay, and felt he was dying. To an officer who had been kind to him during his illness he presented his gold watch; but next day, feeling a little better, he asked it back again, and his friend never saw it more. He made a bargain to be buried in the Cathedral, but let us hope he was looking to something better than being laid under a consecrated roof.

At Malligaum I renewed my experiments with rifle bullets. Having sold my double rifle as too large in the

bore, and having become possessed of an old single flint Mortimer carrying a half-ounce ball, I proceeded to prosecute the theory I had for some time been advocating in the *Bombay Sporting Magazine*, of reducing the trajectory by using the narrow bore and large charge. Having turned this rifle into a percussion, I found the bullet too small and too light to kill deer. Remembering Robins's theory of the egg-shaped bullet, shot with the heavy end first, so that, the centre of gravity being near the front, the axis of the bullet might conform like an arrow to the curvature of the line of flight, I resolved to try one of that shape with my small bore. But it occurred to me that it would be impossible, with such a bullet, to secure its going down the barrel straight; that is, with its axis corresponding with the axis of the bore. To remedy this, I made it with a hollow or cannelure round its thickest part, thus:

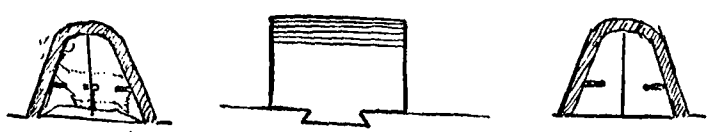


so that, while it would be impossible to put it down crooked into the rifle, it would, by means of the two edges, take a double hold of the rifling, and be less liable to strip with a heavy charge. With great hopes of success, I went to try this new projectile; but, to my utter disappointment, its shooting was wild in the extreme. I was about to give it up in despair, when I thought I would reverse the bullet, and put the rounded end next the powder. The result was a bull's eye, and a succession of admirable shots. I suppose it failed on Robins's plan, from the long end getting displaced and pushed to one side by the explosion, and this is borne out by the fact that, years afterwards, when the French used a bullet of this form, they corrected such effect by entering the narrow end into a sabot lying next the charge.

These bullets of mine got into great favour in India, and I had to make moulds for many of my friends, as they improved the shooting of the ordinary polygroove rifle.

Having sent the pattern to a gunmaker at Haddington, who was a member of a rifle club in Edinburgh, I was told by Mr. Harkom, an Edinburgh gunmaker, they were used with much success. The invention was claimed for me at Woolwich, but was not taken up by the authorities there. When I came home from India in 1848, I was describing this bullet to Mr. Troughton, the optician, when he called his brother, and said, "Tom, here is a singular thing: you know Mr. Lovel, the Superintendent of Small Arms, has been sent to the Continent to inquire about a new cannelured bullet, invented there, and here is a gentleman who has been using them in India for fifteen years!" Of course the introduction of breechloaders and the narrow bores has led to great changes in the form of bullets, still the cannelured bullet, of which I claim to be the inventor, in many cases holds the field.

Having got my small bore and new bullet in order, I managed to squeeze a few days' leave out of the brigadier, anterior to the "Rogue's March" affair, and getting friends to post horses for me, by two long rides I reached Asseergurh, where I was joined by Dr. Ritchie, an excellent sportsman, and with whom I had a good week's sport in the Man-



zeroote jungles, at that time abounding with game. The new bullet did good execution, not only with spotted deer, but with the larger Sambur. I had made an entirely new kind of open sight, which was very handy, and was afterwards used by many of the Khandesh sportsmen, and amongst others by Outram. It consisted of a shade for the back sight, having a thin plate of steel set upright in its centre, on which was aligned the fore sight for the perpendicular

direction, while two projecting points gave the elevation. The advantage of this sight is that, in aiming, the body of the deer is not covered and partially hidden, as in the case of the ordinary V sight. The points give the elevation for 100 yards; and for the nearer or farther distances the muzzle sight is either raised or depressed on the upright line, as the case requires. I became expert with this sight in hitting objects thrown up in the air, after the manner, though in a very inferior degree, of Dr. Carver; and when one of my companions could be persuaded to toss up his hunting cap, I invariably put a bullet through it, and sometimes would hit a stone. Dr. Ritchie and I pitched our tents on the margin of the Taptee, and it was tantalising sometimes of an evening to see deer and bison come down to the opposite bank to drink, too far off to be reached effectively by the weapons then in use; and I longed for a long range rifle and telescopic sight on such occasions. We resolved to vary our practice, with a view of getting within shot of such game, and, finding some logs conveniently at hand, we constructed a raft. On this we made an arbour with leaves and branches. One evening we launched our raft, and, getting within the shelter, we made our horse-keepers swim alongside, and convey us across. As we neared the opposite bank, we saw three bison at the water edge, and we agreed each to take one; but, carried down by the stream, an overhanging tree intercepted our aim, just as we were going to pull. We landed, hoping to get above them; but, before we had completed this manœuvre, they got our wind, and vanished in the thick jungle. However, we got above a herd of spotted deer, which had to pass us to get back to their ground, and we floored several of them. It was now nearly dark, and we had some work in getting back to our tents, having been carried a good way down the stream, but our people flourished lighted brands, and, after some labour, we effected a landing; and shortly,

sitting down to mock turtle (formed from stags' heads) and a haunch of venison, we talked over our adventure.

To give some idea of the abundance and variety of game at that time in Manzeroote, I make the following quotation from a notebook I kept on that occasion:—"Set out for the right bank of the Taptee river, one and a half miles above the ford. On my way passed a herd of spotted deer, not 300 yards off, but did not disturb them, as another sportsman was to take that ground. When I arrived at the Manzeroote nullah, I saw three full-grown young tigers sneaking down it. Pulled up, but guns were in the rear, and they disappeared in the thick jungle. Arrived at my ground about sunrise. Moved about a mile further up the Taptee. Saw a few deer, but no shots. Reached the spot where Ritchie wounded a tiger on the seventh. Heard some Sambur call; saw them on the opposite side of the river, here broad and deep. Bheel said there must be a tiger on foot. Proved correct, for there he was standing on the bank right opposite. Sat down and took a shot from a rest; tiger did not move (oh for a telescopic sight!). Had at him again with Jackson's rifle, my own small bore not having yet arrived. Mister Tiger coolly sat down. Resolved to go down to the ford and cross, having seen the tiger get up and walk into a neighbouring nullah. After crossing and arriving at the spot, I made the three men, one of them my horsekeeper, Cassee, mount trees at the mouth of the nullah, with directions to commence shouting as soon as they heard me whistle, and went myself far enough up to get above the tiger, got into a tree, and gave the signal. After a little, the tiger darted up the side of the nullah with a growl, giving me a very imperfect shot. It turned out Cassee and the others, after a few shouts, had come down, and, thinking the tiger was gone, marched up the nullah towards me, and on their way came right upon him, which accounted

for his hurried bolt. Crossed again to my old ground, when I came upon a herd of fifteen or twenty bison. Got within 120 yards and fired at a large black bull, but they went off faster than my little pony could follow through thick jungle. On my way home came upon a spotted stag and some hinds. Fired at the stag and heard the ball hit, but he went off with the hinds. Followed and got a second shot, running, and floored him. First shot was a foot behind the shoulder, the last traversed his whole body from behind, and lodged in the shoulder-blade."

I have said we indulged in mock turtle, but through the success of Ritchie we also had real. He shot a very large turtle which he found in a pool. It was very tenacious of life, though the bullet had gone right through the shell. The doctor, however, called his professional skill to his aid, and, inserting the hollow ramrod of his rifle into the wound, he blew into a vein, and life was extinct in a moment. The same humane process was used, in the fort, with a horse that required to be killed. It was taken to the platform of one of the pivot guns in a corner that overhung the cliff, a vein opened, a tube inserted, and then a little puff, and, the poor horse being dead in an instant, a shove sent him over the edge into the jungle far below, there to lay his bones beside the huge gun, which, having been dislodged from its place on the platform during the siege, had been lying there ever since.

I heard of a singular accident, with a singular result, which happened shortly after the relief of my regiment. The horse of the commanding officer of the relieving corps was being led by the native groom up one of the zigzag paths which had been cut on the face of the steep, to avoid the broken-down steps. In turning one of the elbows of the path, the horse got restive, and, his hind feet getting over the edge, down he went, carrying the man along with

him. Their first bound was against a prickly pear bush 120 feet below; and the next landed them comfortably in a very large mass of the same sort of natural feather bed, 130 feet farther down! A few weeks afterwards, man and horse were to be seen taking their exercise round the limited circuit within the walls of the fortress, as if nothing had happened to them.

During our tour of duty as garrison of this stronghold, we had only one lady with us at a time, and we were agreeably enlivened by having sometimes as many as half-a-dozen at our new station, where peacocking, as it was called, was very much the order of the day. The principal lady was of a genial and kind disposition, and her society was very pleasant to the young officers, who were proud when they got a little neat gold-edged note, inviting them to dinner. Spinsters, however, formed the exception, as we never had more present than one.

A singular and somewhat provoking miscarriage of justice took place towards the termination of our tour of service at Malligaum. The body of a sepoy was found in a water-course that irrigated some land in the vicinity of the cantonment. On its being reported to me, I rode at once to the spot, and there was the poor fellow lying in the stream, the body being kept down by a stout stick, which I brought home and carefully preserved. The man's throat had evidently been cut with a sword, his hands being hacked in his efforts to protect his throat. There was not a trace of evidence as to the perpetrators. However, the commanding officer had the body placed at the entrance of the hospital, and the men were marched past it, and required to lay their hand on the breast of their dead comrade, and declare their innocence of his death. I noticed the countenance of one man fail him as he went through this ordeal. It was known that the poor fellow had accumulated money, and that there was one sepoy very much with him before the murder took

place. After the lapse of a week or two, one night when I had come home from mess, a man with his face muffled up stopped me at my door, and signified that he wished to speak to me in private. I took him into my sleeping-room, and he, trembling as he spoke, gave me the following history. He said he had something on his conscience which he could no longer conceal. He was a bad sleeper, and on the morning of the murder, as he was sitting at the door of his hut, preparing some gangee to smoke, he heard the steps of a man approaching the next hut, which belonged to the murdered man; and immediately he heard a voice which he knew to be that of Sher Ali, the man who had been seen much with the unfortunate sepoy; that, indeed, the previous evening he had overheard snatches of an agreement between them, that they would go together to the town of Malligaum, to get their silver, which was inconveniently bulky to carry round their waists, changed for gold. This made him listen the more attentively, and he distinctly heard Sher Ali call to the man to get up, as it was time for them to be going. The sepoy said it is surely too soon. "No," replied the other; "Tope dugga" (the gun has fired). Now, the witness added, it wanted a long time of gunfire. So the poor fellow got up and came out, and he saw Sher Ali conduct him away towards the town. He was in a great fright, and asked me to protect his life, and not to expose him unless the murder could be proved. About the same time suspicion was attached to Purtab Sing, the man whose countenance I had observed to change as he touched the body. I found, on inquiry, that being on outpost duty at Dhoolia, he had got three days' leave, and had visited the cantonment the middle day of the three, that being the day of the murder. I found, further, that, instead of staying in his hut in the lines the night preceding the murder, he had spent it in a booth in a field near the town, the corn of which had been reaped, and in which there lived a blind old man and a woman. The

evidence they gave was to the effect that Purtab Sing had got up early in the morning, dressed, and, putting the raizai or quilt on which he slept over his shoulders, had gone along the watercourse; that when he came back he carried the quilt to the edge of the river, then took it to pieces, washed it, and, bringing it back, gave it to the woman to take to the town to be remade. I found out the spot where it had been washed, and in the hollow of the rocks there was what seemed the remains of bloody water dried up by the sun, and leaving a red sediment. I had the blind man to my house, where a few of the most clever of our native officers were met to aid me in the investigation; and, after putting some simple questions to him, I took away his stick, substituting for it one of several I had collected, resembling as much as possible the one I had found by the body. When he felt for his stick, and his hand was laid on the strange one, he was perplexed. I said, "Is that not your stick?" He said, "No;" and so with several of the others. At last I laid in their place the stick found by the body, pinning it down in the water. The moment his hand touched it, his countenance changed. He felt it all over, then took it in his hand near the fork at one end, and, beating the ground with it, his face brightening as if he had met with an old acquaintance, said, "Oh, this is the stick we used to beat out the corn with; how came it here?" The lower side of the stick was frayed as with beating. He further told us it was used latterly to put across the little gap of the enclosure, to keep out the cattle, but it had not been seen since Purtab Sing was with them. Here was strong circumstantial evidence regarding the murder. It seemed as if Sher Ali had seduced the man towards the fatal spot, with his wealth round his waist, and that Purtab Sing, having brought the stick with him, had ensconced himself behind a tomb close to where the body was found, waiting like a tiger for his prey; had rushed out at the right

moment, thrown the quilt over the sepoy's head, and proceeded with the help of the other to cut his throat with the sword he was known to have carried with him; that they had pushed the body into the watercourse, pinning it down with the stick. The quilt, being saturated with blood, required the cleansing process it had gone through. All this evidence, but of course in regular form, was submitted to the Judge Advocate-General, but he did not think there were sufficient grounds to proceed with a trial, and these two wretched murderers remained with the regiment.

When we were at Malligaum, Outram and Sprot Boyd came to Nundebar, to combine some duty they had there with a little sport, bringing with them two elephants, Hyder and Mottee; and three of us, having got a few days' leave, started after midnight to join them, travelling till daylight in country carts, with straw as a substitute for springs; and after a sufficient amount of jolting and a few upsets, we mounted our horses, and arrived to breakfast. We were thus enabled to join in a tiger-hunt that day, which proved successful. In the evening I remember Boyd telling us of a singularly close shave he had when shooting a tiger on foot. The tiger, which was nearer than he thought, charged right at him, and he rolled it over; but so close was the thing, that his hat, which fell off, lighted on the tiger's head. He had an odd adventure with a bear on the cave hill called Lenee, close to Nassik. He had fired both barrels, and wounded the bear, which rushed up a steep slope towards him. Boyd was seated, for it was impossible to stand, and, as he saw the bear approaching, he gathered up his legs, and shot them out with such vigour that he sent the bear head over heels to the bottom, when, his wounds beginning to tell, he did not attempt to repeat the charge. The second day at Nundebar, we heard of a tiger occupying a cave on the top of a hill with a rocky summit and very steep sides. I occupied a seat with Outram on Hyder, and,

as Hyder was the best climber, we were to ascend the hill. As we moved towards it, Outram pointed out to me a steep slope down which he once rolled in the embrace of a panther, which he managed to shoot with his pistol, feeling with his hand for its head, but not before it had left some marks on his scalp, which were still quite visible. This is mentioned in his Life, but a tiger is substituted for a panther. It was a great scramble up the side of the hill, and when we got up, there was just a stone or two below the hole on which Hyder could get a footing. Outram whispered to me, "If Hyder's not steady, we are dead men." But Hyder proved steady as a rock. Some crackers were thrown into the cave, and out bounded from an opening we had not observed, not a tiger, but a fine leopard. I fired when he was in the air, hit him by a mere fluke exactly on the spinal cord (the Master of Ravenswood's shot again), and he was dead before he touched a projecting rock, where he hung, half on each side, like a pair of saddle-bags, limp and motionless.

Business interrupted our sport next day. Outram had to receive some Bheel chiefs. He did so with as much courtesy as if the half-naked chieftains had been princes of royal blood. In the evening we took a stroll with our guns. There was a long low height close at hand, which terminated through its whole length in a crest of scarp rock, from ten to twenty feet high; and this rock was rent in many places by fissures, which afforded admirable shelter for big game. The Bheels beat along below the scarp while we walked along the flattened top. We had not gone far before a hyena bolted, which I killed with a shot from my double "Haddington." As the others did not wait for me, I, loading in a hurry, put down a ball without powder. As I was hastening after the rest of the party, I heard a noise from below, and, looking over the edge of the rock, I saw a bear climbing up. I fired my remaining shot into his eye when within three feet of the muzzle of my gun, and paused

a moment, expecting to see him roll over. Instead of that, up he came, so I took to my heels, thinking my friends in front might as well share in the adventure. Two shots were fired, but the bear followed me so closely there was danger of hitting me, so the bear was missed. We were now, pursued and pursuer, close on the opposite edge of the rocky platform, and, to avoid the bear, I was twisting round a tree, when I tripped and fell. I felt the hair of the beast uncomfortably near, when a shot was fired, and over went the bear, down some ten feet of drop, and lay quite dead. When I got up and shook myself, Outram, who had fired the shot, said he was glad to see me sound upon my limbs, as he was not sure, when he pulled the trigger, whether he could quite clear my leg. Afterwards, when the bear was examined, it was found that my shot had entered the eye, and part of the bullet was found among the brains. Such is the vitality of these animals, and the mischief they may do after being mortally wounded.

It was during the few days I was with this party, that I received a letter from the commanding officer of the regiment my friend William Robertson had joined, telling me he had been killed when gallantly leading his men against some rebel Kattees. My letters to my poor friend showed his commanding officer that I knew his relatives; and he asked me to communicate to them the circumstances of his death; as well as to convey to them his and his brother officers' deep regret at the loss they had sustained in one whose service, though short, had been so full of promise, and whom they greatly esteemed. I was much grieved at the early, though honourable death of my dear friend.

During one of our hunts on this occasion, Mottee did rather an awkward thing, for which, however, there was some excuse. A wounded tiger, owing to the denseness of the underwood, got close up to Mottee, without those on his back being able to give a proper shot. So down went Mottee on the tiger

with his tusks, nearly pitching us sportsmen and our artillery out of the howdah. The tiger was too quick for him, and as he was moving off I seized the seven-barrel, the only loaded gun left, and sent seven bullets after him. Shortly afterwards he was killed. The seven-barrel was a very heavy piece, with six small barrels set round a centre one, all going off together, and was called Hyder's life-preserver. It might be effective at very close quarters, but the bullets were too small to do much damage at a distance. I had missed the tiger's head, but three of the bullets were found in one of his paws.

The last chance I had of seeing a tiger killed in Khandesh was in an expedition to Adjuncta. We met at Outram's headquarters, Dhuringaon; and leaving after dinner in native carts, and riding our horses in the morning, we got to Adjuncta to breakfast. The same Mahomedan building I had stopped at on the march to Asseergurh accommodated us all. We had three elephants, and proceeded to beat the jungles about midday. We were joined in the middle of the hunt by Mr. Vine, a gentleman who had published travels in America, and who was now seeing what he could pick up in India. He was put upon Hyder, Outram having given him his seat and mounted his horse. He saw two tigers killed, and towards evening we visited the famous caves. They differ materially from those of Ellora, and are remarkable for their wonderfully preserved colouring. They are cut into a perpendicular cliff of considerable height, one above another, and some of them are difficult of access. The night was drawing on, when Outram declared he knew a short way by which we could reach our quarters; and after we with some difficulty got to the top of the height opposite the caves, we found a wall of upright rock, which it was impossible for our horses to climb, although Outram declared his black pony would have thought nothing of it. Some of us, having got so far, resolved to walk home, but

being overtaken by night, even with the help of the moon, we found it difficult work; and those who rode by the long way got home before us. Next day we had a long beat with little success. I was mounted, with another, on Ram Bukhs, who, the moment he saw the tiger, bolted, and took us a long way over rough ground before we could stop him and bring him again to the scene of action, when we brought him up to the tiger between the other two elephants. The tiger after being wounded broke away, and was followed to a great distance by the Bheel trackers. At last the pugs failed, and it was thought he might have taken refuge in a hole in the face of a rock, some ten or twelve feet from the ground. As a tree grew opposite the hole, Outram mounted it, and was peering in, when the branch broke, and down he came, breaking the stock of his gun and bruising his face pretty severely. It was now sunset, and, as I had to hurry back to Malligaum for muster, I was obliged to leave at this interesting moment, when Outram, with his face bleeding, was rushing about like a bull-terrier after a fight, determined to find the tiger; and this was the last I saw of him in the hunting-field. By dusk I reached a village, where a cart was ready to take me on through the night. Unfortunately I got a stroke of land wind, and when I arrived about day-break where Mark was posted, I could not straighten myself, and had to get him brought to a chibootry, or platform, from which the village trader dispenses his goods, and from which I dropped into the saddle; and, laying myself on Mark's neck, I let him go at a sharp canter, a process which, though sore, had the effect of somewhat suppling my back, so that I rode my next horse into Dhoolia with greater ease. After the relaxation of a warm tub, it was thought I had better not ride the remaining thirty-two miles into Malligaum, but rather avail myself of the kind offer of the assistant judge, and do it during the night in his bullock-cart. And oh, what a night it was! The dust on the road was a foot deep,

and, as it rose in clouds, it was caught by the distended curtain of the gharee, and brought into it in choking volumes; so that when I arrived at Malligaum, a little before the first bugle for the muster parade, my face and hands were as black as if I had come down a chimney. After a scanty ablution, sufficient to make me recognisable, I donned my uniform and rushed to parade, the dirtiest creature that ever passed muster.

I must not take leave of Malligaum without mention of a very popular little doctor who was quite an institution there. A bachelor, and intensely exact in all his habits and arrangements, he was at the same time very hospitable; and when Outram or Boyd came to the station, he would have taken it as an insult if they did not put up with him; although, with their tricks and practical jokes, they kept him in a constant ferment. It was this same doctor on whom Tom Fraser, as related in his book, played the trick of taking him out to stalk a stuffed bustard, which he duly ringed and killed, and then kicked half to pieces in his rage, when he found he was humbugged. The doctor, though nothing of a shot, was a persevering shikaree, and very much addicted to firing at other people's birds, or claiming the best side of the beat. He inveigled another officer and myself from camp into a bit of rough ground, where he declared there were plenty of hares, partridges, and quail, though we had strong doubts on the subject. After breakfast we set out, and the doctor as usual chose the most promising side of the beat. As my friend and I expected, there was an absolute lack of game; so we agreed to bag every sort of creature that came in sight. The doctor had shot only one miserable partridge, and was always encroaching on our ground as he heard the constant discharge of our guns; and we had again and again to warn him to keep his own side. Before we had reached the end of the ground, having heard every now and then the stormy grumbling of

the doctor at his want of luck, we had filled our bag with owls, paddybirds, meynas, and what the natives called "khooch naes," or nothings, and proceeded to the tent to tiffin; followed by the little doctor in anything but an amiable mood, on account of our not having allowed him a fair share of the splendid chances we had got. After lunch, when the doctor was in a somewhat better humour, the beaters arrived with our bag, and we thought we would venture to display its contents. As one long-necked and long-legged creature after another was pulled out, it was as good as a play to watch the various phases of the doctor's face. First, something like disgust at being played upon, and passing on through other changes till it ended in a look of actual satisfaction, to find we had done no better than himself; but rather that he had beaten us by one bird.

Before leaving Malligaum, I was closeted one day with a young lieutenant of artillery, in a long and interesting discussion on Newton's theory of the best form of projectile to secure the least resistance in passing through the air. We discovered we had both been writing articles in the *Bombay Sporting Magazine*, he on rifle shells, and I on the narrow bore and heavy charge to overcome the high trajectory. This was the subsequently distinguished leader of Irregular Cavalry, and the known experimenter with rifle shells at long ranges, General John Jacob. We corresponded afterwards regarding my telescopic sight, which he wished me to apply to one of his rifles, but we never met again.

When the reliefs for 1834 came out, we found our destination was Kaladgee, one of the most southern of the Bombay stations, consisting of one regiment and a troop of cavalry. Nothing can be pleasanter than a march with one's regiment at the cool season of the year; it is like a succession of picnics. Only when the march is a long one, and has to be begun in the early morning, the cold is beyond

anything I have experienced out of India. This may be hardly credible, and if gauged by the thermometer, the amount of cold indicated would be comparatively small; but then in India one is insufficiently clad, and the pores of the skin are so open, that a less degree of cold is more severely felt. I sometimes fell asleep on my horse, and, as I was nearly tumbling off, I thought of some plan of a rest screwed into the pommel of the saddle, on which to lean and have a comfortable snooze. Under these circumstances, I need not say we clung to bed till the latest moment, and did not welcome the bugle sounding the call,—

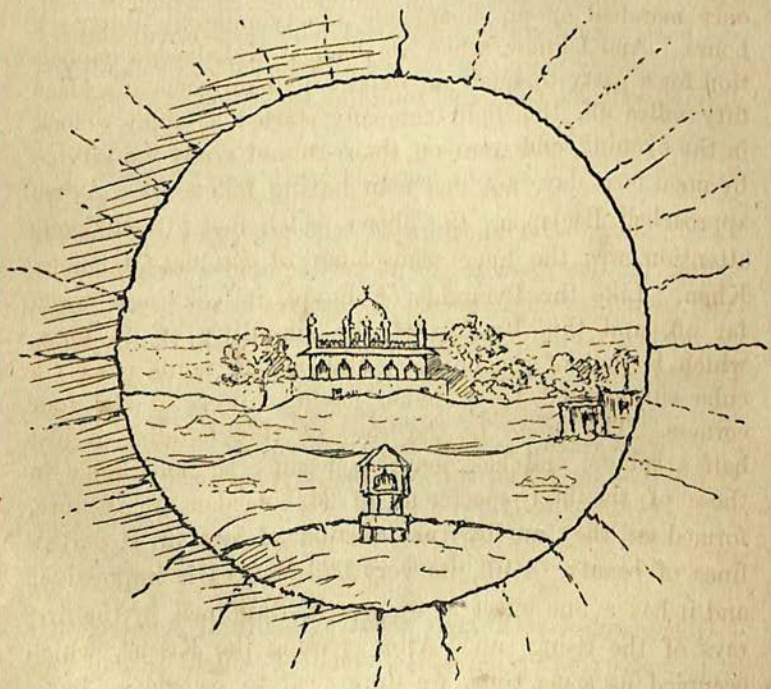
> "Don't you hear the general say,
> Strike your tents and march away?"

Then followed the knocking of tent pegs, and a variety of sounds peculiar to a regiment getting under weigh for an early march. Some amused themselves as we moved on in the cold by making doggerel rhymes suited to the occasion. The only one I can recall ran as follows:—

> "There was an old woman, I'm told, sir,
> Who suffered so much from the cold, sir,
> That she got all the wood that ever she could,
> And kindled it into a blaze, sir;
> And she toasted her toes and warmed her nose,
> And then was as khoosh (happy) as you plaize, sir."

Our march lay through a flat agricultural country, then to a great extent lying waste, much of which became very familiar to me afterwards, as the scene of my labours on the Revenue Survey. At Ahmednuggur we were hospitably entertained by the native regiment stationed there, and, passing that, our route lay by the large Hindoo city of Punderpoor, and the ruined Mahomedan city of Beejapoor; the first famous for the number of its heathen temples and their ten thousand officiating Brahmin priests, and the other for the remains of sixteen hundred mosques within its walls.

At the latter there was the famous big gun, which could almost swallow our Mons Meg. It is a pivot gun, between twelve and thirteen feet long, and has a bore of twenty-eight inches. I was one of three officers contained in it at one time, and, afterwards embracing a quiet opportunity, I got into it alone, and cramming my legs into the chamber for the charge, I managed to take a sketch, of which the



above is a copy. The confined air of the apartment, and limited elbow-room, prevented my doing justice to the elaborate details of the beautiful mausoleum of Ibrahim Adal Shah, against which it is pointed. Some say it was fired only once, and that to dislodge the invaders, who had taken up a position in that edifice; others that that one shot went twelve koss, or twenty-four English miles;

while some go the length of declaring the shot is still in its flight! The reader may choose whichever of the three histories he thinks most likely to be true.

The marching of the men of these native regiments is something extraordinary, and cannot be touched by Europeans. Our ordinary sixteen-mile marches were done regularly in the four hours; and, had we pressed the men, might have been done in less. I was told the regiment once marched on an emergency ninety miles in thirty-six hours. And I know, when we had, at Kaladgee, a requisition for a party to quell an expected disturbance at a place fifty miles off, the light company started at eight o'clock in the evening, and were on their ground ready for service by noon next day, not one man having fallen out. As we approached Beejapoor, the object which first attracted our attention was the huge mausoleum of Sooltan Mahomed Khan. Like the Pyramids of Egypt, it looks near when far off, and this because of the simplicity of its form, which is that of the ordinary Mahomedan tomb, namely a cube surmounted by a dome, having towers at the four corners. The dome in the case of this building is just half a sphere, and has not the elegance so remarkable in those of the best specimens of Mahomedan architecture, formed as they are by the junction of two of Hogarth's lines of beauty. Still, its very bulk makes it impressive; and it has a fine effect as we saw it, illumined by the first rays of the rising sun. After crossing the Krisna, which occupied us some time, we drew near to Kaladgee; but a low range of hills hid it from our view, and I cannot say when we got nearer we were enchanted with the sight. It really seemed to verify its name, as the "one tree station," and the horizon presented one unbroken line over which the sun shot its angry rays. Running its serpentine course through a plain of deep black soil is the Gatpurbah, a tributary of the Krisna; and the villages, owing to the

want of water in the plains, cluster thickly on its banks. Of late years, I understand trees have been planted, and the aspect of the country greatly improved. The officers' lines consisted of a long parallelogram, with a road running through its centre, and the space on each side cut into square "compounds" surrounded by milk-bush hedges. The bungalows were of an inferior character, all built of unbaked (kutcha) brick, and thatched in the roughest manner. As adjutant, I had charge of the Bazaar and a treasure-chest, which gave me an acceptable addition to my pay. The sepoys' lines were of the worst description I ever saw; indeed, after the first year, we replaced them by entirely new ones. Our regiment marched by wings, the right, with headquarters and colours, taking the lead, and the left following after a short interval.

CHAPTER VI.

It may be asked by any who have perused this narrative thus far, whether, during these passages which it records of my life at home and in India, there was no thought beyond passing events; no realization of their transitory nature, no demand for some serious consideration of what would be my lot if death were to overtake me as it had done some of my comrades, and were I ushered, unchanged in tastes and in affections, and with my sins unpardoned, into the eternal world? I confess such questions as these had been by no means strange to me. Even in my childhood I had serious thoughts. When I was eleven, I had saved up money and purchased a Bible, and my favourite passages were the Sermon on the Mount and the 55th of Isaiah. I never missed attending sermons to the young, and have a pleasant recollection of such delivered by the then venerable Ebenezer Brown, son of the celebrated Dr. John Brown, and Legh Richmond. I used also to attend of an evening the Methodist chapel, during the too short life of the saintly Dr. M'Callum, whose appeals were from the heart to the heart.

A year or so after this, when I might be about twelve or thirteen, a young companion from Edinburgh, about my own age, visited us, and shared my room. He had recently, through the instrumentality of a much older brother, been brought to think seriously, and we read the Bible together, and he prayed. The fate of this dear fellow was sad. Having studied medicine, he became the surgeon of a

trading vessel that was, as is well known, wrecked on the coast of New Zealand, when every one on board, except a cabin boy, was killed and devoured by the natives. But the serious feelings which then influenced me were evanescent, and vain thoughts, and the love of the world, resumed their place in my heart. Not that I escaped occasional convictions that all was not right with me. There was an underlying current of these below the upper flow of my careless and unprofitable life, ever surging up and disturbing my mind, even when they failed to arrest me. In India I had seldom been brought in contact with serious people, and then only to hear them spoken of with derision, and never had any one of them ventured to speak to me about my soul. At Asseergurh the adjutant of the regiment, Lieutenant St. Clair Jameson, brother of the late Sheriff Jameson, was seized with fever. I sat up with him the last night, gave him his medicine, and saw him start by palanquin in the early morning, that he might try the effect of a change to the coast; little thinking that in after years he was to prove my first Christian friend and adviser. His recovery was slow, and necessitated a stay at the Neilgirrie Hills. There he met a very earnest Christian, Lieutenant William Webb of the Artillery, and he rejoined the regiment at Malligaum a changed man. At that station there was only one officer like-minded with himself, Lieutenant Salmon of the 19th Regiment, and these two were consistent witnesses for Christ, and bore together the reproaches of the cross. They never spoke to me on the subject of religion, but I observed them, and I knew they were right. Sometimes, when under conviction, I felt inclined to go to them and ask them to take me with them.

In 1834, towards the end of our tour at Malligaum, I heard of the death of a beautiful girl at home, for whom I had formed, when only fourteen, an attachment that grew with my years, and was strong and romantic. There was

not much to encourage it; I thought she was not indifferent to me, but we seldom met, and no syllable of love had passed between us. Yet my heart clung to her with a stedfast affection. When the sad news of her death reached me, it went to my heart; and, shunning my companions, I took my rifle by way of excuse, and rushed off to the jungle, but the deer passed me unheeded. On my return, I did what young lovers so often do,—I tried to give vent to my feelings in the following lines:—

A SIGH WAFTED FROM AFAR TO THE GRAVE OF AILSIE.

She smiled! I lived upon that smile,
The only earnest given;
For she was wedded to the grave,
She was the bride of heaven.

I left my own loved native land,
And I hailed a foreign shore;
My soul exulting at the thought
Of strife and battle's roar.

For I was gay and heedless then,
And free from every care;
Now anguish hath crept o'er my soul,
And left its venom there!

Yes, for a time I did subdue
A world of parting pain;
But, as romance's wing grew tired,
My heart grew sad again,

And turned to scenes of happier days,
When hope's bright visions shone;
When I would gaze upon her cheek,
And think her all my own!

How vain the thought! Upon that cheek—
So beautiful! so fair!—
Yon fell disease had set its stamp,
And death was written there!

She died. Oh, had that form been spared
  Its share of foul decay!
Oh, had it gone direct to heaven,
  Nor lingered by the way!

For it was fair and beautiful,
  E'en to the latest hour;
As if Decay had paused to gaze,
  And Death had lost his power.

She gone! and o'er her early tomb
  Full many a mourner grieves;
But there is one far, far away,
  Whose pang no tear relieves!

This may be considered a boyish and romantic episode, and I have been much inclined to withhold it, but I have not done so, because, in the providence of God, it had a marked influence on my future life. Coming as the news of the death came, just at a crisis of indecision, it had a powerful effect in the way of weaning me from the world. It dissipated a cherished dream. In writing to a dear friend in the Madras army,—son of the Captain Stewart already mentioned,—whom I had known from boyhood, I said I was a changed man. The girl's brother had been my class-fellow and loved companion at school; and some years after my own change I wrote to him about it, and pressed on him the importance of religion. On the fifth anniversary of the day from which I dated my conversion, I got his reply, telling me not only that he himself had been led to the Saviour, but that his dear sister had lived and died in the blessed hope of eternal life through Jesus! This was an unspeakable comfort to me. And it was confirmed years afterwards, when at home I met the godly aunt who attended her through her long illness, and was present at her death. She mentioned that her breath passed away like that of the dying swan, in a gentle strain of the sweetest music. I have never met her brother since we

were boys at school, more than sixty years ago; but we have corresponded all that time, and we are both looking and longing for the day when Christ shall come in glory, when we shall see each other face to face.

Such was the state of my mind when we were in orders for Kaladgee; and I remember saying to myself that when we went to this new station, and I was severed from the friends I had made in Khandesh, it would be a favourable opportunity to take a decided step in regard to religion. We had not been long at Kaladgee when a very promising young officer was seized with brain fever. Serious thoughts were then strengthened within me. In riding home from parade, I asked myself the question, "If I were to die to-night, what would become of me?" I thought, "Well, I am not as bad as many are; perhaps I might get to heaven!" Then the question suggested itself, "Well, suppose I were to die to-night, and go to heaven, would I be happy there?" This question completely shut me up. I felt that unless heaven was very different from what I supposed it to be, it could be no heaven to me; that, unless my tastes and affections were changed, it could be no place of happiness to me. That evening I dined with Captain Worthy, who had returned to the regiment, but was not yet in command. During dinner some one alluded to the illness of poor Hodson, when Worthy said emphatically, "I am afraid, poor fellow, it will go very hard with him." This went to my heart. When I got home, I could not help thinking, "If that had been said of me, instead of this younger officer, how would it be with my soul?" I was afraid to allow myself to go to sleep, lest, as on previous occasions, the serious impressions should pass away. I spent much of the night on my knees. In the morning, after having been at the commanding officer's quarters with my reports as adjutant, I stood at the door of my bungalow, and said to myself, "Shall I go?" My heart replied, "Yes."

So over I went to Captain St. Clair Jameson, the godly officer already referred to, to take a step which I felt would be decisive. At first I began to speak about poor Hodson. I said I was afraid he was dying, and that he was not aware of his danger; I therefore thought it would be a kindness if he, Captain Jameson, would go and speak to him, and try to prepare him for his solemn change. This surprised my friend. He had not thought I was a likely person to come to him on such an errand; and then he was encouraged to ask me how it was with my own soul. I told him plainly I was in a very unhappy state, and one of the main objects of my visit was to ask his counsel and advice. He was indeed taken by surprise, and was willing to do all he could to help me; although he said he was himself at that time in a very dead state. He visited the poor dying one, and did what he could during lucid intervals, but I cannot say with what effect. The poor fellow sent for each of his brother officers, and also for the native officers of his company, and bade them a touching and solemn farewell. This affecting scene deepened my own convictions, and I think the death of this dear young fellow had much to do with the beginning of my new life. I did not see much of Jameson from the Thursday till the Sunday, which he invited me to spend at his bungalow. There was no divine service at the station on Sundays. On that, to me, memorable day, in the course of conversation, I asked Jameson this question: "What is the meaning of salvation by grace? Free grace—what is this free grace?" He explained it to me, I have no doubt very well, but I could not take it in. At last he said, "By the bye, here is a tract on the very subject, published by the American Mission at Bombay; a reprint of Dr. Chalmers's Introductory Essay to Booth's *Reign of Grace;* read this, and it will give you a clearer view of the matter than anything I can say." So I took it, and, retiring to a quiet corner, read it with great attention.

When I came to that part where he deals with the case of one feeling his way towards reconciliation to God, and says, "There is one way of setting forth on this movement to which nature feels a very strong and general inclination. Nothing can be more natural than the conclusion—that hitherto we have done wrong, and are therefore out of terms and out of friendship with God. Let us henceforth do right, and thus we shall recover the ground from which our sins have disposted us." When I came to this, I said, "Here is exactly my case, and surely this is the simple way to get back to God's favour? Cease to do evil and learn to do well." But, as I read on, I learned that this was not the way at all; on the contrary, that the writer was describing the natural, unregenerate man trying vainly to recover his ground through the covenant of works, a covenant which was broken, never to be repaired, when our representative, Adam, fell, and we with him. This was a painful conclusion to come to; it seemed the breaking down of the bridge by which I hoped to have passed from a state of death to a place of life and safety. But, hoping against hope, I continued to read on, till I came to a passage that riveted my attention. It is as follows: "There is no question that appears to have been more solemnly entertained and more deliberately weighed in the counsels of the upper sanctuary, than how to determine the footing on which the guilty shall be taken back again into acceptance with the God whom they have offended. And to provide a solid footing, Christ had both to serve and to suffer in our stead. Lest our sins should pass unreckoned, and so escape the punishment due to them, they were reckoned unto Christ; and lest the righteousness that He as Mediator has brought in should pass unreckoned, and so miss of a reward, it is reckoned unto us. And thus, in the highest exhibition of generosity that ever was given to the world, we behold, at the same time, all the precision of a justice that could

not deviate, and all the unchangeableness of a truth that could not fail. Had we fulfilled the law of God, heaven would have been ours, and it would have been given to us because of our righteousness. We have broken that law, and yet heaven may be ours; not because of our righteousness, but still because of a righteousness, and the honour of God is deeply involved in the question, What, and whose righteousness is this? It is not the righteousness of man, but the righteousness of Christ reckoned unto man. The whole distinction between a covenant that is now exploded, and the covenant that is now in force, hinges upon this alternative. If we make a confidence of the former plea, we shall perish; and if of the latter, we shall have life everlasting." As I read this, the way of life was set before me, in all the clearness of a mathematical problem, to which I, by God's grace, was enabled to add my hearty and devout *Quod erat demonstrandum.* Here was I, settled then and for ever on the true foundation of the covenant of grace. By a singular coincidence, long after this, when walking with my wife in one of the suburbs of Edinburgh that was new to us both, we found ourselves unexpectedly in a cemetery; and, pausing opposite an important monument, we read the words,

"THE REV. THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D., LL.D."

I was standing at the grave of my spiritual father, and the day was that memorable 15th of April, the day when, fifteen years before, his Essay was put into my hands, and gave me my first clear view of salvation by grace.

I made no secret of my change of views. If not orally, at least by writing, I told the simple story to those of my brother officers whose friendship I had secured and most desired to retain. Of course there was a stir, but it soon subsided, and it became an accepted fact that Davidson had become a "new light;" and it was remarked as a consequence, some months afterwards, that now there was little

or no swearing at the mess. My first Christian friend, Jameson, just after my change, was going to pay a visit to Lieutenant Stather, at Dharwar; and I asked that I might be allowed to accompany him. I found in Stather the very man suited to carry me on in the divine life. We read together Romaine's *Walk of Faith*, and other works of the old divines, sitting up till the early morning, while I drank the new wine of the Kingdom with great delight. I had to go on the strength of that meat many days; for immediately on our return to Kaladgee, Jameson had to leave for Europe on sick certificate, and I was left for more than two years without a fellow-pilgrim at the station; while at home he did good work for his Master, for it was chiefly through his labours that the Society for Christian Education of Females in India was instituted, to be carried on by both the Established and Free Church, for it was set agoing before the Disruption. His coadjutor in this good work was a Mr. M'Dougal, who was blind. Captain Jameson, though a persistent and unwearied advocate, was not a ready speaker; whereas Mr. M'Dougal was a powerful pleader in a cause he had much at heart. So they went their rounds from house to house, and, as Mr. M'Dougal told me, when the door was about to be opened, his leader would give him a nudge, and whisper, "Now, mind, you are to speak." A beautiful example of co-operative effort for the furtherance of a cause which, now that the first movers have been long in their graves, God continues greatly to bless and honour. Captain Jameson, after his return to India, went with the regiment to Scinde, and was selected by Sir Charles Napier as the first commander of the "Camel Baggage Corps," with which he did good service, eliciting the highest commendation from his distinguished leader. Soon after his promotion to the rank of major, he contracted a severe illness, and died in the harbour of Bombay, in the midst of many brethren, by whom he was greatly beloved.

It was a somewhat trying experience to be left without the sympathy of a single soul; for there was not one seriously disposed person at the station. But I was full of the subject. The gospel offer of mercy seemed to me so simple, so important, that I thought it had only to be clearly stated to meet with acceptance. And night after night I sat up writing to my dear relatives at home, and my long and, perhaps, to say the least, too effusive letters, were most affectionately received. Soon I had to console my dear mother on the loss of a son, a young medical student, who caught fever from a patient in the Infirmary, and died at Edinburgh at the age of eighteen. I have said I got much help at the outset from my visit to Dharwar, and this was continued by the correspondence with Stather which followed it. He has been a helper to many in the walk of faith, is still alive, and we sometimes exchange letters, in which we recall, with much interest, the incidents of those long bygone days. At his suggestion, I devoted much study to the first eight chapters of Romans, and the Bible I had bought when eleven years old was now much in use. I believe I got thoroughly correct views of the nature of the atonement, but perhaps I was slow in realizing the office of the Holy Spirit in the part He enacts in producing the new life in the believer; but that, too, came in time. Some books given me by friends on my leaving home, such as Doddridge's *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*, some of Owen's works, but especially the Shorter Catechism, were very useful to me. There was one book, however, which I must notice more at length. It was the first full-bound book I ever possessed. An old lady lived with us as long back as I can remember, whom we called "Grandmamma Marshall." She was the bosom friend of my maternal grandmother, and when she died in giving birth to her only child, my mother, this widowed lady took a special interest in the motherless infant. After a time my

grandfather asked her to become his wife, and to be a mother to his child. She refused, but she added that, in the event of his predeceasing her, she would do a mother's duty to the little one. He did die shortly after this, and this lady most faithfully discharged the office she had undertaken; and, after the marriage of her ward, came and lived with her. One day, when I was very young, Grandmamma Marshall took me into her room, and, opening her library, gave the full-bound book, I have no doubt with an inarticulate prayer that it might be blessed to me. It was the *Life of Colonel Gardiner*. Mrs. Marshall was called to her rest not long after, and I, a little boy, holding my father's hand, saw her laid with her ancestors, in the burying-ground of the Gentiles, in the old Canongate churchyard. When I went to India, this book by some oversight was left behind, but was forwarded to me by the first opportunity; and I doubt not the prayer of the dear old lady was answered, for it proved to me a sort of *vade mecum* in the early part of my new life.

While I had rapidly obtained a clear view of the plan of salvation, it was not till after prolonged mental struggles that I got the assurance that I was saved. I find in one of my letters to my mother, giving an account of God's dealings with me, the following passage:—"I was sick at heart, and loathed myself, yet I felt I could not loathe myself enough. I was afraid of seizing hold of the proffered salvation before I had fully felt my need of it. Yet, in the absence of sensible assurance, I felt the work was going on in me. My experience was like that of one who occupies a place in a vehicle known to travel to a heavenly city; but, being seated with my back to the horses, I had no direct view of the place towards which we journeyed; my only glimpses were gained from the eyes of my fellow-travellers, who sat opposite, with their faces directly thitherward." On a little height overhanging the burying-place at Kaladgee

there are some boulders of conglomerate rock. Under the shadow of one of these I used to sit of a Sabbath evening, to think of God's dealings with me during the past week; and in a cavity in the rock, formed from one of the pebbles having dropped out, it was my wont to put a little stone, as my Ebenezer, and thank God that I had, by His grace, been enabled to hold on for another week. At each recurring visit I would take out my little treasures, and count them with more satisfaction than ever miser did his gold.

I got on very well with my brother officers, as a kindly feeling continued to exist between us. As adjutant, I had it in my power to oblige them in many ways; and I was quite ready to join them in their shooting excursions, although the sport at this station was comparatively limited. They always had recourse to me when anything had to be done to their rifles, and were glad to avail themselves of the butt and shooting-range I had in my compound. It was not at this time I had to encounter painful opposition, but rather years afterwards, in this country, when I came in contact with those who were resting on a decent outward profession of religion, while they were strangers to the power of it in their hearts. In India the line of demarcation between the Church and the world was clearly defined, and there was no sheltering behind the mere forms of religion. Even the natives drew the line, as the following anecdote will show. Mr. Joseph Taylor, of the London Mission at Belgaum, when on a tour, arrived at Jaulna in advance of his kit, and was at a loss for breakfast. He went into the shop of a Parsee, and, after a little conversation with the owner, he asked if there were any praying gentlemen (sahib log) at the station. The man said, "Oh yes," and immediately gave several names, which Mr. Taylor carefully noted down. He then said to the shopkeeper, "Can you point out to me the bungalow of any one of these gentlemen?" To this he replied by directing him to one not far off, mentioning the owner's

name. Mr. Taylor went to the house, sent in his card, and was most hospitably received. During breakfast he asked his host what Christian men there were at the station; and as he named them, Mr. Taylor found they exactly agreed with the list given him by the native shopkeeper. I ought to mention that I had great help from a correspondence—kept up pretty closely for two years before we met—with an able young engineer officer, who was employed in the district boring for water, in the hope of supplying this great defect by striking on artesian wells. After a long and distinguished career, he is now a retired lieutenant-general and C.B., and not long ago we exchanged letters and photographs.

After a lapse of more than two years, my in one sense solitary life was pleasantly varied by a visit from Dr. Wilson, then on a missionary tour, accompanied by his constant friend, his "fidus Achates," Dr. Smytton. They dined at the mess, and Dr. Wilson's conversation was so pleasant, so full of interesting and amusing anecdote and humour, and his manner so genial, that he won the hearts of all, and gave them a different idea of a missionary from what they had previously formed. I was glad of this, for I had found the general impression was that religion was a thing of gloom. I used to tell them the Christian was the only man that had a right to be happy; and I quoted an answer given by a clergyman to a gay young lady who had asked him to preach from the text, "There is a time to dance." He replied that he would not preach from that text, because he did not think dancing was greatly neglected by his people, but he would give his thoughts on the subject in the form of a paper, which I read. As I quote from memory, I can only give the general features of the tract. He waived the question as to the kind of dancing referred to by the royal Preacher, and would even suppose, for the sake of argument, it was the style of dancing which the young lady had

in view. The question he wished to grapple with was the proper time to dance. For example, he said, you would not dance if a friend was dying in the house, or with any great calamity hanging over you. None would dance if they had just heard of the failure of some mercantile transaction whereby their affairs were on the eve of bankruptcy; and so on, enumerating a list of similar examples. And surely, he went on, no one should dance if their highest interests, the interests of their immortal souls, are in utter and dangerous confusion; when the wrath of God is hanging over them, on account of their disloyalty to Him, and the accumulation of their unrepented of and unpardoned sins. Surely, before they indulge in dancing, or can be supposed to enjoy it, they ought to be reconciled to God, and have all their sins washed away in the precious blood that was shed for them! Dancing, then, as an expression of real, well-grounded joy, could only be reasonably indulged in by the renewed children of God, and he was quite willing to leave it with them.

I accompanied Drs. Wilson and Smytton to Beejapoor, and greatly enjoyed their society. Dr. Wilson entertained me all along the road out of his inexhaustible store of anecdotes; and even when we were crossing the Krishna river, each sitting astride with his legs over a native's shoulders, holding on with might and main by his turban, he was relating the story of the domestic fool, who was being compelled by his master to carry him across a stream, and who, when he got to the deepest part, suddenly called out, "Stop a minute, my lord! I've got a stane in my fit," and pitched him into the water. While we were at Beejapoor, occupying the great mosque, a party of police arrived in charge of four Thugs, who had been apprehended in the midst of their horrible career. Dr. Wilson had them into the mosque, and examined them as to the incidents of their life. One of these incidents especially interested me. This was one of their cases of disappointment; where they had

followed their victim for days for the sake of his bundle; and when they had taken his life, and tumbled him into the grave they had previously dug for him, they found the coveted bundle contained nothing but pipeclay. The poor fellow belonged to my regiment. He had gone on furlough, and his comrades had commissioned him to bring from the place he was visiting some pipeclay for their belts, as it was to be had particularly good there; and the poor fellow's faithful regard to their wishes had cost him his life; and the mystery connected with his disappearance was now painfully disclosed. This reminds me of another case connected with my regiment. When we had a detachment at Dhoolia, it furnished a guard for the jail. One day some Thugs were brought in, and the officer in command of the detachment went to see them; and, in the course of conversation, he asked if at any time, in carrying on their dreadful occupation, they had met with resistance. "Yes," said one of them; "look at this cut on my head. I got that from a fellow who carried, concealed, a steel battle-axe." One of the men of the guard exclaimed, "Yes, I gave you that cut; and you may tell the sahib how it made you and your companions take to your heels!"

During Dr. Wilson's examination of the Thugs, which he accompanied by many serious words, I busied myself unseen in taking their likenesses in pen and ink, which, as their features were strongly marked, was easily done. When I had finished the four, I handed them secretly to Dr. Wilson, who quietly put them into his desk. He then asked one of the Thugs to show him how he strangled his victim. The Thug took a handkerchief from his breast, and, holding it by the two ends, he spun it till it was firmly twisted, and in a moment he had it round the neck of one of the guard. Some one interposed just in time to prevent the experiment being carried a stage too far, to the evident relief of the man who was being operated on, who did not relish this sort

of neckcloth, and who was indisposed to join in the general laugh that followed. Before dismissing the party, Dr. Wilson called the four Thugs to the front, and, with a grave countenance, he opened his desk, and, taking out one of the pen and ink sketches, he held it up to their view, and asked, "Who is that?" The three brother Thugs, with faces full of amazement, called out the name of the fourth. Then the Doctor drew out a second, which was at once recognised, and so on all the four. I have no doubt these wretched men left the mosque with some strange questioning in their minds as to the power of the "ghora log" (white people), and the "jadoo," or necromancy, by means of which their portraits came into the possession of the Padre.

I felt sad at parting with those dear friends, whose intercourse had been as refreshing to me as the water-spring to the traveller in the wilderness; and on my way back, when I came to the summit of the range from which I had formerly got my first view of Kaladgee, I looked on it with an increased sense of dreariness, for in the spiritual aspect it was like a valley that was full of dry bones. I knew not that, not long after, there would be a shaking among these bones, and some signs of spiritual life. Connected with the German Mission on the west coast of India, there was a very remarkable man of the name of Hebich, who, besides doing a great work among the natives, had been especially blessed in awakening and bringing to Christ European officers and their wives. The number of his converts in one regiment was so great, that it was jokingly called the "39th, or Hebich's Own." In one of the letters I got from Tremenheere, the engineer officer who was boring for water, he said he had induced Hebich to pay me a short visit; and he added, "Let us pray God that he may be instrumental in giving you some brothers in Christ." So one morning, shortly before the annual inspection of the regiment by the officer commanding the division, a

singular-looking person appeared at my door, having accomplished his journey on foot, as was then his practice. A fine-looking man, with curly black hair round a naturally formed tonsure, large expressive eyes, and a bushy black beard, so unusual an appendage to a European face in those days, that he was called "the man with the beard." Without further introduction, he ran up to me, embraced me, and said, "Oh, my dear broder, and so you are here all alone!" It happened that morning that I had asked a young ensign, who had just returned from a shooting excursion, to breakfast with me, as his servants and kit had not arrived; and I saw him look across the table at the other guest with a curious glance, and the more so when Hebich stood up, and, taking the little skull-cap from his head, crossed his hands before him, and reverently said grace. My duties as adjutant obliged me to leave before the breakfast was finished; and the missionary availed himself of the opportunity of speaking earnestly and closely to the young man about his soul. This was Cracroft, a fine, manly, warm-hearted fellow, of whom I was very fond.

Hebich, immediately after breakfast, started on his work, and going from house to house, introducing himself, he delivered his gospel message with earnestness and fervent pleading. His broken English perhaps enabled him to say strong things without giving offence, but not always so. On one occasion he told a lady—the daughter of a clergyman—who was particularly satisfied with herself, that she was "von shild of the devil," and was proceeding to prove it from Scripture, when she called for her husband to put him out. How much this strong statement had to do with it I do not know, but husband and wife were eventually brought to the Saviour. At this time his home-thrusts were variously received, but generally gave great offence. Indeed he complained to me before leaving, and said, "The people here are very bad people. Som time I com to a station

shoryful and go vay shoyful; here I come shoryful and go vay shoryful." I shall mention a case or two illustrating the power he had to touch the conscience.

A medical man had lately joined us, who, while he had some fine redeeming qualities, was one of the most violent-tempered men I ever knew. Just before he came to our regiment, he had, under the greatest provocation, shot an officer in a duel, and escaped himself as if by miracle. The shots must have been simultaneous; his went through the officer's lungs and killed him on the spot, while his adversary's bullet, on its way directly for his head, was intercepted by the trigger-guard of his pistol, which it broke, injuring one of his fingers and wounding him in the arm. Even this sad event had not subdued him, for he was constantly getting into hot water, and as Bazaar master I had frequently to pull him up for his ill-treatment of the natives.

Mr. Hebich wanted much to have a quiet talk with him, and suggested my inviting him to my house. I wrote him a note asking him to come to tea, saying Mr. Hebich wished to speak with him, and I thought it fair to add, "You know what you may expect." Somewhat to my surprise, he came, and before long the two were tackled together in argument like two ships engaged yard-arm to yard-arm. They continued at it long and earnestly; the doctor bringing up all the anti-scriptural arguments that had ever been devised. These the missionary turned inside out, one after another, with admirable skill and knowledge of that kind of fence. At last the doctor lost his temper, and, I remember, uttered these words, "Why did God make me at all?" Mr. Hebich, looking through him with his dark, searching eyes, exclaimed, "Ah. my dear sir, dat is de virst vord you haf spoken vrom your heart. All dese arguments you don't believe, you know dat they are as valse as he dat made them;" and, following up the advantage he had gained, in a strain of impassioned eloquence, which broke through all the diffi-

culties of speaking in a foreign tongue, he held up Christ crucified to this unhappy man, as the sinner's Substitute and Friend. During this appeal the poor doctor sat with his elbows on the table, and his face half buried in his hands. At last the tears began to trickle from between his fingers, and the missionary, concluding abruptly, said with great solemnity, "Now let us pray;" and we knelt down, all three, while this honoured man of God poured forth his soul in earnest pleadings for this poor conscience-stricken man. The effect of this interview was strikingly shown in the doctor's altered conduct, and he would come occasionally to our prayer-meetings and Bible readings, but I fear I must say he did not hold on. How it was at last with him I cannot tell. He had more than once, at our little meetings, disturbed some of the young inquirers by bringing forward his lax views, and it was thought better not to invite him. On this I got from him a touching note, which I laid my hands on the other day, promising better behaviour; and adding, though he could not go so far as some of us, yet, like Zacchæus, he would like to get up into a tree and see Jesus as He passed, and who could say that He might not take notice of him and ask him to come down?

A young civilian, who was engaged at work in the district, happened to come to the station just the day before Mr. Hebich left. Hearing of this, and anxious that his message of mercy should not miss a single soul, he set out in search of him. Meeting in the cantonment a gentleman whose face was new to him, he at once accosted him: "Are you de shivil gentleman?" On his answering with a smile in the affirmative, he said, "Oh, you must com vith me! I vant much to speak vith you." Having brought him to my bungalow, he said to me with unmistakable satisfaction, "I haf found de shivil gentleman, and I am going to take him into your room to speak to him." I afterwards heard from the "civil gentleman" what passed between them. Mr.

Hebich began by inquiries about his health. "You look strong man, how is your health?" "Very good indeed, thank you." "Ah, but how is de soul?" "Oh, I don't know about that." "Don't know! Do you believe in de Lord Jesus Christ?" "What a question to ask! Do you think me a heathen? Of course I believe in Christ!" "Dat is a lie!" This was just too much for the "shivil gentleman," who, losing his temper, and rising from his seat, said, "Have you brought me here to insult me? This is too much of a good thing." Here the missionary rose, and, patting him gently on the shoulder, said, "My dear friend, you most not be angry. Sit down now, and I vill show you very nicely." This soothed him, and, being singularly good-natured, he sat down again; when Mr. Hebich resumed the conversation by saying, "You tell me you believe in de Lord Jesus Christ; what do you believe about Him? Do you believe He has saved you from your sins, and dat if you ver now to die you vould go to heaven?" To this he hesitatingly replied, "Well, I can't say that, if that is what you mean by believing in Christ." "Shust so, my dear friend; so you see I vas right when I said you vas telling a lie, and you haf been telling yourself this lie all your life, and destroying your poor soul." He then spoke earnestly and affectionately to him, setting Christ before him in the true light as the Saviour of sinners, and inviting him then and there to accept Him as his own personal Saviour in a way he had not yet done. Then they knelt down together at the throne of grace, and the missionary prayed earnestly that this young man might then and there be delivered for ever from this lie of Satan, and that he might now for the first time really believe. This was the beginning of the new life in his soul. Some years ago Dr. Guthrie told me he had met an old Indian friend of mine at Reading, and was pleased to find that he and his brother, a retired cavalry officer, were the leaders of every good

movement in the place. This was Richard Y. Bazett, the "shivil gentleman" of 1837, and deeply interested was Dr. Guthrie when I related to him the circumstances of his conversion, and gave him some other examples of Hebich's method of coming to close quarters in the great matter of saving faith in Christ. Dear Bazett and I were much together in India after this, and kept up an occasional correspondence, till he entered into his rest on Easter Sunday, April 21, 1889, at the age of seventy-seven.

To give another instance, exemplifying Hebich's power and patience in dealing with souls, I may mention what occurred at the headquarters of the division. There was to be seen among the officers of "The Queen's" what was a rare sight in India, one with a head as white as snow. One day when Mr. Hebich went into the office of the adjutant-general, he saw this officer seated at a table; and, coming quietly behind him, he exclaimed, "Oh, vat a beautiful vite head! and what a lovely thing it is ven it is vound in the vay of righteousness! I should like to have a little talk with you!" The owner of the white head turned round, and, seeing our friend, said in an angry tone, "Go away! I don't want to have anything to do with you; I know how you talk to people." The fact was, this old officer, who was quartermaster of the regiment, was an avowed infidel. Some days after this rebuff, Mr. Hebich was walking between the fort and the cantonment, when a palanquin passed him at a good pace, containing this unmistakable white head. The day was hot, but Mr. Hebich pushed on till he got alongside, and accosted the gentleman with, "How do you do, my dear sir? I am so glad to see you;" and, keeping pace with the bearers, he urged upon the unwilling hearer the all-important interests of his immortal soul. His tone was so unmistakably sincere and affectionate, that the old man was moved by it, and said to himself, "There must be something in this man's religion, that he, a

stranger to me, should take such an interest in me." And when he arrived at his bungalow, and saw Hebich wiping the perspiration from his brow, he could not help asking him to come in. After a long conversation, Mr. Hebich got him to his knees, and this hoary-headed unbeliever became a trophy of divine grace, and died in the faith. He left a son who became a missionary to the heathen.

One day Mr. Hebich came into my house looking unusually happy, and exclaimed, "Oh, my dear broder, I haf vound a Shew!" I was bewildered for the moment, but soon ascertained that he had met with one of the Jews belonging to my regiment. There were eleven of them, all sons of an interesting old man, who had been the servant of one of the officers who were imprisoned along with Sir David Baird at Bangalore; an incident which will go down to posterity along with that characteristic remark of Sir David's mother, when, in allusion to the temper of her gallant son, she said, "I peety the man that's linket to oor Dāvid!" There is a colony of Jews at Cochin, whose history it is difficult to trace. They are called Beni Israel, and some say their forefathers came to Cochin after the destruction of the temple by Nebuchadnezzar; while others assert that their settlement there took place in the second century of the Christian era. Those with the regiment were fair, and it is a remarkable fact that of these eleven men, not one was in the ranks; they were either commissioned or non-commissioned officers. They had retained but some fragments of the religion of their fathers.

The day after Mr. Hebich left,—he was only three full days with me,—the regiment was inspected by the general of the division, and on his staff there was an officer who had for many years been well known as an earnest Christian, and one of the foremost in speaking for Christ. He stayed with me a couple of days after the general left; during

which, following the track of the missionary, he visited from house to house, speaking privately to many on the subject of personal religion. He had a peculiarly winning manner; if Hebich was at times a son of thunder, this officer was a son of consolation. While they complained of the missionary that he was a hard, harsh-speaking man, they said the other was kindly and persuasive. But the fact was, while the one had ploughed up the fallow ground, the other was planting and watering; and God was pleased to give the increase in the saving of some souls.

On the Sabbath before this officer left — he was the adjutant-general of the division—we had divine service at one of the officers' bungalows. When it was over, he suggested to me that we might look in upon some of the young officers. The first house we went to was that of Cracroft, the ensign to whom Hebich had spoken at my breakfast-table on the morning of his arrival. He told me afterwards that he was somewhat frightened when he saw us come in, as he knew what we had come for; and that, after my friend had spoken to him, and proposed that we should join in prayer for him, when he first knelt down, he could not help glancing at the open windows, in terror lest any of his companions in passing along the road might see us thus engaged; but he added that before the prayer was ended, he felt so strengthened and encouraged by it, that he would not have cared if the whole regiment had marched past. When this dear fellow became confirmed in the faith, he was the most earnest and loving of all in pleading with his companions for Christ. He would go from house to house, reading them the terrible account of the death of an infidel named Altamont, entreating them, with tears in his eyes, to believe and be saved. On one occasion, I remember, before he went to speak to one who had fallen grievously away, and had forbidden me to speak to her, he came to me and asked me to pray while he was speaking,

and shortly he came back with a beaming countenance, saying the truth had prevailed, and that a visit from me would now be welcomed.

The good seed had only in some instances fallén into good ground. Though at one time nearly half of those at the station had shown an interest in the truth, one and another fell back into the world; but still there was a little knot —chiefly young officers—who held on. These would come regularly to my bungalow every morning at eight o'clock for reading and prayer. And again after mess at night, after an effort, more or less successful, to bring one of the careless along with us, we adjourned to one or other of the bungalows, and would sit up studying God's word; often having animated discussions over some simple point of doctrine, which, in the absence of a mature instructor, we had to gather for ourselves from the sacred page. On these occasions we took it by turns to pray. There was much weakness, much ignorance, and much infirmity in this little band, but there was much earnestness, and much of that love of espousals which is too apt to pass away.

The youngest ensign, named Hough, was a most interesting character. Of an ardent and affectionate nature, he was perhaps more affected by the love that existed among the band he joined than by the truth that united them. He was transferred shortly afterwards to another regiment, and became a distinguished officer, as a leader of a Belooch battalion which he raised. He had fallen back into the world, but received most kindly letters I occasionally wrote to him; and in reply to one of them said he was tired of the service of the devil, who was a hard master, and that he looked back to the days he had spent with me as the happiest of his life. I had retired from the service, and had not seen my friend for twenty years, when I noticed in the papers he had come home on leave. I said to my wife, "You will see Colonel Hough will make his appearance

here some day." And, sure enough, without any previous intimation, he came. I happened to be out, but he came back in the evening to dinner. How changed in appearance we both were! After dinner I said, "Hough, I knew you would come, and I know you will come back to Christ, for I have never ceased to pray for you since those early years." He paid us repeated visits, and was an immense favourite with the children. One day he said to me, "Well, Davidson, you will be glad to hear that through our renewed intercourse I have been brought back to my knees." He went back to India as a general, and, being an ardent sportsman, he adopted a singular mode of pursuing that taste. Under the Tull Ghauts, which are some forty or fifty miles from Bombay, there is a jungle full of wild animals. At that place he hired some shikarees, who, when they found game, telegraphed the "khubar" (or news) to him in Bombay, and out he came by the next train, hunted, and probably killed the animal, and returned by train in the evening! On the occasion of one of his visits to me in Edinburgh, there happened to be a field-day of volunteers. He put on his general's uniform, and the general I had drilled as ensign acted on parade as my brigade-major. He married, and shortly afterwards died of a very painful disease, which he bore with Christian fortitude.

The staff-officer, on his return to Belgaum, continued to take a deep interest in those with whom he had conversed, sending messages, some of which I subjoin. "Your tidings of the A.'s and B.'s are encouraging. Observe, dear brother (your letter shows it has not escaped you), where prayer was made, the greatest impression was made. The lesson is obvious: I must stir myself up to write to them; it may be the means of encouraging them, and convincing them of the deep interest I take in their eternal welfare." "How is that lovely youth C.? Oh that his naturally beautiful disposition, now in ruins, were regenerated and

wrought upon by the Holy Ghost! Tell him, with the assurance of my deep interest in his eternal well-being, that he must not be satisfied till he is enabled to say, 'I know that I have passed from death unto life.'" "How is Ensign D.? The breath of his nostrils alone separates him from hell. He is a child of the devil. Does he believe this? If so, he will be crying with the jailor, 'What shall I do to be saved?' My prayer for him is, that he may believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, become a child of God, and that, whenever the breath does leave his body, he may be admitted into that blessed city, 'where there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie, but they that are written in the Lamb's book of life.'" "E. must be told that he is an enemy of God, and ignorant of Christianity. It is therefore necessary that he lay aside all preconceived ideas, and with childish simplicity receive the ingrafted word that is able to save his soul. 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, unless ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of God.' It is a great kindness to tell poor sinners these simple truths, for the devil is deceiving them with many lies." "Speak to F., dear brother, he requires to be encouraged; the devil will get an advantage of him if he is not watchful and prayerful. The joy of the Lord is the believer's strength. Doubting Castle is kept by Giant Despair. Pilgrims get no good by paying him a visit; more kicks than halfpence there, depend upon it. He is a pilgrim, but I fear, if not in the castle, he is sauntering about the giant's park. Tell him the giant often walks about these apparently pretty grounds, and will catch him sleeping some day, and, if so, he will not escape from his clutches before he has got such a hiding that will near take all the spiritual life out of him." "If dear Tremenheere is with you, my love to him. I greatly rejoice that the Lord put it into his heart to send Hebich to Kaladgee."

If it did not occupy too much space, it would be interesting to trace, as far as might be, after the lapse of more than half a century, the subsequent history of the several actors in this little drama. Some died in faith; others, I fear, died as they lived, resisting the truth to the last. Some fell away, and were graciously brought back. One or two live to give glory to the God of all grace, who has enabled them to hold on. There is one, however, whose subsequent career I desire to touch upon with a loving and tender hand. It is that of the staff-officer who helped so much in this blessed work, and whose faithful messages I have just recorded. He was a man well known for years, before and after these events, as an undaunted champion in the cause of Christ. Possessing great natural eloquence, he was distinguished as a lay preacher, and he published some excellent addresses, and a memoir of a pious officer, a contemporary of his own, to whom he had been helpful. The commander-in-chief, Sir John Kean, who was a great opposer of religion, hearing of the stir he was making in the southern division of the army, thought to crush the work by sending him to the northern division, rather spreading than putting out the flame; for there, as he afterwards wrote me, he found a hidden Church, and an abundant and interesting field of labour. Some time after this he retired, and went to reside at a fashionable town on the south coast of England, of which he became mayor. I could never learn by what steps it came about, but it ended in his imbibing some of those old errors, recently revived, and which are doing so much damage in the Church. Among these was the non-eternity of punishment, based on inadequate views of the nature and extent of sin, and the character of the atonement. I heard from reliable sources that he was doing great damage in disturbing the faith of many of God's children, in his zeal to propagate his new views, instead of seeking, as formerly, to bring sinners to the Saviour. I have such love

for the memory of the man, as I knew him, that I would rather throw the garment of charity over these blemishes than expose them; but I have, on the other hand, such a sense of the tremendous evils that are resulting from the spreading of these specious doctrines of the devil, that I cannot withhold this example of this vitiating tendency.

Some twenty-six years had elapsed since we had met, when I wrote to him out of the abundance of my heart, quoting passages from his own letters, so sound and scriptural; and especially those expressing his joy when the truth, as he put it, was the means of saving precious souls. One of these is as follows:—"Mr. Milne of the Queen's was removed from us last Thursday morning. He appeared to find mercy at the eleventh hour. I was with him twice in the day, and feel a comfortable assurance that he sleeps in Jesus. He was a very fine young man; he told me he had thrown his life away, and that now it was too late he had discovered it; but that he had been enabled to place his faith in the Lord Jesus, and God had been merciful to him. He felt it was hard to be cut down at two-and-twenty, but he was resigned to the will of God. He appeared to take great delight in being read to from the Word of God, and to experience comfort in prayer. These, dear brother, I think are gracious feelings and dispositions from which we ought to take encouragement. Several here are under deep impression, and the Lord is with us. We are not worthy of such favour, but He deals not with us after our sins, nor does He reward us after our iniquities." In quoting this passage, I asked him what his new views would have done for poor Milne on that dying bed; and whether he regretted the use he had made on that and on similar occasions of that old evangelical theology which he now rejected and condemned. The following was the answer I got by return of post:—

"*14th September* 1864.

"My dear Davidson,—Your kind and loving letter of the 12th, written on our old mistaken theological notions, has come duly to hand, and for which I assure you I thank you most warmly and truly. Notwithstanding the evangelicals contain some of the most pious and saintly Christians; of all the theories by which every party in the Church are professedly guided, I am deeply convinced none are more unscriptural and vicious, dishonouring to our Father, and debasing to His children. I owe so much to these old ideas of ours, they planted in my heart such love to God and man, that it is no ordinary conviction that rules the faith by which I disowned them; but they shock my moral sense to that degree, that I should cease to testify the honest conviction of my heart, if I hesitated in declaring my conviction that they are mistaken. Dear brother, what are all these forms and doctrines which we mortals have set up to plague one another with? Make the most of them, you must acknowledge that their only object is to promote virtue and holiness. They are, as the old authors tell us, the scaffold merely by which the spiritual edifice is erected. *But* are evangelicals such an edifice? Look at them as they present themselves to the world. Bah! mention it not in Gath; as a lot I am sick at heart with them, *though* among them are some of our choicest spirits, some of my dearest friends; but theologically, enter not my soul into their counsel, join not mine honour with their assembly. Well, after all this they will say, 'There is nothing for such a reprobate but the uncovenanted mercies of God.' Yes, dear brother, these people may talk of me, and judge by their miserable standard, their petty narrow prejudices, but my heart knows, and God who is greater than my heart knows, I love Him, I praise Him, I am devoted to Him, and shall enjoy Him for ever. He has never forsaken me, and, having held your faith, I know the

liberty, the peace, the assurance, and happiness of mine. There is no Doubting Castle in the road to heaven. There are no 'ifs' and 'buts' about the matter; the loving God is good to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works. Blessed be His name! It will give me sincere pleasure to meet you again; for it is not the notions of your head, it is your dear spirit I love, as formerly, so now.—Always yours affectionately."

It is difficult to gather from this letter what the writer's new views really were. It contains some striking contradictions. He confesses himself to owe much to the system he condemns. Can it be as bad as he says, and yet "plant in his heart such love to God and man," and its disciples have among their number "some of our choicest spirits," and "some of the most pious and saintly Christians"? I grieve to notice that there is no mention of Christ, except in the use of the term Christian, in the whole letter. Yet I cannot but hope that on Christ as his foundation he was building all this "wood, hay, and stubble," and that he relied at last on the *covenanted* mercies of God; and is now safe in the presence of that Saviour "whom he loved so much, and wronged so deeply."

CHAPTER VII.

I go back somewhat in my narrative to mention, quoting from one of my lectures, a very pleasant trip I took along with Stather & Newton of the Queen's 20th to the Falls of Girsappa, during the month of February 1836, when the weather was still cool and pleasant. I joined the others at Dharwar, from whence we took a line as straight as we could to Honawar on the coast; where the river that forms the falls enters the sea. The country we passed through was richly wooded and exceedingly beautiful. Our march was made before breakfast, and was often through a continual avenue of lofty teak trees, whose branches meeting overhead looked like the arms of gigantic wrestlers that had paused a moment in their struggle to gaze on the tiny travellers that passed under their shade. Sometimes, when the path neared the edge of the Ghauts, we could look down into a green abyss, the nearest point of which was far below us. The eye of man has rarely rested on such a countless variety of greens, mingled with bright yellows and brilliant reds. At the end of each stage was a comfortable travellers' bungalow or rest-house, and often a few huts with a patch of cleared ground, irrigated in terraces from some neighbouring mountain stream. One of these, I remember, was of an elliptic form, with a large space of levelled ground in the centre, from which rose its succession of terraces, so that it looked like a vast arena prepared for a mighty tournament; or, better still, like a theatre from which the gospel might be proclaimed, within the hearing of many

thousands. Arriving at Honawar, we found the civilians all absent in the district, but met the captain and subaltern of the detachment on duty there, from whom we received great kindness, and some valuable hints as to our progress to the falls. It was pleasant again to look upon the sea, which like a silver band connected the bold headlands of the bay. We occupied the public bungalow, ate fish, and enjoyed the sea breeze. After a few days' stay, we took boat and proceeded up the estuary towards the falls. We had started before daybreak; the scenery was "beautiful exceedingly," as the waning moon in its last struggle with the dawn glimmered on the rippling water, and gave a cool and quiet tinge to all around. Depending entirely on our oars, we made but slow progress up the stream, which gradually lost its breadth; and as the glaring sun arose, the landscape lost much of its beauty also. At a bend of the river we got a glimpse of an alligator, which lay like a log of wood on a sandy bank, where he was basking in the morning sun. A shot from my rifle striking near him, he slipped into the water and vanished in a moment.

We landed at the village of Girsappa an hour before noon; and found that, instead of being near the falls, as their name implied, we had a longer journey before us than we had bargained for. Before we reached the base of the Ghaut we rode through a dense natural forest, full of enormous trees. After we had scrambled up the Ghaut, which was very steep, we found ourselves close to the edge of a precipice, from which we looked right down on the country we had passed through, and far beyond it into the dark blue sea. There lay far below us the mighty forest, diminished by the distance, and looking so like nothing I can compare it to, as a broad yard of "curly kail;" and, gleaming through the dark mass of green foliage, the river, dwindled to a thin white streak, seemed to labour upwards towards the sea. About three o'clock we overtook our kit,

and halted for an hour. It is a maxim in Indian travelling never to let one's comforts fall into the rear, so we at once pushed our baggage in advance, with injunctions not to stop till they reached the falls. Understanding the distance to be but trifling, for they have their mile and a bittock in India as well as here, we waited till the sun was low, hoping to reach our ground before the evening with its short twilight closed. In this we had reckoned without our host. After a smart canter of a mile or two, the bridle road was reduced to a mere foot track, and then altogether disappeared. For a little way we traced the footprints of our baggage ponies, but these soon were not to be discovered. Most opportunely a native turned up who undertook to be our guide. By this time the sun had set, and in half an hour more night had dropped her sables over hill and dale. Confiding in our guide, we jogged on cheerily, and thought of our dinner, and a refreshing draught of Bass's bitter beer. One of the party had visions of a savoury stew, which our Indian Soyers can get up with matchless rapidity under almost any amount of Crimean obstacles, when suddenly this vision gave place to a very disagreeable reality. A tiger, it may be supposed, had seized the last of our little party! No, there were tigers near enough, but it was not a tiger. It was simply this,—our guide told us with joined hands, and no end of apologies, that he had not the smallest idea where he was. A nice predicament! the night pitch dark, in the heart of a dense, dark, damp, unhealthy jungle, where, if a tiger did not catch us, we at any rate would be pretty sure to catch a fever. Truly we were in a stew, instead of eating one. After losing, and again finding, first one and then another of our party, we thought it wise to keep together, and got up some loud screeches and hallooes in the hope of attracting to our aid some of the wild folk who live in that thinly populated region. At length we heard the bark of a dog. "It is sweet," the poet says, "to

hear the watch-dog bark,"—particularly if he does not bite,—and really we found it so on this occasion. Groping our way among ravines and water-channels, trusting chiefly to the instinct and superior sight of our little Arab horses, we reached some huts, which we found, to our relief, were occupied by the regular guides to the falls. In a few seconds a great number of them turned out, each carrying a torch made of the half-decayed strips of the wild cocoanut tree rudely tied together, which burned with great brilliancy.

The change was sudden and delightful. Thus escorted, we had not proceeded far before we came upon our servants with our kit, who, having kindled a huge fire, had made themselves snug for the night. We soon put them once more in motion, and to prevent stragglers dropping in the rear, and perhaps into the embraces of a hungry man-eater, we made them march in front of us. It is said there is but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous; in the present instance there proved but a step between the ridiculous and the sublime. A short time before we were in a situation which, but for a certain amount of unpleasantness connected with it, was somewhat ludicrous; now one of the grandest scenes I ever beheld was conjured up as if by a magician's wand. The night was dark, but the atmosphere was clear; and as the light of the torches flared against the white stems of the trees, they looked like the pillars of some gigantic cloister, and the illuminated branches meeting overhead completed the illusion, and formed a temple worthy of the Great Architect who placed them there; while the deep-toned thunders of the falls filled the air with solemnizing music. Owing to the narrowness of the road, our caravan formed an extended line, and the number of torches had to be increased. Viewed from the rear, the leaders seemed to enter a succession of dark caverns, each of which in its turn was lighted up and disappeared. The sound of the falling

waters changed in character and compass with each turn of the road, and at length seemed almost to die away.

About midnight we reached the bank of the river, and finding the water deep, and only one small canoe to ferry us across, we lighted a fire to scare away the tigers, pitched our tent, and bivouacked for the night. In the morning, after noticing the pugs of a tiger that had been prowling about our horses in the night, we crossed the river, and a ride of a koss or so brought us within sight of the Government bungalow, erected for the accommodation of travellers. As we approached the bungalow, a party, headed by two sowars (or native horsemen) in their picturesque costume, made their appearance from the opposite side, and we dismounted together. Without any preconcerted arrangement, it so happened that the principal person of the party, my old and esteemed friend Mr. Dunlop, then appeared upon the scene; the very person of all others whom I was anxious to meet. The former Judge of Poona was now the Collector and Commissioner of the Southern Maratha country, and he was here on a tour through his district. The gentlemen in his suite were all known to us, so that the meeting was very satisfactory.

In the afternoon we all started to see the falls. The ride was through a wild, broken country, richly clothed with perennial verdure. The cinnamon shrub, the sandalwood tree, and the wild pepper vine were to be seen among the thicket and tangled brushwood, and the wild-flowers, such as the flaming gloriosa superba and the bright scarlet blossoms of the pullas tree, mingled harmoniously with the endless tints of green. This shady ride brought us to the river just above the falls; and as we approached them the first feeling was one of disappointment. This arose partly from the reduced amount of water, and partly from the deceptive appearance of the height of the precipice over which it falls. Some of the party who had steady heads stood upon the

verge, Stather with half of his feet over it; others crept on all fours, and laid themselves flat, as they drew towards the edge. It was a memorable sight. The river, instead of occupying at this season the whole of its vast bed, as it does in the monsoon, was divided into four rapid streams, and poured its waters from four widely separated points into the dark chasm, and, as we looked down into the awful depth, they appeared to converge to one common centre, and to bury themselves among the huge fragments of rock that lay below.

The height of the falls, according to the latest measurements, is 833 feet. Looking from the top, there was no object below suited to give a correct idea of the depth. The largest trees were merely diminished into stunted bushes, and the huge rocks into quarried stones. I particularly noticed one of these fragments, which was the shape of a man's shoe, and seemed some twelve feet long, intending to measure it when we went below next day. Before leaving the summit, we resolved to try and shove over a block of stone that lay temptingly near the edge. It must have weighed a ton at least, and resisted every effort to move it from its place. At last we got levers, and, assisted by the guides, the block was put in motion, when a comparatively slight effort sent it along the inclined surface to the edge. A shout was uttered as it cleared the brink and took the fearful leap. Down it went, turning helplessly, and decreasing rapidly in bulk; till at last, when near the bottom, it struck a projecting ledge, and was shivered with a crash that rose above the thunder of the falls. More than half the mass was broken to atoms; but the remaining portion darted off at a right angle, and seemed to labour slowly across the chasm. After some seconds had elapsed, it struck the opposite scarp with the force of a cannon shot, and disappeared in a shower of dust. The sight was grand, and in a measure unaccountable; for we could not understand why this remaining piece made such slow progress across the

gulf, and yet struck the opposite cliff with such tremendous force. All we could do was to mark the position well, and leave the difficulty to be solved when we went below. Arrested by a rock, not far from the edge of the fall lay a tree, swept by some flood from its native forest; and this, after some labour, we managed to launch into the central stream. Over it went amidst the shooting waters, twisting and twirling in its descent, till it seemed no bigger than a twig, and then disappeared in the gush of waters.

Next morning, rising with the sun, we rode to the bank of the river, a mile below the falls, and here dismounting we crossed in a canoe, and walked down the opposite side. Soon a column of vapour rising majestically from the deep gorge told us we were near the falls. To assist in the descent, rude steps had been cut in the steep face of the rock. These terminated in a natural grotto, cooled by the effervescing waters of a limpid stream, which, like a mimic fall, leapt down the shelving surface of a neighbouring rock. We had now accomplished half of the descent, and were not sorry to find a nice rural breakfast set out for us by Mr. Dunlop's peons. In the arrangement of the viands these belted functionaries, unaccustomed to such service, had made a slight mistake, which was soon put to rights. In the absence of some convenient rock for a table, they had spread the cloth upon the ground, and thinking the "sahib log" could not do without something to sit upon, they had placed opposite each plate a good-sized stone as a substitute for a chair; so that when seated we could look down from a tantalizing height on the good things spread before us. One of the party, whose back was as long as his appetite was keen, showed an example that was soon followed by the rest. Inverting his broad-brimmed hat, he seized it between his knees, and, fixing his plate in the cavity just vacated by his head, he made an extemporary table that could hardly be surpassed.

Beyond the grotto there were no more steps, and the difficulty of the descent was considerably increased. At one place we had to slide over the bulging face of the rock holding on by a couple of manropes formed of half-rotten creepers twisted together. The bottom proved a frightful place. Huge rocks, rent from the cliff by some terrible convulsion that must have shaken the world to its centre, lay heaped in wild confusion, glossy and black with the unceasing mist. Rushing through them in anxious haste gurgled the deep waters, as if still frightened with their recent fall; while hanging over us, like the dark walls of Hades, rose the stupendous sides of the abyss; and as the torrents poured madly down, it seemed as if once more the floodgates of heaven were opened, and a second deluge had visited a guilty world; when high aloft, suspended in the cloud of ever-rising mist, appeared a perpetual rainbow, emblem of the eternal covenant in which mercy rejoices over judgment.

The rocks were so wet and slippery that it was no easy task to penetrate the chasm. One of the party—Stather—more persevering than the rest, reached the innermost recess, and swam through the dismal gulf. About the centre of the wide rent, as I lay on my back and gazed upwards, each of the four volumes of descending water, when viewed alone, looked as if it was falling on me, and yet they were widely separated. A cataract of water tumbling from such a height can hardly be described. For the first hundred feet it retains its liquid appearance, then down it rushes with a form and consistency peculiarly its own. Towards the middle I can liken it to nothing but a volley of steam rockets, which, detaching themselves from the central column, seem eager to outstrip it and bury themselves in the abyss; but their light vapoury heads, unable to displace the opposing atmosphere, disperse and vanish in mid-air. One stream leaps over the concave face, and is unbroken. Another, rushing the first portion of its progress along a sloping edge, in the

form of an outside stair, darts off at the first landing, as it were, and bounds over the steep. The others, from the bulging nature of the rock at the opposite sides from which they fall, have the appearance of a succession, tier upon tier, of broad and beautiful cascades.

I must not omit to mention that we sought out and measured the piece of rock shaped like a shoe, that from the summit seemed about twelve feet long; it proved thirty-seven paces, or somewhat more than ninety feet! We were also enabled to account for the strange appearance presented by the falling block of stone. The projecting ledge on which it struck, instead of being, as it seemed to us as we looked down, near the bottom of the fall, was little more than a third from the top. Thus, when we fancied the remaining fragment to be labouring across the gorge, it was in reality descending at the same time many hundred feet, so it struck the opposite cliff with an accelerated force sufficient to reduce it to the shower of atoms that fell into the pool beneath.

In the second year of our tour at Kaladgee, the regiment was reviewed by the Commander-in-Chief, and received from him in general orders the highest compliment he had paid to any native corps. In fact, he was so pleased that he asked our commandant, Captain Worthy, if there was any reasonable thing in which he could gratify the men. Captain Worthy said they had built entirely new huts, and it would please them if they were allowed an extra year beyond the usual three to enjoy them. It was understood that this would be considered when the reliefs came round. But I suppose it was overlooked; at any rate, in the autumn of 1837 we were in orders for Baroda, one of our most northern stations. Colonel Capon, who by that time had succeeded Worthy in the command, wrote reminding the authorities of the promised favour, saying how much the men were disappointed; and in answer got a furious wig. The truth was, he was a religious man, and the Commander-

in-Chief had no favour for such. Meanwhile cholera broke out in the district through which we had to march to the coast, and the Medical Board, having made special inquiries on the subject, wrote to the Commander-in-Chief, saying there would be great danger in marching a regiment through that region under such circumstances. The reply was that the regiment must march as ordered.

Before I left Kaladgee I paid a very pleasant visit to Mr. Dunlop at Belgaum. I met there with many Christian friends, known hitherto only by name, and was glad to renew my acquaintance with the venerable Mr. Joseph Taylor of the London Missionary Society, who had paid me a visit at Kaladgee. There was an important religious movement at Belgaum, in the blessings of which, to my great delight, my esteemed host and his family shared. The time now came to commence our march, and I left Kaladgee with some regret, associated as it was in my mind with many gracious and undeserved mercies. I handed over my bungalow to the German mission, in the hope that they would make it a sort of advanced post, and visit the place occasionally. The Lord has paid me back more than an hundredfold in value, in the house I now possess, and have occupied for thirty years.

The regiment left Kaladgee in high spirits. As I have said before, a corps on the line of march during the cool season is just in its element. Although the sepoys are almost all married, and take their "kutlah," or family, with them, even the little children are such good walkers that a march of ordinary length does not incommode them. A pony carries their kit and little tents or shelters, quite in the gipsy style, and, when matters go well, the daily change of scene is a source of real enjoyment. On our first day's march some hog were stumbled on, and off went the officers in full pursuit; but, having nothing but their swords, they had no chance of doing harm to piggy

But alas! the warning of the Medical Board proved but too well founded, and the neglect of it by those to whom it was addressed caused the loss of many lives, and had a sad effect on that regiment which a year before the Commander-in-Chief could speak of as the flower of the native army; and which, not long ago, Lord Napier of Magdala—who had had it as part of his force in Abyssinia—told me was one of the best native regiments he had met with. At our second halting-place we had a case of cholera which proved fatal. At the next, just as we drew up, I was told my clerk, an excellent Portuguese from Goa, was lying in a temple in a dying state. Leaving the second in command to collect the reports, I hastened to the spot; and there I found the poor fellow lying on the floor almost insensible, in the last stage of that terrible disease. The doctor gave him a cholera dose, and I and my head servant chafed his body and shampooed his limbs in the hope of restoring warmth, giving him brandy and water from time to time. He recognised me and was grateful, but made signs with his hands that he had no hope of recovery. After a few hours of this treatment, there were signs of returning heat, and, as my duty required me, I proceeded to the tent of the commanding officer. As I approached it, I saw his havildar (sergeant) orderly totter and fall. I ran up, pulled off his belts, opened his coat, and supported him; his eyes were turned up, and his face changed. He retched violently, and was quite insensible. Soon his wife rushed up, and there was a most piteous scene! While engaged with the colonel in preparing an express for Belgaum, an orderly came to report that my poor clerk had just died; and in a few minutes more a message reached me that my head servant had been seized with the complaint. Now the cases began to multiply. The whole camp was in a stir. Report followed report of admissions to the hospital, and of deaths. The wife of my faithful horsekeeper, Cassee, was taken ill, so I had two

patients in my small establishment, which occupied me all night; eventually, I am thankful to say, they both recovered. On the afternoon of that day I got a note from Colonel Capon, of which the following is a copy :—

"My dear Davidson, — There are some occasions on which I think a meeting for prayer is called for. I know of none with greater claims than that of the present scourge. I know you, Tremenheere, and some others will gladly attend. If you will come, and invite others to be present at half-past seven, we will read some of the prayers of the Church adapted for the occasion. We have a right to expect that our prayers will be efficacious."

The 91st Psalm, which formed part of the service, has ever since been associated in my mind with that solemn occasion. That night, when looking after my patients, as I stood at my tent door, and looked down on the camp, which was pitched on the slope of a hill, the scene that was presented to my view reminded me of the smiting of the first-born in Egypt, when in every house there was one dead. Doolies (or litters) preceded by torches, for it was pitch dark, moved from place to place, conveying fresh cases to the hospital; and every now and then a wailing cry would rise above the general hum of that sleepless camp, telling that death had just done its work, and another soul had left its tabernacle for the presence of its Maker. At day-dawn, when I went down to the hospital tent, I saw the bodies of nine sepoys stretched out in death. They looked as if asleep; there was the full development of muscle, no emaciation, for death had done its work as rapidly as if they had been shot down in battle. A native officer who was standing by me said, "Sir, I have seen some fighting, but then there was excitement, and we saw our enemy, and could give as well as take; but here we have an unseen

foe!" This officer remarked to me afterwards that the men had noticed the meeting of the officers for prayer, and also the fact that no European officer, officer's wife, or officer's servant, had died.

The interior of the hospital tents, for now there were several, presented a sad spectacle. Some were lying in the last stage of the disease. Others had just been attacked, and terror sat upon their pallid faces. Here stood a wife, with a child hanging at her breast, watching with tearless agony the convulsions of a dying husband; there an aged mother bent over her son, who lay unconscious of that mother's care. We resolved to push on another stage, and, leaving the ordinary route, to encamp on high ground among the hills, hoping the wind that swept over the spot would dissipate the seeds of the disease. But it was of no avail. Many were attacked during the march, and had to be carried—the doolies being all engaged—by their comrades on improvised litters formed by two muskets and a blanket thrown across. At our new camp the scourge continued with unabated virulence; and, to add to the discomfort, we had some drenching rain. The tents in the line diminished, while those of the hospital increased. Our followers began to desert us, and no wonder, for many of them had died. Our supply of medicine too began to fail, and our one doctor, of whom I have already made mention, was overcome with the constant demand for those services which he had nobly rendered. Once I found him, when calling him for a pressing case, stretched beside his patient, with his head on the patient's breast, sound asleep; the patient had passed into the sounder sleep of death.

Day after day came the drenching rain, most unusual at that season, and for which we were ill prepared. The officers behaved nobly, nursing their sick men. One of them, Hough, the youngest ensign, afterwards the Belooch commander, gave up his own bed, slept in an arm-chair,

and, nursing the men of his company in succession during the worst stage, brought eighteen of them through. The wife of the commanding officer had a tent pitched close to her own, in which she had female patients under her own care; and she visited the wives and children of the sepoys in their gipsy shelters. All regard to caste prejudices was, for the time being, at an end; and the highest caste men were glad to get a sip of water from the spout of their officer's teapot, as he hurried from bed to bed. The constant cry was for water,—"Panee! panee!" I think I now hear it sounding in my ears. Every death as it occurred was reported to the adjutant, by day or by night, and the sound became sadly familiar; of such and such a company, "Aik sipahee murhgyah, sahib;" "One sepoy dead, sir."

The incessant rain kept us from moving for several days, and the doctor told me privately that the disease was increasing, and that, unless active measures were adopted, the result would be disastrous. I proposed to the commanding officer that, in spite of all the difficulties that presented themselves, we should move from our ground. The men were thoroughly dispirited; it was difficult to get them to attend on their sick comrades. I was remonstrating with one man who had so refused, when he said, "Sir, I have attended ten of the recruits, and they have all died." He was evidently a favourite. I had a fine batch of between forty and fifty recruits, and nineteen of them died. The young seemed to have the least chance of recovery. On the fifth day the order was given to march. The bugle had hardly sounded to strike the tents for a five miles' march, when it began again to rain; and it was rumoured that the men were averse to move. I went from right to left of the camp, and, speaking to the men as they sat in their tents, urged them to make the effort to get off; and shortly afterwards the sound of the knocking of tent pegs gave me the greatest satisfaction. Soon after, the column, reduced to

half its strength by deaths, sick, and attendance on the sick, marched off to a lively air of the band, which, I fear, met with little response from those who were leaving comrades, parents, wives, and little ones in the hastily-dug graves that were around the camp. The movement had a depressing effect on the sick, several of whom died just as we were moving off. A doctor, who had opportunely arrived from Belgaum, took charge of the hospital, an officer and draft of men were left behind, and in three days were able to rejoin us at our next encampment. The change of scene was magical in its effect; the cases diminished, and gradually ceased. My own was about the last, and yielded to the usual treatment. I was the only officer attacked.

Mr. Dunlop had afforded us great help, by sending orders to the head native authorities to give us all the assistance in their power in procuring the aid of the villagers to carry our sick; for the dread of infection disposed them to take flight. Our colonel (afterwards Sir David Capon) was most liberal in remunerating their services, and, as he spoke Marathee fluently, he had great influence with them. He acted throughout with great decision. We lost in those few days about seventy fighting men, so that the regiment was nearly decimated; but that represented but a portion of our loss, for, owing to our subsequent treatment, many of those who got over the cholera attack were so weakened that some died, and many had to be invalided. The deaths among our followers could not be accurately ascertained, but, as they numbered more than a thousand, the casualties must have been great. The doctor believed that every third man, woman, and child had the disease, and that of these a third died.

My friend Tremenheere, it will have been noticed, was one who joined us in the meeting for prayer at the colonel's tent. He was at work not far from our line of march, and on hearing of our distress, instead of avoiding our infected camp, he, like the brave soldier he subsequently proved

to be, joined us, and shared in our anxieties, as he did in our prayers. The poor doctor lost a little child, though not of cholera; and, that it might be buried in the cemetery at Belgaum, he carried it in its little coffin in front of his saddle through a long and hot ride to that place.

On our arrival within a few miles of Belgaum, we were put in quarantine, and visited by the medical staff of the division. Our officers were amused when they saw the chief of these, with his disinfecting handkerchief kept carefully over his mouth and nose, and wondered how it would have fared with our sick men, had they been equally cautious. The result of our medical inspection was a representation to the Commander-in-Chief that the regiment was not in a fit state to march to the coast and to be embarked in small boats for our northern station; and further, recommending that it should remain at Belgaum, and one of the regiments at that place be sent to take our tour at Baroda. Will it be believed that the reply was that we were to march as ordered? For this cruel treatment there was no excuse, as there was no exigency of service demanding such risk. It does seem strange that the man who, resisting not only the remonstrance of the Medical Board against moving the corps through an infected district, but the recommendation of the authorities at Belgaum against its proceeding in its weakened state to a distant station, should have been allowed to exercise such tyranny without its being possible to call him to account! I do not pretend to say whether it had anything to do with this treatment, but it is a fact that the wife of our commanding officer had given great offence to the author of it, by refusing an invitation to one of his Sunday lunches.

On the first Sabbath after our halt at Belgaum, the public thanksgivings of the officers of the regiment were offered in the church there, for the removal of the cholera, and especially for the preservation of the European officers and their wives.

We marched through a beautiful country, and over the Ram Ghaut to Vingorla, where we were crowded into pattimars, the small but swift sailing boats of the western coast. The fatigues of the march were increased by our having charge of treasure, the bullocks that were yoked to the tumbrils being very difficult to manage in the narrow and dangerous passage through the Ghaut; as it was, one tumbril had a very narrow escape of being precipitated over the edge of one of the cliffs, the broken pole having run into the ground and arrested it, just as it was toppling over. A fleet of pattimars was lying at anchor to receive us; but with their deep keels they could not approach the shore, so we had to go a considerable distance in the small outrigger dug-outs of the native fishermen. The embarkation of the horses was an awkward process. They had to swim out a long way, and, being girt with strong bands, they were hoisted by a tackle into the boat. My charger, Bedowin, being of extra weight, the tackle snapped just as he had attained the extreme height, and plump he went with a tremendous splash into the water, and, as horses generally do, he struck out right for sea. But his groom, Cassee, was equal to the occasion. He was standing on the poop watching the, to him, novel process; and at the right moment he took a header, and, being a splendid swimmer, he overtook his charge, and led him back, when the hoist, after some delay, was repeated with success.

The wind not favouring us, we had a somewhat tedious voyage up the coast; but to me it was a season of pleasant quiet after the fatigue and excitement of the last few weeks. An adverse wind caused my boat and another to put into the mouth of the Taptee, near Surat. We beat up the quarters of the nearest officer, pleaded the short commons we had been on for several days, and made a considerable hole in his cold roast beef. Taking again to sea, I overtook the boat of the second senior officer, who had got hold of the

latest Government Gazette; and, to my surprise, I found my name in orders as one of six officers selected for special civil service. When I read the Gazette, I was reminded of what the native adjutant had said to me about a year before. He said, "You will not be long with the regiment. I have noticed through a long service that when we come to know an officer well, and he to know us, he is taken off for some staff appointment, and we never see him more." I replied there was no fear in my case, for the adjutancy of my regiment had been the summit of my ambition, and I would stick to it as long as I could. I had heard there was to be a selection made of officers for a proposed Revenue Survey, and I had been told if an offer was made to me not to refuse. But it took no hold of my mind, so that the appointment took me by surprise. It offered in the meantime no increase of emoluments, and it was accompanied by the honest warning, that if any of the officers chosen for what was considered a difficult duty did not on trial give satisfaction, they would be remanded to their regiments. It had been a kind of maxim with me as a soldier to ask nothing and refuse nothing, so my nomination without my being consulted settled the matter in a way that was quite satisfactory to me.

I felt leaving the old 18th like leaving a second home; the more so that our common trials, during the visitation we had just come through, had drawn us together in no ordinary degree, both as regarded officers and men. I shall never forget the feeling evinced by the sepoys when I said a few words to them before dismissing my last parade; or that of the native officers, who, after falling out, met me to say farewell. There was not a dry eye among them; and the orderly who came from the new adjutant, with the regimental order-book, containing a complimentary notice of my service, was blubbering like a child. Truly, these poor black fellows have warm hearts towards those who try to treat them well.

It happened that Captain Outram and another officer arrived at Tankaria Bunder, the place of our debarkation, just as I was leaving; and, as they were on their way to Bombay, I took them on board my boat. On telling Outram of my destination, he took from among his papers notes of a correspondence between him and the Governor, Sir Robert Grant, showing that, having been consulted as to the selection of officers for this new measure, he had sent in my name, so that I was surprised and gratified to find I was the nominee of such a man. We had not been long together before Outram attacked me on my "new-fangled notions about religion." I pleaded the reasonableness of my change. His views at this time were very loose in regard to Christianity, and very different from what they became, as shown in his memoirs, in after years. During the days we were thrown together, we had many a battle on the subject, and I daresay we each claimed to come off with the best of it. I must say he took the hardest things I said in good part, and I doubt not he gave me credit for a sincere desire for his welfare. At the same time, he resisted the truth with determined and, as it seemed, honest unbelief. In closing one of our fights, I could not help saying, "Well, Outram, you are proud of your courage, and would resent anything that threw discredit upon that, but I can tell you that, unless you become a changed man before you die, the day will come when your courage will be stripped from you, and you will appear an arrant coward before your Judge, and the words at the end of the second chapter of Amos will be fulfilled in you, where it is said, 'And he that is courageous among the mighty shall flee away naked in that day, saith the Lord.'" I must not omit one incident in connection with these friendly contests. I had been pressing him somewhat earnestly about the wonderful love of God in Christ, when he turned to the other officer, who was listening, and said, "H—g—t, why don't you take him up?"

H——t replied, "Why, the truth is, I am very much of Davidson's opinion." "Are you?" said Outram. "If I were, I would live a very different life from what you do!"

At Bombay it was very refreshing to meet Christian men whose names were familiar to me as leaders in the cause of vital godliness. One of the most prominent among these, and one of the most humble, was Mr. Farish, a member of Council, and, on the death of Sir Robert Grant, interim Governor. I met him at the Sunday school, where he taught a class. He was as kind as he was good. Hearing casually that there was on board a ship just anchored in the harbour a cadet who knew nobody in Bombay, he started off, took a boat, boarded the ship, brought the lad to his house, and made it his home during his stay in the Presidency. At the weekly prayer-meeting at Mr. Farish's house I met many excellent people, and formed friendships which lasted to the end of my service, and in some cases beyond that. I had also an opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with Dr. Wilson, and of seeing something of the working of the mission over which he and his coadjutor, Mr. Nisbet, so worthily presided.

About the time the Tenant Right League was attempting to obtain, by agitation, some modification of the Land Tenure in Ireland,—that is, in 1837,—the Government of Bombay was moving in the direction of granting relief to the over-assessed tenantry of the Deccan. When we took possession of the country, we took along with it the Land Settlement of Aurungzebe, which, whatever may have been its merits when originated, was in our day found to be most unequal and oppressive; and especially so in consequence of the fall of prices which followed the establishment of our rule. It was a take all from those who can give, and as much as you can from those that have little. The demand was pitched so high that it could not be realised, even in favourable seasons; so a system was instituted of annual

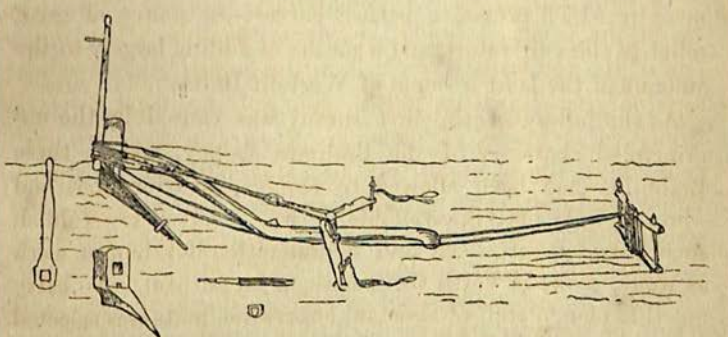
inspection of crops, and a modification of the demand founded on that inspection. To carry this out, a host of low-paid native officials, with itching palms, was let loose upon the ryots, to settle the amount of the reduction to be made on each holding; and, as might be expected, there was bribery and corruption, and the levying of money that never found its way into the coffers of the State. Besides, it was like offering a premium on bad tillage, as he who showed the worst crop had the least to pay. The result of this system was that a vast amount of land was thrown out of cultivation. There was no regular eviction of the tenants; the tenants evicted themselves, or, in famine years, died of starvation. Villages in vast numbers were deserted, and the land overgrown with low jungle, the harbour of wild beasts. Where the Government, as in India, is the landlord, or where, as in Ireland, the landlords are supported by the State in their demands, the rent should be fixed rather below than beyond what is right and just. True, in India no arrears were held over the heads of the cultivators, yet they were milked so dry that there was no accumulation of capital on which to fall back in famine seasons, which occurred about once in seven years.

This lamentable state of matters was so often pressed upon Government that it was resolved to introduce a better settlement, and to this end a survey was commenced under Mr. Pringle, a civilian of great talent (afterwards Commissioner in Scinde), but without a sufficient staff of European assistants to check his Brahmin agents, who took bribes, so that the work was vitiated, and abandoned after a very large expenditure. This failure created, especially in the Council, so strong a feeling against Revenue Surveys, that it required a very ardent and energetic mind to overcome it. Mr. Henry E. Goldsmid, a civilian of only two years' standing, was just the man for such an emergency. He had discovered some terrible instances of oppression on

the part of Brahmin functionaries, which aroused him to such a sense of the evils of the existing system, that he threw himself with marvellous energy on the task of solving the problem of how a just and successful settlement of the land question could be accomplished. He had as an assistant Mr. Bartle Frere, a civilian younger than himself; and he found at work in the Road and Tank Department an equally young engineer officer, Lieutenant Wingate, whom he had the sagacity to select as his coadjutor; and these three, backed by Mr. Williamson Ramsay, the Revenue Commissioner, and supported by the Governor, Sir Robert Grant, were too strong for the opposition, and carried a measure which proved a perfect success—a source of great relief to the cultivators, and a means of adding largely to the amount of the land revenue of Western India.

As the failure of the first survey was caused by the unprincipled character of the Brahmin agency, and as these Brahmins had been allowed to monopolise education, and were the only natives available, it was resolved to establish such a system of check and remuneration for honest work as would make it worth their while to be faithful. To carry out this plan, a staff of assistant superintendents was selected from the army, and thus I found myself unexpectedly transferred from my regiment to this new kind of work. On my way to join Lieutenant Wingate, when I entered the district where our labours were to commence, in conversing with the Coombees, or cultivators, I heard the constant laudation of "Goolmit Nana" (Goldsmid dear) as the hero who had espoused their cause, and had convicted some of the leading Brahmins in their tyranny and oppression. Mr. Frere mentions, in an obituary notice he wrote in a Bombay paper of Mr. Goldsmid and his service, that in after years the names of Goolmit and Ingate Sahibs were introduced into the doggerel lay which the Marathee housewife chants while at her daily task of grinding corn.

The newly appointed officers joined Lieutenant Wingate at his camp in the village of Ooplaee Boodrook in the Sholapore District; and as it was at first intended to correct the errors of the first survey, and adopt it, so revised, as far as it had gone, our first employment was in checking its measurements. It was found, however, to be so inaccurate that soon after an entirely new survey and classification of the soil was resolved upon. Our first season was therefore of an initiatory character, and when we dispersed at the beginning of the monsoon, all except myself went to Poona, while I preferred remaining with Mr. Wingate at his headquarters, Bembleh, where there was a Government bungalow. I then



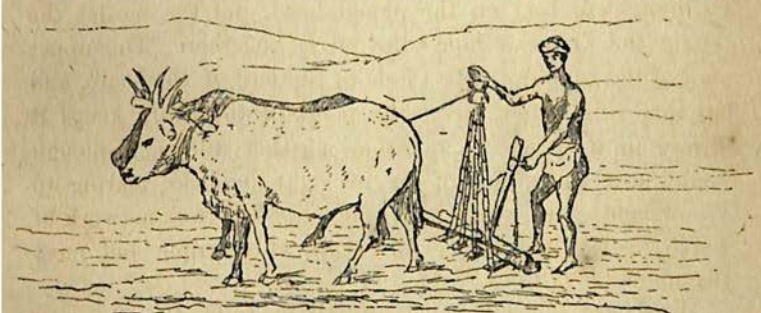
assisted in the construction of a cart, which he and Lieutenant Gaisford had devised, to take the place of the native ones, some of which had stone wheels; and which cart, chiefly on the Scotch model, is now in common use all over Western India. At the same time I gave much consideration to the improvement of the agricultural implements in use for many generations; but when I came to study the construction of the plough, I was surprised to find how admirably it was suited for the work it had to perform. It is a striking example of the adaptation of very simple means to an important end. The object is to drive a wedge through the soil, breaking it up into clods, which are pulverized by the

effects of the sun. The head or share of the plough is this wedge, and it is made of a piece of babool, or acacia, with a natural bend. Through the upper end is a square mortice hole to receive the end of the pole; which pole, projecting a little beyond, in turn receives the lower end of the handle of the plough. The plough is thus formed of three pieces of wood, which at their point of junction have to bear an enormous strain. This is provided for by the arrangement of the plough rope, which, after being fixed to the yoke, is carried to the head; round which, at the place where the three pieces join, it takes several turns, and is then brought back to the yoke. By this simple means the whole strain is brought to bear on the plough-head, and the harder the strain the firmer it holds the pieces together. The upper end of the coulter enters a hole in the face of the share, and an iron ring drawn on at the point of the share keeps it firmly in its place. I question whether a Scotch plough could bear the strain of six or eight bullocks, tearing up fallow land overgrown with bushes and a perfect network of tough roots; and this is the work this simple but most ingenious plough has to do.

Weeds are of such rapid growth in India that the seed has to be sown in drills for facility in weeding, and has been so sown from time immemorial. This is effected by a very simple instrument, which the Coombee carries to the field on his head. Three or sometimes four female bamboos, radiating from a wooden cup into which the seed is dropped, carry it into the coulters, fixed in a long block of wood, and through them into the ground. The remaining field implements are of a very simple construction. There is the "teepun" or scarifier. It is a hoe drawn by two bullocks, the blade being fixed in a long block of wood similar to that of the sowing drill; and the weeder is just a repetition of the hoe on a smaller scale; with two blades, with a space between them to clear the drills of corn, while it cuts up the

weeds on each side. The harrow is simply a thick bushy branch drawn over the soil. I must not omit to mention the fact, that when a Coombee is ploughing with a strong and a weak bullock, he ties the yoke a little to one side of the centre, so as to give the weak one the longer lever. So Jesus, our true Yoke-Fellow, takes the heavy end of the yoke, and gives us the easier end; or, as our Joshua, bearing the burden with Caleb, shifts it toward his end of the staff, and makes our portion of it light.

The Bheema (on a high bank of which the bungalow stood) when flooded is broad and rapid, and this was its condition as I sat at breakfast one morning with Wingate,



when suddenly we heard the cry, "Langa! langa!" (Wolf! wolf!). As we rushed out, we discovered that a hungry wolf, hoping to kill his own mutton, had invaded our sheepfold. When pursued, he got into an angle formed by the river and a deep and swollen nullah that ran into it. Of the two he chose the river, then in full flood. A few hundred yards below where he entered it, two horsekeepers were bathing. The moment they understood what was up, they plunged in, and took up the chase we had been forced to abandon. I had my rifle in my hand, and fired a shot at the wolf; but his pursuers were so close behind him, I aimed too much in advance, and missed. The men were both splendid swimmers, and had the best of it in regard to speed. At length one

got near enough to catch the wolf by the hind leg and pull him under water; but, as the wolf turned on him, he had to let go and swim to one side. The wolf again took down the stream, when horsekeeper number two was up to him and pulled him under. Running as hard as we could along the bank, we witnessed this singular hunt, and saw these tactics repeated till the wolf, half drowned, made for the shore, where he was met by a volley of stones, and had to succumb. The reward of Rs. 5, given by Government for the head of each wolf, was divided between the hunters. Having fired at a duck from the same river bank, it fell into the stream, and seemed beyond recovery. A boy about fourteen years of age was standing a little lower down, and, seeing the bird fall, he threw off his little jacket, plunged in, and in a few minutes retrieved my game. I thought so well of the lad that I took him into my service. He grew into the best servant I ever had, could do anything, and was ready to do anything. When I left India he took service with my brother, who was superintendent of the survey of Khandesh; and when he retired from the service, and came home, Seetaram went to his village, where he had some land, and took to the plough. A few years afterwards, when my eldest son, then on the Revenue Survey, was at Sattara, Seetaram, whose village was near, hearing there was a Davidson Sahib in the cantonment, went to see if he was any relation to his old master, and was delighted to find he was my son. By this time he had sons old enough to look after his fields, so he proposed to my son to enter his service. The wage my son was prepared to give him he said was too much; this settled to the satisfaction of both, he became his servant, and is with him now, old and not able to do much, but faithful and true, having been half a century in the employ of me and my family. When I left India I gave him the little mischievous flint gun, but to his sorrow he had to give it up at the disarmament of the natives that followed the Mutiny.

Before leaving Kaladgee, I bought, from some horse-dealers who were passing through, a Persian greyhound, rough in the coat, with long silky ears. She was a queer-tempered beast, and did not relish her change of masters. Breaking loose, she made for the place where her owners had halted, and when Cassee, who was in pursuit, got to the bank of the Gatpurba, "Longee" was swimming the flood. He followed, captured her, and brought her back. She was long in attaching herself to me, but when she did, it was so strong that when I left her in the district to go to Poona, she pined, refused her food, and, the servants said, "died of a broken heart." However that may be, she was the best dog to follow a wounded deer I ever possessed, and never lost me one during the two seasons I was in the Sholapore District. She was not to be cheated by the unwounded deer crossing her path to lead her a vain chase, as they are wont to do, but invariably stuck to the right one. It is due to myself to say that I never shot more deer than we could consume; and sometimes, when the larder was empty, my butler, Antone, put on a very long face when I came home unsuccessful.

In the reaches of the Bheema there was no lack of alligators, and they were to be seen, three or four at a time, sunning themselves on the sandy banks. Not far from my tent I spied one half buried in the mud. They are so wary, I had to be content with a pretty long shot, and my bullet made a channel about half an inch deep in his brain-box. After a stroke or two with his tail, he lay perfectly still; and some natives, seizing him by the tail, drew him up to my tent and laid him in a stone enclosure in front of a temple. After a few minutes he revived, and became quite lively. When I put a strong bamboo signal-staff in his mouth, he seized it, leaving some of his sharp teeth embedded in it, and, giving a few fish-like wallops with his tail, he broke about a foot of the thick end clean off. A bullet through what seemed the

region of his heart rather increased his vigour, but another through the brain ended his trouble. I had him skinned and stuffed, sent him to Bombay to Dr. Wilson, who presented him to the Free Church Museum, where he now occupies a shelf.

CHAPTER VIII.

During my second season in the Sholapore District, I was employed in correcting the survey of the Talooka of Mohol; for which I was, in conjunction with Mr. Wingate (who had the twin Talooka of March), to propose new rates of assessment. In laying the condition of the Talooka before Government, instead of long tables of figures, I made use of diagrams, which conveyed through the eye a correct impression of past measures, and their results. The principal of these was a diagram nearly in the form of a square, down which lines were drawn representing each year since the Talooka came into our possession. Across this figure was a scale, which was both for acres and rupees. The square, according to the scale, gave the entire arable land in the Talooka; and on the upright line for each year was marked the land in cultivation that year; below that, on the same line, the assessment on that land (which was always less than one rupee per acre), and below that again, the amount collected; so that between the two last was seen the amount of remissions. These points in the upright lines for each year were connected by zigzag lines which ran across the square. Thus at a glance one could see, as the rupee line approached the acre line, an increase in the assessment; and as the actual collection line came near to the demand line, you could see a more rigid levy of the rent; as also, that this procedure invariably led in successive years to diminished cultivation, till more than a third of the land was lying waste. Across the square ran

a black line, showing the average acres cultivated during our rule; below that a green line, giving the average assessment on that land, and below that a red line gave the actual collections. Above the last was a blue line, showing what the collections would be on the new rates, supposing the whole land to be brought under the plough; and between that and the average of past collection line was the prospective gain to the State by the survey operations, a result which was speedily realised.

This, as far as I can ascertain, was the first use made of the diagram to illustrate statistical results either at home or in India; and it was highly approved of by the Government. Some years after my retirement, diagrams of statistics were published in this country, so like mine of fifteen years before, that I think the author must have had access to my reports at the India House. The settlement proposed by Lieutenant Wingate and myself was sanctioned, and leases of thirty years granted, during which the cultivator was secured against any increased demand because of any improvements he might make. In submitting these proposals to Government, I made the following suggestion, which was strongly backed by Mr. Wingate. I argued that the reduction of the assessment was so liberal, that it was a favourable opportunity for introducing a cess for education. The ryots did not set due value on education; therefore, I argued, Government should act *in loco parentis*, and secure that boon for the rising generation. The slight cess I proposed would be sufficient—(*a*) to provide schools enough to reach the children of every village, with a central academy or normal school (furnished with bursaries) for higher education, and to provide teachers for the village schools; (*b*) also technical schools, and workshops to improve the mechanical resources of the natives; and (*c*) prizes for superior cultivation, etc. In a subsequent letter I entered fully into the details of this

scheme. These suggestions of mine in 1839, though they met with some opposition at the time, on the ground that the first thing to be done was to afford relief by a reduced assessment, were finally adopted, but not on the scale I proposed, and were the origin of the first cess for education in British India. This matter had the cordial support of Sir Bartle Frere, who introduced the measure into Scinde.

The first Afghan war, and the fighting that preceded the annexation of Scinde, took several of the survey officers to their regiments, so that at the end of 1839 I was one of the only two left of the original selection. At the close of that year, Mr. Goldsmid instituted the Revenue Survey of the Ahmednuggur Collectorate, beginning with the sub-Collectorate of Nassik; and I was appointed his assistant and successor in that work. As I approached the city of Nassik on my way to join Mr. Goldsmid, an extra tall, soldierly-looking man gave me the military salute; I immediately recognised Ajudia Sing, the tallest and therefore the right-hand man of the grenadier company of the 18th Regiment. He was one of the invalided ones after cholera, and, although he belonged to Upper Bengal, he chose to draw his pension and reside in Nassik, a city of idols, the Benares of the Bombay Presidency. It is a remarkable fact that a third part of our regiment was composed of Purdeshees (foreigners), as they were called,—the very men who formed the warp and woof of the Bengal Army that mutinied, yet with us good soldiers and loyal. And why? Simply because we did not recognise caste prejudices, pamper the men, or allow them to claim promotion, in spite of their commanding officer, on account of length of service. Then we never had a predominance of one caste of men. The Bengal system prepared men for mutiny; and it was foretold by General John Jacob and others of our officers, for which good service they only got snubbed. I rode to the quarters of the Church Mission,

made the acquaintance of the missionaries, stayed the night, and proceeded next morning to join my chief.

I found the superintendent with his tent pitched in the sun, although there was a splendid tope of trees close at hand, sitting in his pyjamas and shirt, busy writing in the midst of a lot of Brahmin clerks, using his shirt-sleeves for blotting-paper, and deeply immersed in work. He was full of a scheme for the assessment of the irrigated land, of which there was a good deal in that district. On his propounding it to me, I at once stated some objections, at which he was greatly put out, and this seemed an unfortunate commencement to our united work. So I left him, and proceeded to get my tent pitched under the shadow of a fine banyan; and, what with felt over the inner ply, and glass windows, and wet kuskus tattees, its temperature was ten degrees lower than his. He fought away the whole of that day with his scheme, but towards evening, when we dined together, he seemed less in love with it, and asked me to state mine. I did so, having during the day put it into shape, and to my surprise he declared it was the right thing, and adopted it. I then proposed a new plan for describing the boundaries of fields, as the existing one involved a great deal of writing, and did not give a distinct idea after all. Hitherto we had no village maps, so I proposed to furnish the measurers with scales and compasses to enable them to protract each field as they measured it, and by joining them together to form a map of the village. As we sat at the tent door, I drew on the sand a specimen map, and he saw at once its advantage. The village maps eventually were so correct, that we joined them together, and formed a map of the Talooka, which embodied a great deal of useful information. I next suggested an entirely new system for classing the soils, to fix the productive power of each field. The plan hitherto pursued was for the classer to walk over the field, digging

down to the subsoil wherever he thought fit; and then entering in his book so many shares of first class, so many of second, and so on through the whole nine classes of soil, and from that striking the average class of the whole. This system, when practised by trustworthy men, might give a correct result; but it was most difficult to check, and, as we had not a trustworthy agency, it was imperative to have something more definite. My substitute for this was that the classer, with the aid of the measurer's field-book, should make an outline of each field operated on, and then divide it by cross lines into a suitable number of squares, like a chess-board, each of which was to be examined and marked with the class to which it belonged, so that the officer who checked the work could trace the error of the classer to the very compartment in which it occurred. This change was at once approved by Mr. Goldsmid, and, having gained his confidence, he left me to carry on the survey on these lines, and set himself to organise a survey of the Southern Maratha country, sending two of his assistants to be initiated in my system, one of whom, Mr. Francis, afterwards became Commissioner of Revenue Survey. I was shortly appointed Superintendent of the Ahmednuggur Revenue Survey and Assessment. Mr. Goldsmid's conduct towards me was most generous. I should here mention another change I introduced. As the permanence of the survey would depend on the preservation of the boundary marks of fields, and stones only had hitherto been used for that purpose, it was evident that something more permanent was necessary. Mr. Goldsmid made the experiment of throwing up ridges round the fields of a village, but the expense was so enormous, this method had to be abandoned. I proposed to Government that ridges should be thrown up at the corners and bends only, and that in ploughing these should be respected, so that in time a continuous strip would be

formed between the fields. This was adopted. These improvements are recorded in the "Joint Report," framed by Messrs. Goldsmid, Wingate, and myself, which forms the basis of the survey operations which have subsequently extended over the whole of Western India.

Goldsmid, while the most hard-working and enthusiastic public servant I ever knew, was at the same time "a fellow of infinite jest," full of fun, and especially devoted to practical joking. When his first baby was born, he found that, in the absence of his wife, a number of ladies from Government House were coming to see it. It happened that the wife of one of his horsekeepers had a baby of the same age; so, with the concurrence of the nurse, he substituted the little black thing for his own; and from a neighbouring place of concealment watched the denouement of his plot. The ladies came in due course, and, rushing to the nursery, turned down the sheet, and gave vent to their raptures at the beauty of the child, one of them exclaiming, "Oh, that child is so like his father!" On a similar occasion he put the child into a drawer, and, taking its place in the bed, drew the sheet over his face. When the sheet was folded down, his bearded face, clothed in a broad grin, saluted the visitors. He indulged largely in soda-water, and the natives used to say, Goolmid Sahib was a great man, but a terrible drinker, and his "darhoo," or liquor, was so strong, that when he opened a bottle, it gave a crack like a pistol. His services were greatly appreciated by successive Governments, and he rose to be the Secretary to Government in the Revenue Department. Had his life been spared, he had a splendid career before him, but he wore himself out with work; and, taken seriously ill, he started for home on medical certificate, and died when he reached Cairo.

A little adventure of "Longee's," which occurred in the Sholapore District, I will mention here. When I was looking for a possible shot at an antelope near my camp one afternoon, Longee took after what I thought was

a jackal, but, on riding up, what did I see but a couple of wolves chasing my dog. This was too good a joke, so, putting Bedowin to his best pace, I joined the chase. The wolves now, instead of pursuing, were the pursued. As usual with wolves, they kept just a few paces ahead of me, and if I put on a spurt they did the same. After a mile or two of this sort of work, which, having a heavy rifle in my hand, began to be tiring, I suddenly pulled up, and, jumping off, took a running shot. To my great satisfaction, one of the wolves spun round like a top, but immediately recovered and went off with a broken leg. Unfortunately, he was close upon some jungle, so thick that I could not dislodge him, but I was pleased to think I had put an end to his dog-hunting proclivities.

My work in the district of Nassik so engrossed me, till the monsoon drove me into the city, that it was not till then I became well acquainted with the European residents. It happened, however, that Mr. Goldsmid's other assistant, Mr. Tytler of the Civil Service, who had the survey of the hill villages, met simultaneously with myself with an accident in riding. He broke his collar-bone, and I injured my leg; and, as we required medical advice, we lived together in Nassik. I found him a most intelligent and pleasant companion. As I could not walk, and he could not use his right hand, we made up a sort of complete man between us, he doing what required walking, and I what required the use of the hand. The sub-Collector, Mr. Reeves, I had met before. Besides being a good civil servant, he was distinguished throughout the Bombay Presidency as a sportsman, and especially as a hog-hunter. In one of my Indian lectures, when I came to treat of "pig-sticking," he is so prominent a figure that I shall introduce him here by giving a few extracts:—

"The most spirit-stirring sport in India, and that which requires the greatest combination of skill and nerve, is

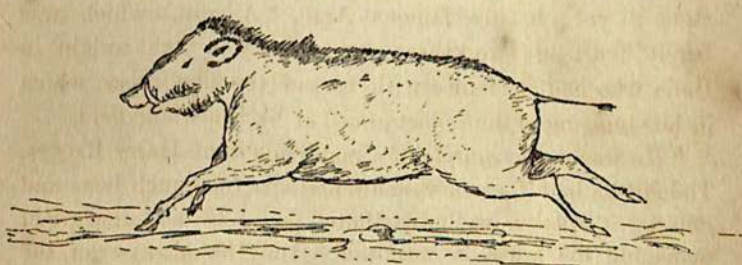
hunting the wild boar. This is done somewhat after the fashion of a steeplechase; only it terminates, not in a pole and flag, with a brilliant assemblage of fashionables, and fair ladies with waving handkerchiefs to greet the winner, but in an encounter with a grizzly, savage-looking beast; who, armed with tusks nine inches long, and sharp as a razor, dashes at the leader of the chase, tries his best to rip up his horse, and to do the same kind office for his rider, if he can get the chance. The Deccan is the most famous country for hog-hunting, and some five-and-twenty years ago, I think I may say its most famous hog-hunter was Harry Reeves. It is true he is six feet long, and never rode less than thirteen stone; yet on his famous Arab, 'Allegro,' which was barely fourteen two, there was scarcely a light-weight in India who had a chance with him of the first spear, which in hog-hunting is the object aimed at by the whole field.

"He was a fine sample of a man, this same Harry Reeves. Though he had for a horseman perhaps too much bone and muscle, it was so well distributed; and he had the art of managing his horse so admirably, that he always got the utmost out of him, and made up by his marvellous riding for his extra weight. His costume (the usual one) consisted of a hunting cap with a white wadded cover, and sometimes a light turban wound round it as a protection from the sun; a loose jacket of common blue bed ticking, leather breeches, and ample leggings made of brown sambur skin, which, though a quarter of an inch thick, was often penetrated by the thorns. A hog-spear of tough bamboo, ten feet long, with a leaf-shaped blade, sharp as a lancet, completed his equipment; and sitting well up in his saddle, —to use the words of one who had contested many a spear with him,—'he looked a perfect master of his work.'

"Though the boar was his usual antagonist, other wild beasts had felt the temper of his spear. Once he tackled with a bear, but Bruin by a sudden spring got upon the

haunches of his horse and held on with his formidable claws. The horse kicked with such violence that the girths broke. Reeves with great agility chucked the saddle from under him and kept his seat, nor did he leave it till he had despatched the bear. His last exploit of that kind was with a large panther which he speared ; but in its dying agonies the beast seized him by the leg, and was dragged to some distance with his fangs buried in Reeves' calf. The effects of this wound he felt for many a day.

"Having described the hunter, I must now describe the boar. Put out of mind any thoughts of those short-legged, broad-backed, curly-tailed grunters that waddle through the

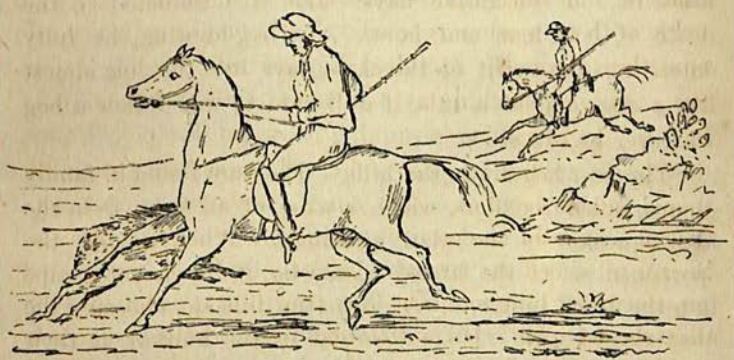


barn-yards here. The mighty boar of the Deccan's rocky hills is a noble beast, and would not claim kindred with those fat Scotch cousins of his that carry off the first prize at our cattle shows. [The outline here given of him is from a sketch by Mr. Reeves, when, on his visiting Scotland, I read to him this part of my lecture. He could draw a boar almost as well as he could ride one ; so much so that Mr. Landseer got him to sketch one for him.] Large and lanky, deep-chested and flat in the flanks, with a tail as straight as a rat's and legs like a deer, he could keep a racehorse at his best for half a mile on his own course, while an English hunter would have a poor chance with him on the stony hills and among the dangerous nullahs of his native wilds. In courage and dogged pluck he is not surpassed by any

living thing. He has been known to kill a tiger, and to charge an elephant. I knew of one who charged and upset four horsemen in succession, when Reeves, the fifth, killed him in the charge. A word in passing in praise of the gallant little Arab horse, who takes so large a share in the dangers and honours of the field. There is little of him, but that little is the best of stuff; a thoroughbred Arab seldom exceeds fourteen and a half hands in height. Proverbial for his matchless symmetry of form, his courage and endurance are not equalled in any other horse. A cruel master, with no better object than a wager, rode one four hundred miles in four successive days. But it terminated in the death of both man and horse. In hog-hunting, he fully enters into the spirit of the chase, lays into the hog almost like a dog, and as a rule, if well ridden, will follow a hog wherever he can go.

"The best hog are in the hills. They are found in family groups called sounders, which consist of all sizes, from the little squeaker to the grizzly patriarch. When started, the sportsmen select the largest boar, who, if he cannot escape into the thick jungle, takes down the hillside, choosing the most rugged path. He is followed by the hunters at their utmost speed, each struggling in generous rivalry to be the first to draw blood, or, in other words, to get the first spear. This is the chief honour of the day. In the desperate headlong chase, all kinds of obstructions are met with. Rough rocky nullahs, holes and fissures, drop leaps of unknown depth; and, at the best, sloping surfaces thickly covered with loose round stones, the hard nodular centres of the decomposing rock. The plain, if plain it can be called, has its own peculiar list of grievances, such as river-beds with overhanging, rotten banks, stretches of low tangled underwood, the thorns of which, shaped like hooks, can play delightfully at catch and keep. Over and through all these the eager sportsmen cram along at utmost speed; dropping

one and another of their party in some desperate mess. When the boar is reached, he, by his sudden twists and turns, throws each leader in succession in the rear; till perhaps two alone are left to contest the honour of piercing his grizzly side. Now comes the tug of war. The rival sportsmen and the rival steeds are struggling neck and neck. The boar, who watches every motion with his wicked little eye, once and again evades the outstretched spear. If still in tolerable wind, he turns, and, lowering his head, charges like a knight-errant in the lists. Unless stopped by a well-directed thrust, woe betide the gallant horse, for it needs



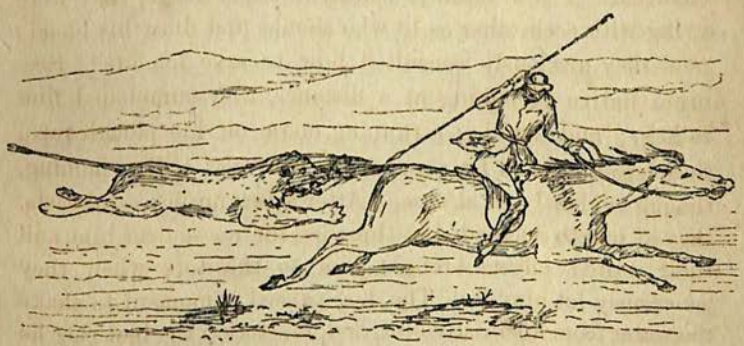
but one sweep of the curved tusk to lay his belly open, and stretch him on the plain; a fate his rider may chance to share, should no other be at hand to give him ready help.

"I have said it is a general rule to follow a hog wherever he may lead. Mr. Reeves, who happened to be very deaf, was tearing along one day with a fine grey boar in front of him, and a right good horseman close behind. The boar, hard pressed, and close to some thick jungle, bounded over a paling overgrown with creepers and disappeared. Reeves pushed Allegro at the fence, but for the first time in his life he refused the leap. The disappointed hunters rushed about the jungle, but the hog was nowhere to be seen. Returning

to the spot where he had disappeared as if by magic, they found he had jumped into a deserted well; and there was piggy swimming about right lustily. A moment's thought explained the thing. What seemed a fence was in reality the remains of the woodwork at the well's edge from which the bucket used to hang; and, being covered with creepers, it deceived both hog and man. The horse, whose ears were better than his master's, heard the splash as the hog reached the water, and his instinct saved himself and rider a plunge bath, or something worse. The feelings of the hunters towards the object of their pursuit were now altogether changed. A few minutes before, in eager haste, they were vying with each other as to who should first draw his blood; now they anxiously consulted how to save his life! Seeing a native ploughing at a distance, they summoned him to help; and, making a running noose on his plough rope, they began to fish for poor piggy, who was still swimming, though evidently ill at ease. After a few unsuccessful casts, they at length succeeded in throwing the noose over him, and their united efforts brought him to the top, when they generously let him go. The hog paused a moment to shake the water from his bristly coat, and, mustering the best pace he could, made for the jungle; right glad, no doubt, to save his bacon, but probably with confused ideas at the best of those principles of human nature to which he owed his life!"

While on the subject of hog-hunting, I cannot refrain from mentioning an adventure of Outram's, when engaged in that sport in Kattiwar. Two or three of his brother officers were with him, and, having been disappointed in the hog they had news of, they separated, walking their horses across a plain, ready for anything that might turn up. Suddenly Outram spied a couple of creatures, that looked like kittens, playing under a bush of prickly pear. They turned out to be lion cubs. Jumping off his horse, he caught them and stuffed one into each pocket of his coat.

When in the act of remounting his horse, he heard a roar, and saw the lioness coming right at him. Springing into the saddle, he put the spurs into his horse, and dashed across the plain, closely followed by the mother of his captives. Before he could get the speed up, she gained rapidly upon him, and gathered herself up for one tremendous bound. She missed her mark by about a foot, but her claws actually combed the horse's tail. Before she could repeat her spring, Outram and the cubs got clear away. Outram, when fleeing for his life, saw one of his companions at a distance, and, thinking he might as well share the excitement,



rode right for him. His friend, who was not a particularly bold horseman, no sooner saw the nature of the chase, than he pushed his horse up the rugged side of an adjoining height, and never looked behind him till he reached the top. He was not a little proud of the exploit, and would afterwards point to the steep as a place he rode up when hunting, carefully omitting all mention of the lioness.

The reader may be curious to know the fate of the cubs. One of them, I believe, died, as most pets do, in infancy. The other lived, and was a favourite playmate of his master, till at last he grew so big, and was so rough in his jokes, that Outram found it necessary to cut his claws and teeth.

Even then he was an ugly customer, and got so mischievous that his owner resolved to get rid of him. Happening to go to Bombay, he took Leo with him, intending to give him to the captain of some home-bound ship. Pitched close to his tent in the esplanade was another tent, occupied by a young couple who had just arrived in India. One afternoon, as they were sitting at dinner, with the tent open to catch the sea breeze, the servant having just taken the cover off a leg of mutton, they heard a clatter, and in bounced a lion, who, jumping on the table, seized the leg of mutton and vanished as quickly as he came. The lady of course fainted, and when she recovered from her fright it was difficult to persuade her that the lion was a tame one, and that the incident was not one that would prove common in the course of her Indian life.

We have seen "young Harry with his beaver up, witching the world with noble horsemanship;" but it was a grander sight to see, as I did, the same noble fellow a humble and earnest witness for Christ; laying aside every weight, and running with patience the heavenward race. The wound from the panther obliged him to go home for medical advice. He married, and returned to India a decided Christian. Shortly after his return, he came to Nassik as sub-Collector, but I saw little of him and his wife till the setting in of the monsoon brought our tent life to a close. About that time they lost their child, a sweet little girl, and that bereavement was greatly sanctified to both. They came out then as decided Christians, and I had much pleasant intercourse with them. In one of my letters home at this time I find the following passage: "I have lately had the pleasure of adding to the number of my Christian friends a well-known and long-established servant of God, Dr. Archibald Graham, who passed through Nassik with his regiment, the 15th, a few days ago. I had previously exchanged notes with him, so we met not as strangers, but as brethren by one holy tie.

He is known for his active Christian benevolence. An officer at Malligaum, who is inimical to religion, was heard to say that during the time he had been at that station with Dr. Graham, he had watched him most closely, thinking he must some day find him tripping; but in vain: he had not been able to detect in him one inconsistency. This was indeed adorning the doctrine of his God and Saviour! Twelve months ago he lost his second wife, shortly after her confinement of a daughter. He told me the world to him had lost its attractions, but his wish was, as long as he was kept here, that he might be enabled to do his duty. As he was here on Wednesday, he attended the weekly prayer-meeting at Mr. Reeves' house, and was so gratified, having known Reeves in his early days, to find him devoted to the service of God. He reminded him of those times, and added that they had met once more in very different circumstances. 'Yes,' said Reeves, with tears standing in his eyes; 'and by the grace of God we shall meet once more in heaven.'" Dr. Graham has been spared to enter on his ninetieth year, and lives within a few hundred yards of me; his children and children's children all on the Lord's side. He is bringing forth fruit in his old age, having been for many years the mainstay in Scotland of an important and successful mission to the Santals.

Mr. Tytler, when at Nassik, became an earnest Christian, and I had great enjoyment in his society and that of his wife. In after years, as Collector of Ahmednuggur, he was a warm and liberal supporter of the American Mission there. These were agreeable changes to me, for when I came to Nassik, outside the circle of missionaries, there was not one religious man. An officer who was passing through, when speaking in my presence of an invitation he had to dine with one of the residents, said his host had told him he would meet an engineer, a civilian, a doctor, and a "new light." I smiled as I heard the enumeration, and said, "I fancy I

am the 'new light.'" He was a fine fellow, and a thorough gentleman, and it was touching to see how troubled he was at his little blunder, and how anxious he was by the utmost courtesy to make amends. Years afterwards I met his widow at Torquay, and found her a most devoted Christian woman. I hope when he died he found himself in the company of "new lights," made perfect in holiness.

When at Ahmednuggur, three years after the Reeves had left Nassik, I met an artillery officer named Woosnam, who, himself a splendid rider, had been much with Reeves in his sporting days; and he told me how he and some young hands, all tip-top horsemen, first met him. They had gone to a place near Poona on a pig-sticking expedition, when Reeves appeared in their camp; and during dinner he said he had sent for Allegro, who was then in training for a race, and he would show them how to do the thing. They were all light-weights, well horsed, and well pleased with themselves, and therefore not disposed to take the position of learners; and when they took Reeves' measure, and thought of his weight, they smiled at his tall talk, and thought it harmless vanity. But the next day, when the old hand appeared on Allegro, and took five first spears before they knew what they were about, they changed their tune, and became his willing disciples. Having told me this, and other examples of his prowess, Woosnam added, "Poor fellow, he is done for now! he has become religious." Woosnam, not many years after this, himself "became religious," and, dying a few years after Reeves, they both entered into the rest of those who sleep in Jesus.

There was a member of the Nassik Mission to whom I was especially drawn, a German, the same age as myself. He would visit me in my camp, and make that the centre for his preaching work. In this he supplied a want which I felt when I first went on survey work, when I failed to induce one of the German missionaries, associated with Mr.

Hebich, to be my companion in the district, at no cost to the mission. Mr. Warth was a most intelligent and pleasant companion, and we were very happy together. This, however, was of short duration, as he was carried off while at Nassik by an attack of cholera, as was the young missionary who came to fill his place. Mr. Warth was an accomplished musician, and translated into Marathee and set to music a suitable collection of hymns. He often spoke with pleasure of the expected return from furlough of Mr. and Mrs. Farrar, who were at the head of the mission; and to the time when Mrs. Farrar would lead the singing at the service in the chapel. They did arrive, and the first I heard of it was a note from Mr. Farrar telling me of Mr. Warth's death, and of the abundant entrance he had into glory. Mr. Warth had a rough Scotch terrier named Bear, and when I came to Nassik I found him clinging to his master's house, and refusing to take up with any one else. However, shortly he transferred his affections to me, and was with me during my remaining stay in India. Bear had a great dislike to pariah dogs, of which there was no lack in Nassik, and even the largest of them used to fly when they saw him. One day, however, he met a foeman worthy of his steel, a black dog double his size, who stopped and showed a formidable set of teeth. They were grinning at each other, as if on the verge of battle, when Bear, I daresay not liking the look of his antagonist, suddenly made as if a gnat was biting him in the region of his tail, and, turning his head in that direction as if to bite it, he gave the pariah an opportunity to retreat in "peace with honour," which he did, no doubt to the special satisfaction of Bear. Bear was a pleasant companion when I was alone in the district, and always occupied a chair opposite mine at dinner. In my house at Nassik—a native pleasure-house in a garden—the sleeping-room was on the terraced roof, and approached by a steep, narrow stair. At bed-time it was a race between Bear and me

who was to get up first; and if he won, he invariably jumped up and took possession of the only chair, although he knew he would be summarily ejected.

The Farrars would often speak of their son Fred, then at school, and now the distinguished Canon, of whose scholastic attainments they were justly proud. His mother was no ordinary woman. A perfect lady in manners and accomplishments, she applied herself to her duties as a missionary with such zeal and devotion, that I fear she wore out prematurely her naturally delicate frame. She possessed decided talent, was an excellent linguist, and did great good by her valuable Marathee translations. Pretty, and with singularly modest and attractive manners, she was altogether as perfect a woman as I ever met with. Her husband was a man of truly catholic spirit, sound in the faith, and worthily filled his place at the head of the mission. His preaching at the English service was earnest and direct. Sometimes, perhaps, he erred on the side of directness. For example, one Sunday, when addressing a very limited audience on the duties of the married life, he added a few words to "those who were not yet settled in life;" and as I happened to be the only person present who was in that position, I felt I had got at least my share of the discourse. Very improperly, my friends made a joke of it, and spoke of me as "the long unsettled."

Shortly there was a steady increase of religious men and women at the place. So much so, that when, at the call of the missionaries at Loodiana, a week of prayer was established (the origin, I believe, of what is now a religious institution), and the bell of the mission-house sounded at eight in the morning, all the European residents, with one exception, attended; and nearly all the gentlemen took their turn to lead in prayer. A young officer, who was appointed as one of my assistants, was warned by a gay lady of his acquaintance not to go to Nassik, as he was sure to become a "new light." He came, however, and ere long was entitled to be

enrolled in that honourable category. By the way, this title is most appropriate; as "New Light" implies that that new light has shined into the soul, through the influence of the Spirit, without which it is as impossible for the natural man to discern spiritual things, however intellectual he may be, as it is for a blind man to distinguish colour. As a striking instance of the use of the term as one of reproach, it is told that when two Madras cooks were engaged in a desperate verbal conflict, and had exhausted their vocabulary of Anglo-Indian "gallee" (abuse), the one shut the other up by calling him a *new light!*

I may mention another interesting case, that of a young engineer officer, employed in the sub-Collectorate. He stayed with me during the monsoon, and, although at that time he was without real religion, he was willingly present with my brother and myself at our morning and evening worship. After a time he would accompany me to the weekly meeting at the mission-house for Bible-reading and prayer. He was thus under good influences, and I felt averse to press him closely about his personal interest in the gospel, but rather watched and prayed for a seasonable opportunity of getting at somewhat closer quarters with him. It came, though I do not exactly remember how, and I found, as was generally the case with English inquirers, he was ignorant of the plan of salvation through a divinely-appointed Substitute, though groping his way among doubts and fears and difficulties. The result of our conversation was that I left in his hand the same reprint of Chalmers's Introductory Essay to Booth's *Reign of Grace*, to which I owed so much. He read it carefully, and its method of reasoning seemed to suit his mathematical mind, and to give him a standing ground such as he had not before. But he was one who said little, and I looked anxiously for evidences of a real work of grace. At this time a noted freebooter, named Ragojee Bangria, was on foot, pouncing upon villages

torturing and robbing the inhabitants, and taking refuge in the jungles. He had long baffled pursuit. A native regiment employed against him and his followers came to Nassik for the monsoon. My young friend was a great favourite with the officers, and frequently a guest at their mess. I think they had begun to suspect he was religious, and were prepared to open fire upon him should their suspicions be confirmed. They had not long to wait for this; for he happened to dine with them on the prayer-meeting evening, and they saw him consulting his watch as if he contemplated an early move from the table. A few minutes before eight o'clock he got up and left, and was assailed from all quarters, but stood it nobly.

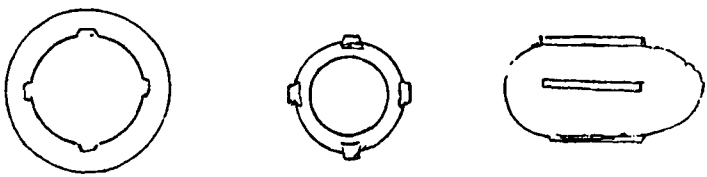
Some time afterwards this regiment was quartered in Bombay, and he, happening to be then on leave, went to see his old friends. They asked him to lunch at the mess, and he found there another guest in the person of a Bombay lawyer who had been kind to him on his arrival in the country, and to whom he felt grateful. This man was a scoffer at religion, and he had not been long seated before he began to banter my young friend about his new views. He received it in good humour, but signified that the allusions were not pleasant to him. Soon, however, the lawyer attacked him again. This put him on his mettle, and he said distinctly, in the hearing of all, that it was quite true his religious views were quite changed since he had last seen his friend, and having said this he felt sure he was too much of a gentleman to renew his unpleasant remarks. But this inveterate enemy of religion was not to be silenced, for he spoke if not to, at least at the young officer. On this he stood up and said, "Gentlemen, you see my position, and I am sure you must all agree that, should our friend continue his attack, either he or I must leave the room." This rather staggered his opponent, and for a time he abstained from anything offensive. But at last his enmity to the truth

could not be restrained, and he once more slipped out a sly insinuation at this young Christian. He rose and said, "You see, gentlemen, how the matter stands, and I am sure you will agree with me that there is nothing left for me but to leave the room. However, I do so with a kindly feeling towards you all; and as for my old friend, to show that I cherish no angry feelings towards him, I beg to tell him that I intend to call on him to-morrow." He then shook hands with them and left. Next day he called on his friend, who received him kindly, and never made the faintest allusion to his change of sentiments on the subject of religion.

This officer turned out a first-rate civil engineer. He formed the new Tull Ghaut, a work of great importance at the time, though now in a measure superseded by the railway. He originated and laid down the first railway in British India. When in London in 1848, I was invited by his father, a banker, to join a family party to celebrate his son's marriage, which was to take place that day in India, to the daughter of a general officer, a girl of sixteen, and a most happy gathering it was. A few years later I visited the same house in Wimpole Street, but it was changed into a house of mourning. There was the widow of my dear friend, not long out of her teens, with several children. Her husband had completed his railway in Scinde, and was engaged in some engineering work up the Indus, and in coming down the river at night, to spend his Christmas with his wife and children, the boat struck a snag in the river, and went down in a moment. Some of the boatmen were saved, but he, poor fellow, though an excellent swimmer, had no chance, being asleep in the cabin.

In the year 1839, when engaged in the Sholapore District, I sent home a paper on the subject of "Rifled Cannon," with elongated shells to explode on contact, which was laid before the old Duke of Wellington, who, as

his son possessed some knowledge on the subject of rifles, handed it over to him for his opinion. I received a lengthened criticism from the latter, the gist of which was that, owing to the shortness of the piece, the twist could not be given to the projectile, and that rifled cannon were an impossibility. My proposal was to make the shell with projections to fit into the grooves of the gun, so as to give the spinning motion without damage to the piece, copper slides being driven into dovetails cast in the shell. The



system that was subsequently adopted was a row of copper studs instead of one continuous bar, but the principle was the same, and when I showed it to Sir Joseph Whitworth, he said I had anticipated that other method by some twenty years. My paper was read before the Royal Society in Edinburgh by Professor Piazzi Smyth.

The use of the telescopic sight for rifles had long been contemplated by me, and I had made experiments in that direction in 1832, but it was not till I went to Nassik that I brought the project to a successful issue. The rifle to which I applied the telescope had such a high trajectory, that I ordered from Purday a heavy small-bore, with which I was very successful in shooting antelope and bustard, when they were too wary for sure work with the open sight. He also made me a double-barrelled pistol with skeleton butt. The performance of this little weapon was something wonderful, almost, if not quite, equal to that of the rifle. Purday made an attempt to fit on the telescope from my drawings, but it was such a crooked job, that when I came to shoot it at sixty yards, it would not hit within the field

of the telescope. Anxious to test the accuracy of the pistol, I put up two targets, one to be aimed at, and the other, though not in sight, to be hit. Shooting at a wafer intersected by the cross lines in the glass, I made a group that might have hit a penny piece. I then set to work to refit the telescope, and bring the line of aim to coincide with the line of fire. My first day's shooting with it was in company with the then sub-Collector, Mr. Bell, who was an admirable shot. In a field of toor (a kind of vetch), we saw a fine buck antelope lying pretty well concealed. When I sat down for a steady shot, I could only see the top of the head. Aiming eight inches lower, the bullet entered the neck, and he never rose to his feet. We paced the distance, 150 paces. My next shot was at an antelope, about 100 yards off, which I killed. My third was at a bustard at eighty yards, which I bagged; and with my fourth I believe I hit a buck antelope, but he escaped. All these with a pistol with ten-inch barrels. Its performance at 200 yards was extremely accurate, but then its trajectory was so high as to make it difficult to hit the proper height at long, uncertain distances. The subsequent history of this pistol is worth recording. When I retired from the service it came into the possession of Colonel Hough, who was then in Scinde commanding his Belooch battalion. When his corps was being inspected, and the ball practice had just been concluded, he said to the general, "Would you like to see some of my practice?" On his answering in the affirmative, Colonel Hough pulled out his pistol from his holster, and applying the telescope, with which he had been watching the practice of his men, at the extreme distance, which in those days of old Bess was 200 yards, he fired six shots at a foot bull's eye. Of these, three were in the bull, and the other three close to it. One of the Ameers of Scinde, Ali Moorad, heard the fame of this weapon, and sent an agent to negotiate for its purchase. He started with the handsome offer of Rs. 500,

but this was refused. He went on increasing, till he offered Rs. 2000, which was also refused, Colonel Hough saying, the fact was, he valued the weapon for its own sake, and still more for the sake of the friend from whom he got it, and that he would leave it to his son when he died. He, poor fellow, died leaving only a daughter. I found the telescopic sight a great help in shooting antelope at long ranges, and also when concealed by grass. Bustard, too, when they hid, as is their habit, behind a thin babool bush, were easily discerned and shot. But those were the days of the high trajectory, and however much I tried to reduce it, even the Purday small-bore, from not taking more than a two-drachm charge, had a drop of thirty inches from the 100 to the 200 yards, which made it easy to hit either too high or too low. On some occasions, however, I turned the curved flight to advantage. Seeing an antelope about 200 yards off, and sitting down for a steady shot, he was hid by the rise of the ground, so that only the tips of his horns were visible. But, knowing his position, I completed the outline in my mind's eye, and aiming with the two hundred yard line at the spot where I knew the heart must be, the bullet, arching over the intervening rise of the ground, dropped into the right place; this occurred more than once. Although it may happen that I was not the first to apply the telescopic sight to rifles, I believe I was the first who put it to a practical use for shooting game.

CHAPTER IX.

We know comparatively little of the early history of India, but there cannot be a doubt that it had attained at a remote period to considerable opulence, so that the renown of its wealth excited the cupidity of a succession of invaders. The inroads of these conquerors, actuated as they were chiefly by the desire of plunder, must in the course of ages have reduced the most wealthy country to a state of desolation. But there were conservative circumstances in India which prevented its becoming another Nineveh or Babylon, and one of these is what is called "the Village System." It has existed throughout India from time immemorial; and although the uniformity and wisdom of its arrangements seem to indicate the plan of some great and beneficent ruler, it is generally regarded as an accidental remnant of the patriarchal ages. A recent writer on Russia says: "The essential feature of Russian rural life is the republican, democratic, decentralized administration of the village. All our villages are little republics, and, although there are Tchinovniks enough, still the main lines of the administration have been in the hands of the people." Here we have a remarkable parallel to the state of matters in India. For there also the population was formed into villages, and every village was a little commonwealth. Surrounded by a fortified wall, and possessing its hereditary watchmen, it could protect itself against petty marauders. Its "Patel," or hereditary governor, was wont to exercise supreme sway, and each of the "Barah Buloot," or heads of trades, under the Patel, was vested with authority over his own caste;

while the "Panchayat," or court of five, settled the more important disputes. The "Koolkurnee," or town clerk, had charge of the village records, and did the writing work of the community.

As a proof of the indestructible nature of this admirable institution, at the close of the Pindaree war many villages were lying waste in the valley of the Nerbudda for more than thirty years, yet the communities of these villages, though broken up, were not annihilated. The love of the homes of their ancestors survived the misery and wretchedness of their prolonged dispersion; and, as soon as tranquillity was restored they turned their steps towards the ruined inheritance of their fathers. These groups of simple villagers often presented an interesting picture. "Infant Patels,"—says Sir John Malcolm in his History of India, when referring to this subject,—"the second or third in descent from the emigrator, were in many instances carried at the head of these parties. When they reached their villages, every wall of a house, every field, was taken possession of by the owner or cultivator, without dispute, and in a few days everything was in progress as if it had never been disturbed."*

The great body of the people in India being thus formed into little republics, each independent of the other, and acknowledging the superior power only by tendering their fealty, and paying tribute in the form of a tax upon their land, they cared little who ruled over them, provided they were left in the quiet exercise of their petty rights and privileges. But while this system had the happy effect of counteracting in some degree the desolating influence of foreign invasion, it was not without its evils. These small isolated communities, having no sympathies beyond the boundaries of their village lands, were incapable of uniting

* Is it not possible that Lord Spencer may have had the Indian village system in his eye, when he pleaded for village councils, as tending to infuse life into our villages, to vivify the intelligence of the poor people, and create in them a feeling of responsibility?

together for any general objects of improvement or defence; and this is an answer to those agitators who declare that the people of India are longing for a voice in the government of the country. As a further evidence of the indifference of the great body of the people to what is going on outside their own limited sphere; at the time of the mutiny of the Bengal Army, the following passage appeared in an Indian paper:—"The peasants, during all the commotions, have for the most part gone about their ordinary labour, and when the time comes for making their accustomed payments, they will make them as of old. This is a very noteworthy feature of the insurrection." The people of India are a long way from self-government. There are many things that militate against it. The great mixture of races is one thing; the caste system is another. The Brahmins lord it over the inferior castes, counting even the shadow of some of them polluting. The cultivators, having been so long oppressed by them, consider them their natural enemies; and so many are employed in our civil administration, that they are wont to call ours in derision the "Brahmin Raj."

I cannot but think the employment of educated natives in offices of trust has been greatly overdone. Education alone will not make men trustworthy and honest. There must be the elevation of the moral character. As much money is spent, I observe from educational reports, in carrying a Brahmin through the higher branches, as would educate eighty children in a village school, and unless he got a Government appointment his education is of no use to him, but rather makes him a discontented and bad subject. Men should be taught that which will enable them to earn an honest living, and make them useful members of the community. This view led me to propose the establishment of industrial schools as part of my scheme. I was disappointed at the tardy manner in which it was carried out, even in the matter of simple education, and that industrial schools were

altogether omitted. Indeed, I had left India for good before a step was taken, and it was a surprise to me, when, years afterwards, I was told at the India Office, by Sir Bartle Frere, that perhaps I was not aware that my project in 1839 was the origin of the Government cess for the education of the agricultural classes, and he showed me the official correspondence that bore upon the subject. During my close intercourse with the simple peasantry, I had formed a hopeful estimate of their capability for improvement. In a conversation I had with the Duke of Argyll, when he was Secretary of State for India, he expressed his doubt whether, in carrying out my plan of training teachers for the schools from among the cultivators, they would be found fit for the work. Instead of this being the case, as far as the plan has gone it has been found that some of the best teachers are Coombees pure and simple; proving that in natural ability they are not inferior to the Brahmins, who have hitherto monopolized the education of the country, while they contribute little to the revenue of the State.

On the occasion of my reviewing my educational scheme in 1843, in connection with a definite proposal for its application to that portion of the Nassik sub-Collectorate which was ready for the new rates, I wrote as follows to Sir Bartle Frere, who was then private secretary to the Governor, Sir George Arthur:—

"My dear Frere,—I herewith send you a copy of what I have just sent to the Revenue Commissioner on the subject of District Education. At this stage I thought it would be impolitic to say anything regarding the character of the education which it is proposed to offer to the natives; but I think this an important consideration, especially as regards the question whether, as in the case of the Elphinstone College, every approach to Christian instruction is to be avoided. From time immemorial, secular and scientific education has always been so intimately connected with

religious conviction, that, were it desirable, still it seems impossible to impart the one and exclude the other. If we teach history, geography, and astronomy alone, we teach that which must inevitably subvert the religion of the Hindoo, since that religion is founded on assertions which these studies most effectually disprove. It is absurd to say that in the Elphinstone College religion is not taught, for every lesson that its students acquire has a tendency, while the light of Scripture is excluded, to foster that worst of all religions, atheism. If, then, in presenting to the natives of India the blessings of an enlightened education, there be the danger of giving rise to infidelity, I think it were but just to our heathen fellow-subjects to afford them, in as far as may be possible, the same means for attaining to truth that we so largely enjoy. There are obstacles to the imparting of Christian knowledge by means of a heathen agency; yet I think, when it can be done, it is desirable that the Scriptures be made available as a class-book, to such as *of their own free will and choice* may desire to study them. The natives of India have rather a taste than otherwise for theological subjects, and are curious to know something of the religion their rulers profess, although they never for a moment conceive that our religion, any more than our dress or mode of life, is suited to them."

I was glad to see that Lord Lawrence expressed similar views in a letter to Sir Charles Trevelyan, dated 2nd July 1858, in which he says:—"There is now a great dispute growing up as to whether the Bible shall be introduced into our schools or not. I think it should; and that, provided only it is done with prudence and tact, the people will never raise an objection. All we have to do is to take care that the study of the Bible is optional with the children;" and also that "very possibly native teachers will be found, of good character and thoughtful minds, who, though not actually baptized Christians, are yet well disposed, and might be entrusted with the reading of the Bible to classes." Sir

Herbert Edwardes was also of opinion that the Bible should be used in our schools and colleges. Instead of a knowledge of the Bible, as the basis of the Christian religion, being a source of danger to our rule in India, I believe it would be an element of strength. Our Hindoo subjects would then know that they cannot be hocus-pocused into Christians by means of greased cartridges or any other such methods. Our very concealment of the nature of our religion, and the pains our Government have taken to hide it from them, has awakened suspicions which evil-disposed persons know too well how to use in the cause of disloyalty. Besides, the Bible belongs to the natives of India as much as it does to us. It is God's message to them, and while we instruct them in science and human knowledge, if we keep it back, we do it at our own peril. It is a book, many parts of which they can understand better than we do; it is an Oriental book, peculiarly suited to their taste. In illustration of this I mention the following circumstance, which occurred at the commencement of our survey operations.

Captain Wingate had occasion to make a long ride through a part of the country not much frequented by Europeans, and out of the sphere of missionary influence. He halted at a village to escape the hottest hours of the day; and, sitting down at the usual resting-place for travellers, the village temple, he entered into conversation with some of the villagers who happened to be there, asking questions connected with their agricultural operations. Soon the news spread that there was a "ghora sahib," or white gentleman, who spoke Marathee like a native, sitting in the temple, and the whole village, men, women and children, flocked to see the wonder. To their surprise, he knew all about the tenure of their land, their processes of husbandry, the nature and peculiarities of the soil, and, in short, was familiar with all the ins and outs of their village life. In the course of this conversation one of the natives asked him if he could tell them

anything about Yoosuph, which is the native name for Joseph. He was puzzled as to what they meant, but, on further talk, he found they meant the patriarch Joseph, and that many of them seemed familiar with his history. On asking how they had got their information, he found that one of them, on visiting a European station, had got a tract given him entitled "The History of Joseph." It was, in fact, a simple extract of the Bible narrative, translated into Marathee. Unable to read himself, he got the koolkurnee, or village clerk, to read it for him, and it was liked so much, that he and his fellow-ryots used to assemble of an evening to hear read and read again the inspired story of Joseph and his brethren. To them it was peculiarly interesting. They knew too well from their own sad experience what famines were. They had their "peows," or underground storehouses, where in good seasons the grain was laid up against such emergencies; and they had, in place of the provident Joseph, the village corn-dealers, to dole out to them at famine prices just grain enough to keep them alive, and to furnish seed to sow for what they hoped might prove a better season. In fact, the picture of the inspired historian was one for which they might themselves have sat. And it is an interesting fact that one of these peasants said he thought the God of Joseph must be the true God. These are the people to whom we think it would be unsafe for us to give free access to the Bible!

We had a distinguished resident for some time at Nassik, in the person of the Baizee Bhaee, or Queen Dowager of Gualior, who came there with a great retinue shortly before I left. This was a matter of great rejoicing to the Brahmin priests, who reaped a golden harvest during her stay. She had an extraordinary pet in the form of a rhinoceros, which had distinguished itself by killing in the course of its career six keepers; and it added a seventh to the number at Nassik. On that occasion, the brute being still on the war-path, the officer who occupied the post of the Queen's Commissioner

came to me with an urgent request that I would shoot the beast; but before I could engage in this unexpected piece of shikar, it was got back into its enclosure, a bit of ground surrounded by a strong wall, part of which it had broken down; and when in the act of escaping, it encountered its keeper, and made short work of him. It then rushed along to where an elephant was picketed. The elephant, seeing his natural enemy approaching, pulled down the thick branch of the tree under the shade of which he was standing, and prepared to receive it. The moment the rhinoceros came within reach of his improvised quarter-staff, the elephant brought it down on the snout of his adversary with such a hearty whack, that it beat a sharp retreat, and made no further attempt to molest him.

The conveyance of such an animal from Gualior to Nassik was no easy matter in the absence of one of Barnum's caravans, and roads by which it could travel. A weight being attached to one of its legs as an impediment to any hostile movement, and being surrounded by an escort of horsemen to keep it in the right course with their spears, the rhinoceros made its daily stage; and if it chose to take possession of a patch of sugar-cane, there to eat, rest, and be thankful, it was welcome to do so; and the owner was handsomely remunerated for the damage done by his lodger. I must not omit to mention that I got a most comfortable life provision for my charger Bedowin, as one of the Baizee Bhaee's show horses; where, gaily caparisoned and well fed, he had nothing to do in his old age but prance about in the procession and look handsome. The Baizee Bhaee sent to me to say she wished to see my house and garden, and requested that all the males within the premises might for the season disappear. I did my best to meet her wishes, and trust there were no peeping Toms. When I dined with the Commissioner, she sent in a silver cooking-pot a most excellent curry, made with her own fair hands.

My regiment having been ordered to Scinde in 1843, as there was some prospect of service I thought it my duty to ask to be relieved for the time of my civil work, that I might join it. After encountering some objections, raised by the civil authorities, it was at last arranged that Mr. Tytler was to act in my place, and I applied to be allowed to join the 18th. Contemplating no difficulty on the military side, I sent my horse to Bombay, and, my servants having come forward in a body to express their readiness to go with me, I had everything in train, and was waiting anxiously for orders; when, to my surprise, I was informed that the Commander-in-Chief did not wish any more captains with the 18th, and that I was to remain at my post. This was strange, as it was generally the other way, the military authorities fighting with the civil to get officers back to their regiments. Soon after this, Captain Wardlaw Ramsay, in passing through Nassik on his way to the seat of war, stayed with me; and he told me he had been treated exactly in the same way; for, having asked to be allowed to join his cavalry regiment at the seat of war, he was told his services would not be required with it. He, however, outwitted them, for he got six months' leave from the Governor, on whose staff he was, and started to visit Sir Hugh Gough's camp on his own hook; and once there, and having good interest,—as described in that most readable book of reminiscences, which he published some time before his death,—he got on the general's staff, and saw a good deal of active service. As it turned out, I had no reason to complain, for the 18th Regiment saw no service in Scinde, and I was saved a useless trip there, and the loss of my civil allowances.

Rather an amusing example of the misuse of the letter H, and showing it is not confined to Cockneydom, occurred at Nassik, and may be worth insertion here. The new sub-Collector, Mr. Bell, had forded the river, followed by a very

raw putteewallah (peon), who was carrying his gun, when he spied some ducks which offered a favourable shot, and motioned to the native, who was only half across, to bring him his gun. As the man was slow about it, Mr. Bell made energetic signals with his hand, and called out, "Bundook dho." The man stood stock still, with a bewildered look, which led to more frantic demonstrations of the hand in downward movements, and reiterated screams of "Bundook dho!" At last the perplexed Hindoo implicitly obeyed his orders, and, putting the gun under water, began diligently to wash it. The unfortunate "h," introduced where it should not have been, did all the mischief, and turned "do," give. into "dho," wash. The ducks escaped, and the Collector got a lesson in pronunciation which he was not likely soon to forget.

One of my encampments was visited by a party of itinerant fishermen, whose method was new to me. They chose a part of the Godavery where there was a considerable reach of deep water. Across this they stretched their net; which, being weighted at its lower, and furnished with cork floats at its upper edge, stood like a wall from bank to bank. The fishermen took to the river like a line of beaters, striking the water with the hollowed palm of their hands, as they swam towards the net, making a noise like a pistol-shot, and so driving the fish before them. The meshes of the net were sufficiently large to allow the head of a moderate-sized fish to pass through; and, the instant it got entangled by the gills, there was a man watching to seize it, and administer the finishing tap, and toss it on the bank. A great many fish leapt over the net, and I stood with my gun ready to shoot them; but, as I never knew from what point to expect them, they were too quick for me. Sometimes a good-sized fish would swim towards the edge of the river, there to be shot at by a fisherman armed with a bamboo bow and an arrow of peculiar construction.

The shaft consisted of a reed, into the hollow point of which was loosely fitted a small barbed head, attached to which was a thin cord. This cord was neatly wound round the arrow, and tied to the other end. When the barb entered the fish, it became detached from its socket in the arrow; and, as the fish darted off, the cord was rapidly unwound, and the reed, acting as a float, followed in its course till it was finally captured. It is remarkable that the detaching barb and line of the Esquimaux's spear, with which they capture seals, should exactly resemble in principle this fishing arrow of the Hindoo. Most of the fish so caught were bony and worthless; indeed, the only good fish in these rivers is the murle; and they are easily killed by shooting them. The bullet has only to hit near them, and the concussion of the water is sufficient to kill them. I quote one more passage from a lecture:—

"Before railways were dreamed of in India, the cotton grown in the valley of the Nerbudda used to find its way to the coast in huge unpressed bales, on the backs of pack-bullocks. And a melancholy trip they had of it; for, half-starved and overworked, a great portion of the poor creatures sank exhausted, and were left to die by inches on the wayside; where the horrid vultures began to prey upon them before the life had left their miserable frames. These pack-bullocks were conducted in great droves by a distinct race of people called Bringarees, who did nothing else. Their track, for it could not be called a road, lay through a part of Khandesh, where jungle had long overrun a territory of good natural resources, but very thinly populated. Their return load from the coast was principally salt. On one occasion a bag of salt was dropped, and a tiger, knowing some one would come for it, lay hidden close beside it to catch his prey. It happened that an elephant, sent in advance of a shooting party, was at a neighbouring village, and the keeper, giving the poor Bringaree the escort of the

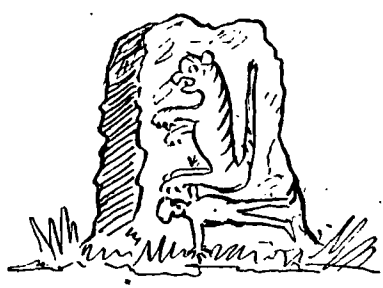
elephant, enabled him to recover his bag. It was in this quarter that a notorious man-eating tiger had for some time established himself; and, from the well-known apathy of the Hindoo, he had been allowed to go on with his work of death till it was said some eighty victims were recorded in the village register, and the cotton traffic through that locality was fairly stopped.

"At this crisis the news reached Captain Outram, and he determined on the tiger's death. As it was a long way from his headquarters at Dhurungaum, he sent off his Bheels and elephants in advance; and, posting horses on the road, he and his adjutant—Douglas Graham, of the Gartmore family—rode the distance in one day. When they came to their last stage, a man stopped them and warned them to be on the look-out, as the tiger, only the night before, had killed his brother in the dry nullah that lay between them and the place where their people were encamped. Outram gave a well-known screw to his hunting cap, which always preceded something desperate, and determined to make a rush. The bridle path would not admit of two abreast, so Douglas Graham followed at his horse's heels. The tiger, who was engaged in the nullah gnawing the skull of his last sad morsel, must have heard the clatter of their horses' hoofs, for in a moment he made a spring, but happily he missed his mark, and was unable to repeat it before they were clear away. Douglas Graham's horse had stumbled in the soft bed of the nullah, and that stumble saved his rider's life. Thrown forward by the sudden stumble of his horse at the very moment the tiger made his spring, the beast's paw, like a round shot, whizzed past his head. They arrived too late to commence operations that day, but next morning they set to work to beat up the quarters of this savage beast.

"Outram, always careful for the safety of others, however reckless of his own, insisted that his naique, Kundoo, and

the few Bheels he had with him, should mount the spare elephant. Man-eaters are generally cowardly when pursued, and so was this one. They hunted the whole day without success. Returning homewards not a little disappointed, they followed the course of a dry nullah, the perpendicular banks of which were just about level with the backs of the two elephants. The Bheels were leading the way, seated on the pad elephant. Suddenly Outram raised his rifle to his shoulder and fired. A groan and a rustling in the grass at the nullah's brink was all they heard. The man-eater was dead. Outram's quick eye had saved the Bheels! He saw the tiger, crouched and ready for the spring; and he told me himself, as he showed me the skin and the bullet that did the work, he just threw up his gun and fired without attempting to take aim. The two-ounce ball had pierced the brain, and this pest of the place was as harmless as the grass he lay upon.

"In some parts of India, when a man is killed by a tiger, it is the custom to mark the spot by setting up a stone carved with the rude resemblance of a man lying prostrate, and the equally rude figure of a tiger standing over him. I remember a dark nullah near the fort of Asseergurh, through which I had frequently to ride, in which, within a few yards of each other, I counted eight of these simple but significant mementoes of jungle life. If this custom prevailed where the said man-eater had his favourite haunts, he must have left a perfect graveyard of these sad memorials of his success."



The survey and assessment of the Nassik sub-Collectorate

being finished, I shifted my headquarters to Ahmednuggur, and shared a house with the assistant judge, who was no other than my old friend Bazett, the "shivil gentleman" of Kaladgee. This was a very pleasant arrangement, and, as my friend had just returned from a visit home, during which he had made the acquaintance of my family, we had much to talk about, and a desire I had for some time cherished, of taking my furlough, was very much strengthened. I had had nearly twenty years of service, with scarcely any leave, had never visited any cool sanatorium, and did not wish to stay "the year too long" which had been fatal to so many whom I knew; so, having entertained the project, it took a strong hold of me. I was asked to suggest my successor, and it was arranged that a brother-in-law of Sir James Outram was to take my place.

I was much pleased with what I saw of the work of the American Mission at Ahmednuggur, and sometimes attended the Marathee service. The converts are chiefly from among the lower castes, and they have little flocks and chapels in many villages. The missionaries are admirable men, and their wives give much help in the work. They confine themselves to labours among the natives, but are glad to see the European residents at their weekly Bible readings. When engaged in the neighbourhood of Ahmednuggur, a young civilian in whom I had a special interest was induced to visit my camp, in the hope of doing some execution among the antelope with a rifle to which I had applied my telescopic sight. He amused himself with fair success during several days, and when the Sunday came round, I felt very anxious to have a little talk with him about higher things. I knew he had a pious mother, who had grounded him well in Bible knowledge; but if he had serious impressions, they had passed away. He joined me in worship, and read the sermon, which was a striking one by Chalmers, on the necessity of meetness

for heaven being wrought in the believer. In the evening, as we sat at the tent door and looked at the magnificent display of constellations that the heavens present to the eye in the clear atmosphere of that region, I spoke of Chalmers's astronomical sermons, in which he expatiates on the wonderful love of God in making this world, which is such an atom in the universe, the scene of redeeming love, the stage on which a drama is being enacted which must fill the unfallen intelligences at once with the awful sense of the malignant nature of sin, and with wonder at the amazing love and mercy displayed to sinners at the Cross of Christ. Our conversation then turned towards personal religion, and he confessed to me that at one time he had been in much concern about his soul, and had made great efforts to lead a new life; that he read the Psalms and Collects for the day; and, in short, had tried hard "to be good," but found he could not hold on, and had given it up as hopeless. I said, "My dear fellow, I am not surprised at your failure. You were putting the cart before the horse; you were trying to purchase God's forgiveness and favour by your good works. You were putting your works in the wrong place: you were putting them before pardon and acceptance, instead of after pardon and acceptance, and as the fruits of them. You were not looking to the blood and righteousness of Christ as the ground of your forgiveness and acceptance; to His death as your death, and His righteousness as your righteousness; and no wonder you have failed." I then told him I had myself thought that was the way, but by the mercy of God had discovered my error, and I showed him the essay on salvation by grace, by Dr. Chalmers, which had given me my first clear view of the gospel. It was now late, so I asked him to take it with him, and read it before he went to bed. He took it, and asked me to pray that it might be blessed to him. I had not been long in my own sleeping tent, when I heard

a footstep, and this was my friend, with the tract in his hand, the tears running down his cheeks, as with deep emotion he told me that while reading the essay the truth had flashed across his mind; and that he could not rest till he came to see whether he had taken it up aright. I asked him to tell me what was the view of truth he had got, and he gave me a clear and simple statement of the way of salvation through Christ. So we knelt down together and gave glory to God, and asked that he might be further enlightened by the blessed Spirit, and that he might have grace to hold on fast unto the end. In the morning, when I went to his tent, I found he had not been in bed, but sat pondering over the truth, and fearing lest it should slip from his mind. He got further blessing from reading Malan's *True Cross*, but most of all from the Bible itself, with which his memory was well stored. When last I saw him many years ago, he was in this country, and was doing good work for his Master.

During the progress of the survey operations I had to visit Poona several times for consultation with the other superintendents, and also to see the Governor regarding the appointment of assistants. Sir George Arthur, who was kind enough to invite me to stay at Dapooree, at that time the residence of the Governor, told me he would leave the selection of my assistants entirely in my own hands; but desired that I would make no nomination till he had given his consent. I felt this was very generous, as such appointments were eagerly sought for, and were a fertile field for the exercise of patronage. I spent some very pleasant days with him and his family. My friend Stather, who had been so useful to me at the outset of my changed life, was then at Poona with his wife and child, and it was a great pleasure to meet him as a married man. His sister, the wife of a Mr. Valentine, of the Church of England Mission, was then staying with them, and one evening,

when I took a drive with her, she was telling me that she had succeeded in teaching her youngest boy to say "papa;" and that she anticipated great satisfaction at the surprise it would give her husband when they returned to Bombay. After a few days, when I came in from Dapooree, I found a sad change in dear Stather's household. On the preceding Sunday Mr. Valentine had preached for Mr. Candy; and, as two members of the Church of England Mission had lately lost their wives, both his discourses were on the subject of death. The text in the morning was 1 Peter i. 24, 25: "For all flesh is grass," etc.; that in the evening was 1 Cor. xiii. 12: "For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face." A few hours afterwards he was cut down as the grass, and beheld face to face the glory which was already dawning on his soul. The last hymn he gave was—

> "There is a land of pure delight,
> Where saints immortal reign;"

and as it was being sung, Mrs. Candy observed that his face appeared like that of a dying saint. On the Monday morning he breakfasted in perfect health with a brother missionary and his wife; conducted their family worship, choosing the last chapter of Ecclesiastes for reading and exposition, in which the decay and dissolution of the human frame is so beautifully illustrated. After breakfast he went to his own house, and was engaged in prayer with one of the first two Nassik Brahmin converts, when he felt the symptoms of cholera, and he told the young man he would die, and never behold his wife and children more in this life; but, he added, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord!" Shortly after, Dr. Leith was sent for, and during the interval he set his house in order, put his loose money in a safe place, and then spent some time in exhorting the convert to be stedfast unto the end. He seemed

to know at once that his Master was calling him, and his mind was absorbed with the contemplation of the glory that was soon to be fully revealed to him. It was suggested that the archdeacon should be sent for, but he said, "No, I need him not, for the great High Priest is with me!" He suffered great agony, and said the struggle between the soul and the body was greater by far than he had ever supposed it to be; and when the text was suggested, "But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" he exclaimed, with much earnestness, "Yes, He giveth us the victory, the victory, the victory!" About sunrise next morning the sanctified spirit was in paradise. He had often said that, when God was pleased to call him away, he wished to die at a distance from his family. I saw his poor wife on the Friday; she was wonderfully upheld. It was sweet to see her dear brother and his wife ministering to her comfort. I felt how good it was to visit the house of mourning, to share their sorrows, and mingle my tears with theirs.

At the travellers' bungalow, one day, my friend Bazett found a sick young officer of the Madras service, who was on his way to the coast to embark for the Cape of Good Hope (then a sanatorium for the Indian service), where his friends were, and brought him to our house. I found he was a decided Christian. I was speaking of my own experience with my regiment, and telling him how considerate my brother officers had been of my feelings in avoiding swearing and bad language at the mess. He said his experience had been quite different; that swearing was so common, he had given up dining at the mess, although he had to pay his share. When the commanding officer of the division came to inspect the corps, he was told that he must appear at mess, or otherwise his absence would be noticed, and his commanding officer would get into trouble. He said he would attend then and always, but only on

condition that, in accordance with the articles of war, swearing was forbidden. His commanding officer would not consent to issue an order to that effect; but the lad stood his ground. At last the order was given, and when he went to mess he was cut dead by every one of his brother officers, and was regularly put into Coventry. Soon after this he was taken dangerously ill, and the doctor thought he was dying; even then not a single officer came to see him, nor, when he was sent off to the coast to give him his last chance of life, did they come to bid him good-bye. I trust this was an exceptional case, but no doubt in those times hatred to vital religion was great, and a young officer who was a consistent Christian had a hard battle to fight.

At one of the levees during Sir George Clark's government, knowing that Mr. Townsend, our new Revenue Commissioner, was in the room, and having had his appearance described to me, I sought him among the crowd. At last, being sure I had found my man, for he wore a beard,—an uncommon thing at that time,—I went up to him, and shook hands. He looked at me with a bewildered look, and at last said, "Can you be Davidson?" We had corresponded with considerable regularity for nine years, and this was our first meeting. That correspondence had been opened by him with these words:—"My dear Davidson,—As the sons of one parent, though they have never met, are still *brothers*, *so are we*. Though little differences of time and place have prevented our meeting, ever since dear Stather in 1835 made us mutually acquainted, I have wished we might meet; that wish seemed about to be accomplished as regarded yourself and dear Cracroft" (one of the Kaladgee converts) "when we were ordered to Kaladgee, but you gave us the slip, and our coming seemed the signal for your departure. Since then, dear brother, goodness and mercy have followed us in various shapes; some of whom

we hoped great things have, like Demas, loved this present world, and, having put their hands to the plough, have looked back. Amid this backsliding have we been preserved? If so, to whom appertains the glory, but to Him through whom we stand! Let us not be high-minded, but fear. Let us not sleep nor be indifferent. The prize is great; the race short; the few short years or months of our lives are declining with the shadow, but 2 Cor. v. 1 ('Though our earthly house,' etc.). Praise to Him through whom the chief of sinners have hope! Two or at most three officers in Belgaum desire to follow their Lord; the rest seem opposed; but who can tell when Saul shall be among the prophets? The Lord seeth not as man seeth, and some who appear to us last may in the great day be first." He and his dear wife lived to come home and spend their last days on his property in Ireland, and I had a letter from him not long before his death. In India they were much loved and respected, and they exercised a marked influence on the Church of Christ by their consistent walk. He was a wonderful economist of time; not a scrap seemed lost. A few minutes between breakfast and family worship was given to his private correspondence, which was extensive. The letters he received, unless requiring immediate attention, were placed at the bottom of his bundle, and were regularly answered when they reached the top. The children that are spared tread in the footsteps of their parents.

On one occasion, when I visited Bombay, in the absence of the gentleman who usually taught it, I took for several Sundays the class of natives at the Sabbath school. I was much interested in some of the Parsees. None in the class were converts. Two years afterwards, on returning to Bombay, two members of the class came to me and reminded me that they had been my scholars. These were Hormajee and Dhanjaboy, the first two Parsee converts. They said they were struck with the sight of an officer in uniform

teaching a Bible class, and felt there must be a reality in the gospel of Christ. In after years, at the Free Church at Poona, I had the privilege of receiving the communion from the hands of Dhanjaboy, then an ordained missionary, and latterly pastor of a native church.

Mr. Anderson having arrived to take my place as superintendent, I secured a passage in the *Ajdaha*, which was to sail for Suez on the 1st of April 1848, and Seeta-ram having packed my turning-lathe and heavy traps, they were deposited in the go-down of a shopkeeper in the town, and, with home in my thoughts by day and in my dreams by night, I hastened to Bombay. Dr. Wilson, who had recently returned from Europe, gave me no less than sixteen letters of introduction to friends on the route and at home. The *Ajdaha*, a Company's steamer, was commanded by Lieutenant Gordon of the Indian Navy, who was one of a batch of officers in that service who had been recently brought under serious impressions under circumstances which, as related to me by one of those concerned, were very remarkable. Dr. Wilson, in conversation with Colonel William Jacob of the Artillery and Mr. George Candy (a retired officer who had entered the Church), expressed his concern that he did not know a single religious officer in the Indian Navy; and they agreed, on a certain day of each week at a certain hour in the morning, wherever they might be, to pray to God that He would pour out His Spirit on the officers of that service. I don't know how long it may have been after this concert of prayer was begun, but there was a vessel engaged in surveying the coast of the Red Sea, and laying down the coral reefs which render the navigation of that sea so dangerous. There were many young officers in that ship, and one evening, as they were seated round the mess-table, one, who had got hold of a Roman Catholic manual, opened it, and said jokingly, "Now I am going to put you through your questions, and you must all answer."

The first question was, "Do you pray?" and to their surprise all answered in the affirmative. This led to conversation on religious subjects, and it soon appeared that they had all of late been more or less anxious about their souls. In short, there had been a silent movement in their hearts, and they were "inquiring the way to Zion with their faces thitherward." There was one officer at this time detached from the ship, engaged in the survey of an island, and he too, while in this isolated position, received a blessing, and was brought to give himself entirely to the Lord. As the time approached for him to return to the ship, he was much concerned at the thought that there would be none to share his sentiments on the subject that now filled his heart; and he wondered how he would break the matter to his chum who shared his cabin, and was dear to him. Imagine, then, his delight when he found his chum was a brother in the Lord, and fellow-heir with him of the same blessed hope! All young inquirers, something like the officers at Kaladgee, without any one of experience to guide them, they groped their way; and, taught by the blessed Spirit, were led in all essential matters to embrace the truth as it is in Jesus. After a lapse of time, when they arrived in Bombay, they were anxious to compare notes with established believers, and glad were they to find that the same Holy Spirit which taught Paul in Arabia had been leading them in the way of life. I heard it said that, with nothing but their Bibles to refer to, they took hold of the pre-millennial advent of our Lord as naturally as salvation by grace. I give this narrative from memory, but I believe it is correct as far as I heard it. Of the future of most of these young inquirers I cannot speak, but with three of them I came in contact afterwards, and found them stedfast in the faith.

Nothing worth recording occurred till we anchored at Aden. Among those who came on board there was a lieutenant of the Indian Navy whose face I recognised. I

had met him ten years before at a prayer-meeting at Colonel William Jacob's, near the powder manufactory of which he had charge; and we walked together four miles into Bombay. There was a full moon to light us on the way, and we related to each other our experience of God's goodness, and parted with a warm interest in each other's welfare. In the interim a brother of mine was sick almost unto death at Mahabheshwar, when this same Lieutenant Campbell (the officer detached on the island) attended him most tenderly, brought him to the coast, and put him into a boat for Bombay, where I received him, and sent him home. I was glad to meet him again; and, after he had greeted the many acquaintances he had in the *Ajdaha*, he returned to me and insisted on my spending the night, while the vessel was coaling, in the brig of war he commanded. So I got into his gig, and a few strokes of the oars brought us alongside the *Euphrates*. His snug little cabin was a perfect picture of the *multum in parvo* and economy of space. His hammock was defended by mosquito curtains; a small library was arranged round the stern-post, and just within reach; charts in rolls between the rafters; a clock with a lively beat; a short double gun, and beside it trophies of his sport among the African elephants and other large game; while a lamp of ingenious construction, hung on gimbals, lighted up the snug little domicile. We sat up till the small hours of morning, recounting God's dealings with us and others during the additional ten years of our pilgrimage; and after reading and prayer, he climbed into his hammock, and I stretched myself on an extemporized couch, and slept till a gun fired within a few feet of my head made me jump. My sailor friend, accustomed to this noisy neighbour, slept on in his undisturbed dream. The next time we hailed each other as ships bound for the same port, was twenty years after in my house in Edinburgh; our next meeting will be in the desired haven.

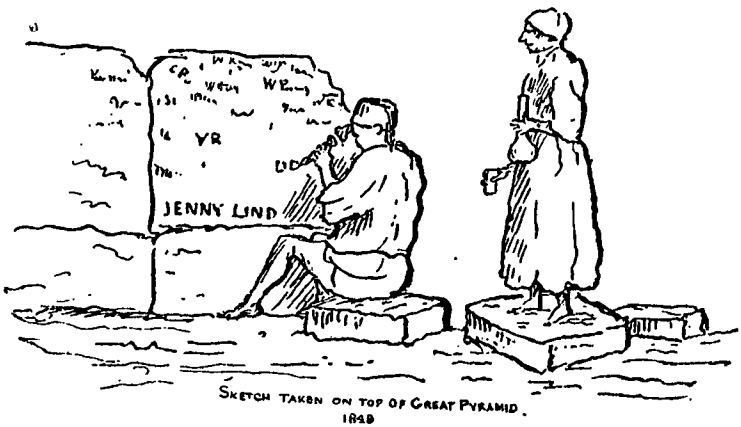
CHAPTER X.

FORTY years ago the transit from Suez to Cairo was not so speedy or so comfortable as it is now. Still some progress had been made. Cars drawn by horses had been substituted for the inevitable donkey. A few years before, when Dr. Smytton landed at Suez, in company with Dr. Wilson, his first exclamation consisted of three words, comprising three different languages: "Beaucoup donkey hy!" the last standing for "are" in the land he had just left. There was little to interest in the desert, beyond the wonderful mirage. The meals we got at the halting-places were far from tempting. The roasted, or rather baked fowls had much of the mummy look, and what went for beer was the most execrable mixture that ever bore that respectable name. The only tree we saw was an acacia, the babool of India, and it was covered with rags of various colours instead of leaves, the votive offerings of the passing Arabs who had enjoyed its shade. Arriving at Cairo, most of our party took up their quarters at Shepherd's Hotel. We found our host at the door, with a long formidable whip in his hand, driving off the over-demonstrative donkey-boys, who were engaged in spirited rivalry, as they commended their "Jockeys, Jennys and Tom Thumbs" to a bewildered old gentleman who seemed bent on sight-seeing. Cairo realized to me, more than India had done, the conception of Eastern things and ways, imprinted on my mind by my juvenile study of the *Arabian Nights*. At an evening visit some of us paid to the British Consul, the Honourable Mr. Murray, while we were

being entertained with coffee and pipes, a story-teller was introduced to amuse us with an improvised tale in Arabic, the matter of which, being left entirely to the imagination of most of the guests, must have been of varied interest. I doubt not it had much of the character of those wonderful stories with which the fair Scheherazade fascinated the Sultan Schahriar during the thousand and one nights for which she averted her threatened doom. We, however, had to take it entirely on trust, and were not greatly disappointed when the excited story-teller got the signal to stop, just as he had arrived at what, judging from his gestures, must have been the most interesting crisis of his tale. Talking with the Consul about the insect plagues of Egypt, he said, "As for fleas, we think nothing of them. I suppose there are several millions of them in the Turkish carpet under our feet." I could observe the reply to this remark took the form of a little half-suppressed fidgeting among the guests.

Of course, the first thing thought of was a visit to the Pyramids. This had to be accomplished on donkeys, by a rough tract along the edges of the irrigated fields. After trying one highly commended by his juvenile attendant, I found that, in order to dismount, I had only to stand on my toes and allow the creature to pass from under me. This mite of an animal not only carried me comfortably to the Pyramids and back, but at the same time drew the boy along half suspended to its tail; and it seemed almost to enjoy, as it certainly expected, the occasional whack which gave fresh impulse to its movements. The Pyramids look provokingly near when they are a good way off. The ascent was less difficult than I expected, long legs being at a premium when climbing over the huge blocks. I was the only one of the party, however, who reached the top unassisted by the Arabs who haul visitors to the summit. The space at the apex is more roomy than one expects, as will be seen from the sketch. Some names were added, by those who desired

to immortalize themselves and their visit, to the long list the limestone blocks already bore. The sweet though mud-tinged Nile water in the Arab lassie's bottle was soon turned into copper coins, while the usual feat of leaping from stone to stone down the Great Pyramid, and climbing to the top of the Belzoni, in a very few minutes, was duly performed by an active Arab, in whom, as in all the other bare-legged attendants at the place, the muscles of the thighs are very strikingly developed. The exploration of the interior was next accomplished. I found an Indian sun-hat I wore very



SKETCH TAKEN ON TOP OF GREAT PYRAMID
1849

useful in the steep descent of the first passage. When my pace was too rapid, I had merely to straighten myself a little, and let my head, protected by the hat, touch the roof and act as a drag. The possession of this hat led to my being summoned to give evidence before the Court of Common Pleas at Westminster, in a case of Christie *versus* Elwood; the latter claiming to be the sole inventor of such a ventilating hat. My hat had been the invention of Major Gaisford of the Artillery, who had it made for me of date leaves. At the trial, it was wonderful the variety displayed of the application of the principle of a hat within a hat, and the air circulating

between, in different parts of the world, and even in the case of helmets worn centuries ago; yet, in the face of all this, the jury gave their verdict in favour of Elwood! This visit to the great Pyramid enabled me to read in after years, with much interest, my friend Professor Piazzi Smyth's description of his researches into the object of, and his elaborate and exhaustive measurements of, this mysterious structure. Leg-aches next day satisfied me that the unaided ascent had cost more muscular exertion than I had thought at the time.

Prince Azib, the third Calender, was much surprised, as he sat by the castle of red copper, to see ten men come out, all blind of an eye; and so was I to see the number of people in Cairo in the same condition. I had the curiosity one day to count the number of such I met in a short walk through the city. I do not now recollect the number, but it was great; and I must say I felt nervous sitting in a Nile boat, in close proximity to a severe case of ophthalmia, with a host of flies buzzing about, and ready to carry the infection. In visiting the palace of Mahomed Ali, I was struck with the amount of liberty allowed to his retainers in intruding visitors into the private apartments, for we nearly surprised the old gentleman in his bath. He had just gone out as we went in, and the steam was still circling round the dome. I daresay for an extra douceur any one of us might have had the distinguished privilege of popping in after him. The habit of awaking at daylight was so confirmed with me after twenty years of it, that it continued in force long after I got into the European latitudes, and, as I could not sleep, I used to get up and move about. Following this practice in the hotel at Cairo, I had a narrow escape of losing my money. Before leaving Bombay, I furnished myself with a sufficiency of sovereigns to take me home. These Seetaram ingeniously sewed into a belt, so that when I wanted a sovereign, I had just to cut it out. This belt I wore, except

at night, when I put it under my pillow. One morning at Cairo, when other folk were in the arms of Morpheus, I was walking about the streets, and my forgotten belt lying at rest below the pillow. Returning about breakfast-time, I suddenly discovered my belt was not about my waist. Rushing up to my sleeping-place, which was quite open, to my relief I found the lazy domestics had not remade my bed, and there was my treasure safe and undisturbed. I recommend any one carrying money in this fashion to do what I did afterwards, namely, to lay beside the belt some essential article of dress.

The sights of Cairo are about as familiar now to folks at home as the sights of London, so I forbear entering on that theme. Happening to be there at Easter, I went on Easter Eve to one of the principal Coptic Churches, expecting something like a decent observance of the festival, and, having got admission behind the scenes, for the mummery was enacted on a stage, I was disgusted with the undisguised frivolity of the different actors, as they returned from performing the most sacred parts. In my intercourse with the missionaries of the Church of England, to whom I had a letter of introduction from Dr. Wilson, I could not help thinking their efforts were too much directed towards the reform of the Coptic Church, which they regarded as a Church of Christ, and too little towards the conversion of those outside. In my walks I saw a procession in which a new-born babe was being presented at a shrine; and I entered a church during the ceremonies connected with the burial of the dead. These reminded me much of the idolatries of India.

One of the mysteries connected with Egypt was the almost universal demolition of tall hats in their transit on camels across the desert. Even the most solid of "solid leather" hat-boxes had failed to protect them. It was sad to see the owners contemplating the utter ruin of their cherished head-

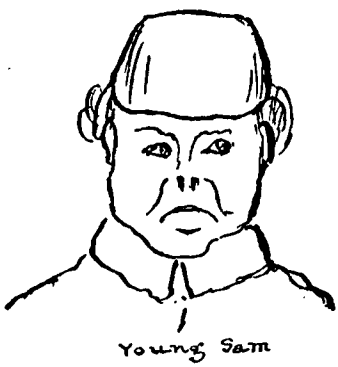
pieces, in which they had hoped to make at least a respectable appearance when they reached the confines of civilized society. They were simply squashed into all imaginable shapes! It was a puzzle how this had been so uniformly accomplished. That puzzle was solved in my presence, as I was looking on at the loading of a camel conveying passengers' luggage to Suez. The larger packages having been placed in position ready for roping, the hat-boxes were stuffed into the crevices between them; so that when the ropes were tightened, and the camels began to move, there was nothing left them but to succumb to the pressure, and assume the pancake form in which their owners received them at the end of the journey. The savage way in which railway porters at home knock about luggage, especially when labelled "With care," was emulated by the Arabs. My own carpet-bag, having failed to clear in its flying leap the bulwark of the canal boat, bore for many a day a coating of Nile mud; and, worse than that, when the leather valise of a fellow-passenger was pitched upon the hard deck, there was the noise of an explosion, followed by streams of smoke, which in these days of dynamite would have suggested the presence of an infernal machine; but which proved to be merely the ignition of a box of matches, damaging enough, however, to the other contents of the bag.

Before leaving Cairo for Alexandria, I went with Mr. Shepherd to see an extraordinary vehicle intended to traverse the desert. It was a steam locomotive very much resembling a modern tricycle; only the principal wheel, which was driven by a small steam-engine, was about ten feet in diameter. It was hoped by the projector that the great size of this wheel would overcome the difficulties of the soft and sandy path. I need hardly say it failed to fulfil the expectations of the inventor. I can recall no incident worth recording during our voyage down the Nile to Aftch, where we entered the canal, and pursued our slow course to Alexandria. An event had happened during the previous voyage of this boat, which showed that the Egyptian Government, in whose hands the transit then was, were as careless about the lives of their passengers as they were about the safety of their luggage. A young Englishman was leaning against the light railing which formed the bulwark of the boat, when it suddenly gave way, and he was pitched into the water. The proverbially adhesive mud at the bottom prevented his rising to the surface, and he was drowned. On hearing of this sad accident, I examined the railing, and saw at once how it happened, and how readily a similar accident might happen to any of us then in the boat. On two sides of the boat a considerable portion of the railing was hinged, and lifted up to admit passengers and luggage, and instead of the lifting end being firmly secured when let down, it was quite loose, so that any one leaning on it was as sure to break the hinge, and tumble into the water, as a rat is sure to be trapped when it touches the bait. At a part of the canal where it commands a view of a plain lying below it, we were entertained with the sight of a veritable boar-hunt. An Arab, well-mounted and armed with the usual long lance, was in full pursuit of a hog; and the business-like manner in which he stuck to his pig, in all its twistings and turnings, showed that he too was "a perfect master of his work."

Again and again we thought he had got his pig, but as often it evaded his thrust; when a wretched turn of the canal interrupted our view, and prevented our seeing the termination of this interesting chase.

Arrived at Alexandria, and having seen the usual sights, including Pompey's Pillar, Cleopatra's Needles, one erect, the other prostrate, but now again erect, higher than ever, on the Thames Embankment, after its perilous voyage, our reduced party embarked on one of the Austrian Lloyd Company's vessels for Trieste. Alexandria has had a remarkable history since then. Bombarded by a friendly power, because taken possession of by an enemy,—as if one were to knock down a friend's house to get at the burglars in temporary possession,—Alexandria has had a strange experience since 1848! A few of the passengers from Bombay still held together, and added to them were two or three picked up at Cairo and Alexandria. Amongst the latter was a Dutch clergyman, who had been visiting the foreign missions of his Church; an upright man (as will be seen from his portrait), earnest and capable; much encouraged by the good work his Church was doing at Java, and hastening home to tell his tale. There was also a singular youth of remarkable countenance, and still more remarkable mind for one so young. He was travelling with a tutor; but the tutor could not hold a candle to him in respect of learning. I attempted to converse with him, but he seemed at once to take my measure, and said he did not care to talk

about common things. So I drew his likeness. A sort of Dr. Samuel Johnson in embryo. I have often wondered what he grew into; or whether he was too clever to live! We had also on board a jewel-merchant, who had been in India collecting precious stones, which he slept with in a box under his pillow. He was anxious we should purchase, as a present to our captain, a very beautiful piece of mechanism in the form of a highly ornamented pistol. When the trigger was pulled, a little bird leaped out at the muzzle, and while its jewelled wings fluttered, and its little throat vibrated, it sang the sweetest song; and, folding its wings, it disappeared through a trap-door exactly its shape and size, and left us full of admiring wonder. Some fourteen years afterwards, at the Exhibition of 1862, a similar bird was shown; but its habitat was a box, and it was one of the greatest attractions in the jewellery department. If I remember rightly, a very high price was put upon it, much more than what our jewel-merchant asked for his, though it was not equal to it. The fellow-passenger to whom I was most attracted was a Mr. Longdon, also from India, the quondam editor of a Bengal paper; a handsome fellow, with, alas! a wooden leg. One dark night a trap-door on board a steamer was left temporarily open in charge of an ayah; she left her charge, and my friend fell down and broke his leg. In spite of this defect, he was the most determined sight-seer on board, and we became fellow-travellers through the Continent. There was one of the party whose end was sadly tragical, a fine gentlemanly Cambridge student, heir, I believe, to a rich relative, who had furnished him with the



means of moving about and seeing the world; liked by all, and a special friend of a son of the late Dr. Begbie, who had travelled with us from Bombay. Some time after Begbie got home, he was walking in a street in London, when he was attracted to a crowd gathered round a young man to all appearance dead. It was his Cambridge friend. Dressed for dinner, and possibly late, he had rushed rapidly down the stair of his hotel, and, tripping at a turning, he went right through a large open window, and down several stories on the pavement, where he was picked up lifeless.

Our accommodation on board the Trieste boat was somewhat scanty. The seats of the dining-saloon turned over, and formed narrow sleeping cribs, on which we lay heads and tails, with the dining-table handily near to hold anything we needed. We were all in the best of humours, travelling homewards, and were not particular as to trifling comforts. We had a rough passage to Syra, where we were detained two days waiting for the Constantinople boat. The sail thence was beautiful; and, passing "The isles of Greece, where burning Sappho loved and sang," we anchored at Corfu, in the landlocked channel, which looked like an inland sea. Here we had abundance of wild strawberries, though it was but the beginning of May; and following the successive crops of that delicious fruit, I had them in Scotland till well on in August. On the sixth of May we reached Trieste, and the first face I saw on landing was that of my old friend, Major Thornton of the 19th Regiment N.I., brigaded with mine at Malligaum. How small the world is! He had married a handsome woman, who went at Trieste by the sobriquet of "La Belle Anglaise;" and, having retired from the service, he was agent of the Austrian Lloyd Company just established. On Sunday, at the English chapel, in the middle of the sermon, in stalked Mr. Van Rhijn on tiptoe. He had heard such an unsound discourse in the Lutheran

church that he thought it his duty to walk out, and had taken refuge with us. His indignation was great.

The revolutionary movement interrupted all my arrangements as to my route through Europe, and the letters of introduction, so liberally supplied by Dr. Wilson, were rendered useless. The first specimen I saw of the National Guard was rather an odd one. He was on sentry over a public building at Trieste, was dressed in his ordinary suit of working clothes, with the addition of a military cap, wore spectacles, and strutted about with his chin well up and his back well in, a picture of martial importance. On Monday morning a number of us got into a diligence *en route* to Vienna, joining the railway at Grätz. As I walked up the steep ascent immediately above Trieste, and breathed for the first time for twenty years the bracing air of Europe, my spirits were exhilarated to an indescribable extent. I felt inclined to lie down and roll among the bluebells, the cowslips and daisies, and think myself a boy again; and, as we passed a village, the sight of the cherry and apple trees in full blossom filled me with delight. The scenery through which we passed was beautiful, set off as it was by the happy faces and picturesque costume of the Styrian peasantry.

As we approached Vienna, early in the morning, a thick mist completely hid the capital from view; but above, in the interval between the mist and the upper clouds, there appeared a cross, as if suspended in the heavens; emblematic, let us hope, of the time when the influence of the true Cross shall dissipate the darkness that now envelopes that voluptuous city. Drawing nearer, the great cathedral of St. Stephen's came in sight, and I saw it was the cross which terminates one of the loftiest spires in Europe that had produced this remarkable effect. As I had never seen a railway, the novelty of travelling on one was great; and when we met a train, and passed each other at full speed,

the sensation was something peculiar and new. On one of these occasions I noticed with surprise that a young lady, who was sitting opposite me reading, never winked. The line through the Styrian Alps is full of remarkable twists and turns, each in succession opening up a fresh display of scenic beauty. Sometimes we would plunge into a dark gorge, out of which there was no apparent outlet, when suddenly we swept round a corner by a terraced path cut in the rock, or through a tunnel, and entered a lovely valley, with a pretty village, with its church tower, nestled in its quiet bosom.

Having acquired, as I have said, the Indian habit of awaking at daybreak, I found myself starting up with the idea of having overslept, and was surprised, on seizing my watch, to see it was only three or four o'clock. Finding sleep impossible, I would get up and wander about, gazing at the public buildings and statues, when the rational inhabitants were all in dreamland. I spent hour upon hour during the day in the picture-galleries, till I got a crick in my neck from looking up, and realized what before I had conceived impossible, that sight-seeing, and especially in the matter of pictures, is one of the most fatiguing things on earth. The revolution of 1848 was in full swing, and the excitement, especially among the students, was extreme. Among the sights of Vienna there was nothing that pleased me more than that masterpiece of Canova, "Theseus destroying the Minotaur." Its position in the classic building built for its reception is admirable; the light being so arranged as to fall on the group with the most favourable effect, and give full value to the work of this great artist.

We left Vienna for Prague just in time to escape the blockade, and it so happened that the day we spent at the latter place, the 16th of May, was that of the principal yearly festival in memory of St. John of Nepomuck. The streets were crowded with pilgrims from the surrounding

country, and some of the simple groups, headed by a rustic leader and spokesman, were very interesting. I was struck with the pathetic pleading of one of these at a silver shrine, and could only wish that it had been directed, not to a dead fellow-mortal, but to the living Hearer and Answerer of prayer. Prague is one of the most beautiful cities in Europe. The buttresses of the Carls Bridge are adorned with statues, the principal of which is one of John of Nepomuck, who may be said to have earned the title of patron saint of bridges, from the fact that he was thrown from this one into the Moldau, at the order of King Wenceslaus, because he would not betray the queen's confidence at the confessional.

Embarking on the Elbe, we pursued that beautiful route to Dresden, every turn of the river presenting a new picture of surpassing loveliness. It was like the unfolding of a scenic scroll, each successive portion claiming a fresh tribute of admiration. Dresden, with its tempting galleries, and Green Vaults, rich in the variety and preciousness of its collections, detained us several days. Then on to Leipsic; where my companion, Longdon, had an introduction to the distinguished publisher, Baron Tauchnitz, who received us with great kindness into his modest bachelor abode. The shakedown with which I was accommodated consisted mainly of one of those eider-down quilts, which, on my lying down on it, closed over me, and did duty for blanket and counterpane. It was just too much of a good thing, and half smothered me. Our host was then a young man. In 1872 he was appointed British Consul-General for the kingdom of Saxony; and four years afterwards for the other Saxon Principalities. In 1877, he was called King of Peers of Saxony. He took great pains to show us the sights of Leipsic, took us to the top of the tower of the castle of Pleissenburg, from which we had a commanding view of the city and its surroundings; the scene of that battle which delivered Europe from the dominion of France. We

saw the spot where so many of the gallant Poles, with their illustrious leader, fell; they being shut in by a deep and rapid stream on the one side and the enemy in overwhelming numbers on the other. The monument to the memory of Poniatowski is close to the spot where he fell, while attempting to swim his horse across the stream. Near the monument I observed the first thrush I had seen for twenty years. On the Sunday we accompanied our host to the Lutheran church, but, the service being in an unknown tongue, we were not edified. Still it was pleasant to be among God's worshippers, and as part of the service consisted of a silent prayer, we could join in that, and the effect was solemn.

Our next halt was at Berlin, where we found the revolution in full force. Everything was arranged so as to appease the excited feelings of the citizens, many of whom had only a few days before been shot down in the *émeute*. Not a soldier was to be seen, and every encouragement was given to the formation of the National Guard. We saw it drawn up in two lines along the "Unter den Linden," while King Frederick William IV. and his staff rode down between the ranks; the officers in attendance waving their plumed helmets, to excite the evidently dormant enthusiasm of the people, crowded behind the citizen soldiers. When I went to purchase a pair of boots, the bootmaker appeared in the uniform of an artilleryman, fresh from drill. Here, as at Prague, the students seemed leaders of the movement. As usual, we exhausted the picture-galleries and ourselves; and then went for a change to the place of public amusement, which was encouraged from time to time by the presence of royalty. I was attracted among other things to the shooting-range, which was of considerable extent, and where bull's-eyes were rewarded with prizes. I made a trial of my skill, but my shot hit low and to the right. Next time, correcting my elevation, the shot was still to the right. In my third

shot I aimed so much to the left, hit the bull, and won a purse. I saw the sights had been purposely set wrong to favour the owner of the range; and, had I cared to continue my practice, I rather think I should have made havoc among the prizes. We visited the studio of Rauch, and saw in the clay his celebrated statue of Frederick the Great; also his design for the pedestal. The latter was a monument of itself, being adorned with statues of Frederick's famous generals, those at the corners being mounted. But I could not help fancying the elaborate character of the pedestal would detract somewhat from the power of the principal group, which was exquisite; the extended tail of the horse giving the impression of motion. Among the statuary in the Crystal Palace in 1851 there was a copy of this work, but with a simple pedestal, and it seemed to me a great improvement. In the park of Charlottenburg is an appropriate mausoleum, where again the single and restricted light was carefully arranged, and fell with fine effect on the well-known reclining statue of the beautiful Queen Louisa, also by Rauch; which I thought a very successful embodiment of "the rapture of repose."

Passing through Hanover, and embarking at Ostend, we crossed the Channel in the night, and entered the Thames early in the morning. When I awoke at daylight, the sight that greeted me was characteristic of my country, and something wonderful. It was the fleet of merchant and trading vessels which is disgorged daily from the Thames, and impresses one with the vast commerce of England. Twenty years seemed in some respects to have brought little change to the great city. I found the same shops where I had bought things as a boy, with the same names on the signs; for London tradesmen do not chop about like those of Edinburgh, but stick to the same locality through successive generations. It was twenty years since I had marched up Regent Street, and turned into Oxford Street, with the little

gun under my arm, to get some repairs made at a gun-shop, from the door of which two immense matchlocks protruded. They were gone, but in the same place, or near it, I found Purday's well-known 314½. Before entering it, I went farther on, and walked down Bond Street to Lancaster's. Addressing Mr. Lancaster, and intent on a low trajectory, I asked him to show me one of his fastest rifles. On his taking one from the rack (evidently the old ounce bore and small charge) and handing it to me, I said, "Mr. Lancaster, suppose I take this 100 yard sight and aim with perfect accuracy at an object 200 yards off, where will the ball hit?" "Fifteen inches below, sir." Turning up the 200 yard sight, I looked him in the face, but said nothing. I saw it was high enough to admit of a drop of three feet instead of fifteen inches. Taking from my pocket-book a diagram of the field of my rifle telescope, I showed him marked off on the upright line the point at which the ball would hit with point-blank aim, at each ten yards, from 100 to 250 yards; and, applying little figures of antelope, of the sizes they appeared at the respective distances, I called his attention to the fact that, laying the figure on the 250 mark, a mistake of ten yards in the distance involved a miss; the 240 mark being over his back, and the 260 one under his belly. Again, that at 200 yards a mistake of fifteen or twenty yards caused a miss. "Now," I said, "we must have something better than this, for it is impossible, even with the help of the telescope lines as a range finder, to estimate the distance so nearly as to insure a fatal shot." After some interesting talk with that clever maker, I passed back to Oxford Street, to the shop from which I had got most of my rifles, and met, for the first time, that fine substantial type of an English gunmaker, Mr. Purday, senior; whom Mr. Lancaster admitted to be the best workman of his class in England, "though," he added, "a little old-fashioned." Without revealing myself as the Indian customer between

whom and himself so many letters had passed, I asked him to show me one of his fastest rifles, and, taking it in my hands, I said, as to Mr. Lancaster, "If I shoot with perfect accuracy at 200 yards with the 100 yard sight, where will the ball hit?" "I can't tell, sir, for I never tried it; but if you put up them sights for the distances marked on them, it will be your fault, and not the rifle's, if you don't hit a bee." I found him very obstinate as to the difficulty of lowering the trajectory or curve of flight; he declared in one letter I had from him that I demanded an impossibility; that the more powder you used, the greater the drop; that I might as well ask him to produce perpetual motion. Years afterwards, however, he came so far round that he wrote me he had been asked to make a pattern rifle for the army; "and what do you think?" he added; "I have made it with your half-ounce bore!" A few days after my first interview with Mr. Purday, he took me to his shooting-range, to which he journeyed almost daily in a sort of omnibus, with his assistants, guns, and ammunition. He shot and regulated all his rifles himself, and evidently had great enjoyment in the thing; indeed, he told me he did not think he could live without a whiff of the rifle smoke. A tall, ponderous man, he was like a solid rock behind the rifle, and his sight, though getting a little long, seemed perfect. After he had made some shots with one of his doubles, and had noted the correction it required, he handed it to me. Unaccustomed to his rest, I made a bad beginning, which drew forth some grumbling remarks that "that was not the shooting of the rifle." Soon, however, I got my hand in, and the old man was pleased, as shot went on the top of shot. When he had finished his work, and we were returning home, he said, "Well, Horatio Ross, you, and I are just about a match;" and, although I could hardly accept the statement as correct, I confess I was greatly pleased.

On a subsequent occasion, finding him in his shop smartly

got up in his green shooting-coat, etc., I asked him where he had been. He said he had just been to the palace, and this led to his telling me the occasion of his visit. About a month before, a member of the Queen's household had called, and given him an order to build a double rifle to be presented by Her Majesty to the Prince Consort on his birthday. Mr. Purday declared he could not undertake the order on such short notice. "But Her Majesty commands it." "I cannot help that. Why, sir, it would take me all that time to shoot and regulate the rifle!" At last the affair was compromised; he was to have the rifle ready for presentation on the 26th of August, and was to get it back to shoot. So he had just come from the presentation. As His Highness was handling the rifle, and expressing his admiration of its beautiful finish, the Queen was examining the case and its contents. Taking up the powder-flask, she asked, "Is this silver, Mr. Purday?" "*German* silver, please your Majesty," with an emphasis on the first word, and a sly glance at the Prince. Prince Albert had asked him to come again and try some of the rifles he possessed, which he consented to do, though he said he did not "much like playing on other men's fiddles." He took me to see his house and garden; in the latter there was an iron stag, designed by Landseer, intended for practising at. His vinery was on the principle adopted by the Marquis of Tweeddale, of heating the ground containing the roots of the vines, which was done in a lower house, and seemed very successful. He had a pinery with a fine display of fruit. The house was ingeniously arranged for heating by a system of hot-water pipes, so that when he wished to heat a room, he had only to turn a cock; a plan now much adopted. He allowed me to peep into his coach-house, where there was a handsome brougham; but he told me he never used it, as people would say, "Look at old Purday the gunmaker!"

While on the subject of guns, which will always crop up,

I may as well mention that about two years after my interview with Lancaster, he asked me to go with him to his range and see the shooting of a double oval small-bore, with four drachms charge, which he thought would please me, and meet my views as to a low trajectory. When shooting the rifle at 200 yards with the 100 yards sight, an amusing incident occurred. The smart lad whose office it was to show where the bullets hit, thinking, I suppose, I was a duffer who needed encouragement, kept persistently pointing with a white disc at the end of a stick to some part near the bull's eye (which, by the way, was a disc of white plaster hung gingerly on a pin, so as to be easily knocked off by the spray), whereas I could distinctly see the bullet marks on the lower edge of the target! When we walked up to it we found a very good group, at an average of some sixteen inches below the bull. Here was the "Express rifle," as it was afterwards called. Had my telescope been on the top of such a rifle as this, I should have killed at least five bucks for one at long range in the Deccan. Of late, shooting with the "Express" and telescope in the forest of Glen Tana, I found it just too deadly. The stalker had been accustomed to take his man within easy distances, and I found it difficult to persuade him to give me long shots with less trouble. It was humane, however; for, although I shot many stags, I never had to avail myself of the bloodhound, which was always in the leash, to follow up wounded deer. On several occasions, at distances beyond 200 yards, I found the telescopic sight very effectual. My last shot, the last I will ever fire, was in 1887, at a stag moving, at 210 measured yards, which fell in his tracks. I made a somewhat singular shot on the last day of a previous season, when wending homewards in the dusk. We heard a stag blowing his horn, and the stalker declared he saw something move at the end of a long vista in the wood. As we stopped to observe, he said he was sure it was a stag, although it was too dark to

see his antlers. He happened to be light in colour, and when I brought my telescopic sight to bear on him, I could just trace the lines on his body, and, taking the end which from his movement seemed to be the shoulder, I pulled. We went up to see the result, although Grant smiled at the idea of shooting a stag 120 yards off in the dark. And it appeared as if he was right, for no stag was to be seen. However, I was sure I had not missed, and about twenty yards farther on a fine stag lay dead. Grant declared it must have been shot by some one else, and had died there; however, on handling it he found it quite warm, and shot right through the heart. His head was put up in the porch at Glen Tana, inscribed with the day in October when it was shot,—I think the 11th,—and the hour, ten minutes before six. At that hour it was impossible to take aim with the open sight.

Having revived my acquaintance with old friends in London, and added some new ones to my list, I took the morning train for Scotland, and was swept over the country at an amazing pace; the telegraph posts appearing like the men of a regiment in extended order, with a very moderate interval between the files. A diorama of England was unrolled before me, and I could not but admire the charming villages with their beautiful church towers, rising above the surrounding trees. I was struck with the scantiness of the rural population, and the crowding of the towns. At last we crossed the Tweed at Berwick, and traversed in about an hour the route my father and I had travelled in the gig, Edward, the groom, jogging along on the spare horse behind, through a long summer's day. As the express did not stop at the station for Haddington, I halted at Dunbar, where I found wee Charlie, now grown into a tall, delicate-looking man, with a carriage to convey me home. Entering the North-east Port, I was amazed at the smallness of the town, as a few seconds seemed to suffice to drive through it to the gate of the old familiar house at the other end.

I dare not attempt to describe the meeting with my mother and other members of the family. With the exception of my father and brother Tom, all had been spared, but how changed! Twenty years, I could see, had drawn its lines of care on my dear mother's still handsome face; my elder sister had lost the bloom of youth; my younger one had grown from a child of six into a lovely matron, with two daughters, a blonde and a brunette, whose beauty promised to rival her own. My eldest brother was now in the prime of manhood, married and with a fine family; two younger brothers, little children when I left, had joined me in India; and the youngest of all, the baby of a few days old, was a fine-looking youth of twenty, hoping for a cadetship, which he shortly obtained in the service of the Company. The house was so far changed, that my brother, on his marriage, had made a large addition to one end, which had altered for the worse what was originally an elegant villa; for villas, and even mansion-houses, in those days were so regular and formal in design, that an addition spoiled them. Architects of that period were imitated by boys at the writing-class at school, who, having drawn one half of a house with its wing, would dexterously double the paper before the ink was dry, print the other half, and so complete the edifice. Every corner of the old house was as familiar to me as if I had never left it. I knew every new piece of furniture, every article that had been added to the table equipment. I missed some of the old pictures, but the best of them still hung in their old places, and were examined and criticised with renewed interest. The trees had grown, and had been thinned; but most of the high branches, from which sparrows had fallen to my crossbow, could still be recognised, and the most famous shots recalled. The crossbow itself had been sacredly preserved. Old Sandy the gardener, to use his own expression, was "still to the fore," and tended with religious care the trees he had planted forty years before.

But the stalls of the stable and the kennels were empty now, and even the mane and tail of Dickie, which had been transferred to the hobby-horse, along with that useful animal had disappeared. In short, I had to reconcile myself to many changes that were quite natural in themselves, but which I had not anticipated, and was disposed to resent.

I was not long in taking a walk through the town to see my old friends. Geordie Spiers, if he had not forgotten, had cordially forgiven my ball practice at his garden door. Robert Mouat, a pane of whose window I had broken when a little boy, exclaimed, as he shook hands, "Eh, Maister Davit, but ye're looking auld!" Curly Cunningham, at whose shop were bought the worsted overalls that were carried off on the poet Campbell's little legs, was at his door almost unchanged. Dawson, the watchmaker (brother to the trainer), had moved farther down, but was still at work with the magnifier on his eye, as when he used to touch the regulator of my No. 1 watch at least once a week. Provost Lee's shop had got a new front, and a new tenant, so that he no longer brought down the latest ladies' fashions from London once a year,—an occasion of great excitement among the fair sex,—but the old gentleman, though in his dotage, was still to be seen, especially at funerals. I could recall him, when, as adjutant of the East Lothian Yeomanry, he, a retired sergeant-major of dragoons, appeared once a year in the full panoply of war, when I eyed him with an envious glance. His remark, when I was a tall boy, that I was born to be a soldier, he lived to see fulfilled.

But I must not linger too long on these revivals of old friendships and of bygone days, which have an interest solely to myself. Still there is one more which I must notice before I pass on. Arriving at "Bothwell Castle," I entered the well-known shop, redolent with the delightful scent of new-cut wood, and there was my instructor in the art of turnery, the burly "Pirnie," busy at his lathe; just

as I had seen him twenty years before; not a bit changed; not a grey hair in his shock head, nor a bend in his tall, well-set frame! Without indicating who I was, I began to talk of things long past! of when he was at Linton, some thirty years ago; how he came to Haddington, and made the best peeries (tops) that had yet been seen, in a shop near the old Abbey yard; how he had come to Bothwell Castle, adding the manufacture, or at least the sale, of tubs and coggies to his other trade; and so on, till he stood before me, tool in hand, perfectly perplexed. At length he said, "Weel, sir, it must just be a wan-sided kind o' conversation, for I canna mak' oot wha ye are." I pronounced my name; he started round, threw aside his tool, and seized my hand in his vice-like fist. Could it be possible? could I be the laddie he had learned to turn?

The town was little changed. Owing to the great blunder made, chiefly through the suicidal opposition of the large landed proprietors, the railway, instead of being taken by the direct route through the centre of the county, was carried round by the coast, and the county town thrown out of the line. This was very prejudicial to Haddington, which had lost rather than gained ground during the twenty years of my absence. The old-fashioned clock tower of the Town House had shot up into a spire, more suitable for a church than for the building it was intended to adorn. Houses formerly inhabited by gentry were now occupied by a class lower in the social scale. One thing had lost nothing of its beauty,—the venerable Abbey Church, called *Lucerna Loudoniæ*, or the "Lamp of Lothian." The eastern or unroofed portion had suffered in its foundations by the excavation of the ground for burial purposes, and had been supported by unsightly iron braces, but the outward appearance of the noble structure was unchanged. How many cherished memories it recalled! When I was eight years old, Dr. Welsh, the father of Mrs. Thomas Carlyle, was laid

in the centre of that ruined portion. He had died on a Sabbath morning, after a few days' illness, of typhus fever caught from a patient; and I well remembered the feeling of awe and the solemn whisperings that prevailed, as the people wended their way to church; while the very bell seemed to yield a sort of wailing sound, such as it had never done before. I remember the funeral sermon preached on the following Sunday; the text, in reference to Dr. Welsh's partnership with Dr. Howden, being, "Then shall two be in the field; the one shall be taken and the other left."

It was mainly through the progress made by those whom I had left boys and girls, that I was able to realize the lapse of time. The middle-aged and elderly people I recognised wherever I met them, and I found it difficult to understand why they did not know me. I missed some well-remembered forms and faces, but these were comparatively few. The three ministers of the three principal denominations were spared, and I had the pleasure of hearing them preach once more. Dr. Lorimer, who had baptized me, and in doing so made me a D.D., had joined the Free Church at the Disruption, and his church was erected in a corner of my father's field, the Crofts, where Dickie used to roam. Some of the adherents of the Established Church had doubted his remaining staunch to his principles. Mr. Sheriff of Muirton was one of these;—an excellent man, with a vein of dry humour underlying a fine, simple, Christian character. He was passing near the Doctor's manse garden one market day shortly before the crisis came, and, meeting some friends, he said exultingly, "Ah, the Doctor's no' gangin' oot; I saw him sawin' his beans!" But he did go out, and his successor reaped the beans he had sown. The feeling produced by the Disruption, five years before, had not subsided, and it was a disappointment to my friends that I had joined the Free Church, they having adhered to the Establishment. From the beginning of the strife, I never had a doubt as to the importance of the

principle involved. When the Veto Act was originated, I said to Dr. Wilson it would end in a fierce battle between the two parties in the Church; and, though he was confident the Evangelicals would carry the day and pass the Veto Act, I doubted such a result. I saw there could not be, at the present stage of the world's history, a union of Church and State that would work without injury to the Church. In speaking on the subject in the Free General Assembly, on the question of union with the United Presbyterians,—I having been a member of the Union Committee,—I said that, in order to have a sound union, on scriptural grounds, between the Church and State, you must have two things: first, a Christian Church and a Christian State; second, a Christian State and an undivided Church. But I denied that our State was truly Christian, so that the first of these conditions failed; and as regarded the second condition, supposing the State were Christian, I argued it would be unjust and inexpedient, divided as the Church really was into sections, to support one of these sections at the expense of the rest, so that under existing circumstances a wholesome union between Church and State could not be. I further argued that we do not find in any of the utterances of our Lord to His disciples that He ever encouraged them to expect help from the civil power; on the contrary, He told them plainly that His kingdom was not of this world; that they would be brought before rulers for His name's sake, not in the way of encouragement and support, but to be, like Himself, persecuted and reviled; and the more recent history of the Church has plainly shown that she has suffered less from the persecution of the State than from its smiles. The Free Church became a voluntary Church by compulsion, and she is now a voluntary Church by conviction. She bought her freedom at a great price, and no bribe, however great, would induce her to give it up.

After residing some time at Haddington, I spent the

winter months chiefly in Edinburgh; and, in order to make up somewhat for the limited education I had got in early life, I attended some classes at the University. The principal of these was that of Professor Forbes, on Natural Philosophy, which I greatly enjoyed; though the presence of so old a student seemed to amuse the class, for I generally got a ruff as I took my seat. One day the subject was cog-wheels, and the Professor stated that theoretically the correct form of the cog was at an angle of 45° instead of perpendicular. After the lecture, I saw the Professor in his retiring-room, and told him it was an interesting fact that the cog-wheels of the Indian sugar-presses were invariably cut at an angle of 45°, and I mentioned other instances I had observed in India of something like science underlying their rude and simple inventions. During the autumn I paid a visit to the father and mother of my friend Mr. Tytler, and enjoyed some grouse-shooting on his moors at Aldourie Castle, at the head of Loch Ness. An English sportsman had been there, who talked very big about his walking powers, declaring he would knock up any gillie in the country. He started for a day's shooting, and a hint having been given to the keeper, he took him off over the roughest ground to the extreme end of the beat, and then led him such a tramp, that the Englishman was thoroughly done, and the keeper had to bring him part of the way home on his back. Of course he got a handsome tip to say nothing about it, but it was too good a story not to leak out.

On my first visit to Edinburgh, I happened to breakfast in one of the hotels in Princes Street, the bow windows of which commanded a view of the Old Town and Castle. During breakfast I heard the stump, stump of a wooden leg behind me, and was tapped on the shoulder by my old fellow-traveller, Longdon. When we had finished breakfast, we walked to the window and looked out. After a short pause my friend exclaimed, "Well, this is the finest thing

we have seen yet!" We had visited together some of the principal capitals of Europe, but "my own romantic town" outshone them all. Among other things, I observed some change in the mode in which entertainments were conducted during the lapse of twenty years. The dinner-hour was later, the "family dinner" invitation seemed to have succumbed, and the sitting of the gentlemen after the ladies had withdrawn was not so much prolonged. Altogether it was a more formal affair, stiff and uninteresting, unless one happened to sit next a lady who could talk, and there was no pleasant general conversation. In Edinburgh the dinner-party season seemed confined to the winter months, during which people paid off their dinner debts, so that the entertainment had something of the character of a meeting of creditors. Certainly there was one decided improvement: less wine was drunk, and, except in the country towns, where the habit still lingered, toddy was abolished. When I was a boy, the dinner-hour was early, and the gentlemen sat and drank and talked two or three hours after the ladies had left the table; and the host did not think he had exercised due hospitality unless a large amount of port and toddy was consumed. It was the custom then, after the cloth was removed and the dessert put upon the table, to drink the health of each person present, a long and uninteresting process; and before the ladies left, songs were sung and funny stories told. A good story-teller in his day was a Mr. Miller, of the well-known publishing firm that first printed Sir Walter Scott's poems. He was a friend of my father's, and a great favourite of us boys. Some of his stories were afterwards incorporated in the programme of a noted professional story-teller, whose name I forget. He was also distinguished for the skill with which he could whistle the finest piece of music. Frith's description of artists' convivial parties, at the beginning of his career, reminds me much of those early times.

Of course beards and moustaches were almost unknown in 1848. Meeting a cavalry officer, my fellow-passenger from Bombay, in Edinburgh, I said, "Why, I hardly knew you! Where is your moustache?" "Oh," he replied, "they are not worn here." Not so with my friend Bazett, the "shivil gentleman," who brought home a fine auburn beard, that flowed well down his chest. When walking with him in London, I observed the people turning round to look at him. One day, when seated in an omnibus, he observed the gentleman opposite him looking very intently at him, and shortly he leaned over towards him, and in a very polite whisper asked if he was an Englishman. Bazett replied in the affirmative. After a considerable pause, his *vis-à-vis* again bent towards him and asked if he resided in London. The "shivil gentleman" thought it somewhat odd, and remarked with a smile that his questioner seemed rather unduly curious about him. On this, the gentleman politely handed him his card,—"Sir George Hayter,"—and, as they were leaving the omnibus, said he hoped his apparent rudeness would be excused, but the fact was, he was then engaged on an important historical picture, "The Death of Ridley and Latimer," and that his was the first face he had met with, after a long search, that would suit him as a model for Ridley; and he would esteem it a great favour if he would give him a few sittings. My friend cordially assented; and some time afterwards I went with him to Hayter's studio, and saw the picture in an advanced state; Bazett, with the face a little disguised, making an admirable Ridley. Sir George had hunted all over London for a Latimer, and at last found the model for that distinguished martyr in the person of a poor clerk, whose delicate and refined features were thus permanently recorded in what is now an engraved picture. It is not always safe to yield so readily to such requests from artists, as a gentleman found, who, after sitting patiently as a model for a figure in the "Last Supper,"

discovered, to his indignation, he filled the place of Judas. It was not this fear, but some inconvenience as to time, that led me to refuse a similar request from Mr. Archer, when at an early part of his distinguished career he was engaged on that subject. The growth of beards came in with the Crimean war, and is now so common that a barefaced man is the exception. Ecclesiastics were among the last to drop beards, and the first to resume them.

CHAPTER XI.

On coming to reside in Edinburgh I lived at the United Service Club; but soon after I had a call from the Rev. Dr. Innes, who had some spare rooms in his house at the corner of Queen Street and Frederick Street, which I was quite willing to take; and thus I was brought into close and pleasant contact with a most agreeable Christian gentleman and minister of the gospel. Dr. Innes, before he joined the Baptist communion and became associated with Robert and James Haldane in their scheme for mission work in India (which was frustrated by the benighted policy of the East India Company), belonged to the Established Church, and was for a time chaplain of the garrison at Stirling Castle. This begat in him a love for soldiers, and an interest in their spiritual welfare which was strong in him to the end of his life. His father was Established minister of Gifford for sixty-one years, and was a model country pastor. His influence over his flock was as beneficial as it was paramount. During his time, if any one passed through the village on a Saturday night, he would hear the voice of psalmody in every cottage. Preaching one Sabbath from such a text as, "Let him that stealeth, steal no more," he wound up by saying, how much it had grieved him to hear that a piece of web had been missed from the bleaching-green of a certain cottage, and he added in his usual Scotch, "Whaever has done this, will jist pit back the claith," and back the "claith" was put before next morning. When the good old man was dying, he sent for the "minister's man," and said,

"Noo, John, there'll be nae written biddings to the funeral, but ye'll just tak' the bell in your hand, and gang frae hoose to hoose, and ask the folk;" and then, remembering John's weakness, he added earnestly, "An', John, maybe some 'll be offering ye a dram, but be sure no' to tak' it."

Dr. Innes had a spice of Scotch humour, that now and then was pleasantly developed. Meeting Bishop Terrot in York Place, he was invited into St. Paul's Episcopal Chapel, to see the new painted window in the end of the chancel. He listened with a suppressed smile, while the Bishop explained the arrangement of the twelve apostles, with the prominent position given to St. Paul; and, as they turned to leave, he whispered in his pawky way, "Well, Bishop, I hope all the saints won't be in the window!" The Bishop did not half like the joke. Bishop Terrot was a very old friend of my mother's, for in their boy and girlhood they were together at Berwick; and shortly after her marriage he came to Haddington as the Episcopal clergyman there. After his removal to Edinburgh he never failed, while she lived, to pay her an annual visit. I had a most excellent letter of congratulation and advice from him in India, on the occasion of my change of views, in which he held up Colonel Gardiner as the model of a Christian soldier. Talking with him about the tendency of late of Presbyterians to go over to Episcopacy, he said, "When a Presbyterian comes to me for admission to my church, I always say, 'Well, I trust you will not make it a stepping-stone to Rome.'" And in this he showed his sagacity; because the change could not be desired on account of doctrine, the articles of both Churches being Calvinistic; and if the change was merely for the sake of ritual, there seemed a danger of going a step farther into Rome.

Accustomed as I had been in India to see earnest Christians waive all their ecclesiastical differences, and meet together cordially on the ground of their common faith, I

was not prepared to find matters so much otherwise in their social gatherings at home. Speaking of this in quite an innocent way at a dinner-party at Dr. Innes's, I said, when I happened to dine with a member of the Established Church, I found all present except myself belonged to that denomination; and at a Free Churchman's all were Free Churchmen; and when I dined with the Bishop, I met none but Episcopalians! "And here," said Dr. Innes, with his quizzical smile, "except yourself, all are Baptists!" I was reminded of this incident not long ago, by my excellent fellow-townsman and Christian brother, Mr. Hugh Rose, whom I met in the street, and who happened to be one of the party. Dr. Innes introduced me to several of his Christian friends, amongst others to the Reverend James Haldane; and I joined him in a meeting of retired officers for prayer for the army and navy, which was held monthly in the back room of his son's bookselling and publishing establishment in Hanover Street. This meeting was originated by the supporters of the Navy and Army Bible Society. It got a great impulse at the time of the Indian Mutiny; when, being still conducted by officers, among whom the late General Anderson, R.A., took a leading part, it was held in a room in No. 6 York Place, and afterwards at 51 George Street, and was largely attended. It is continued to the present day for a part of the year, in the weekly form it had latterly assumed, at 117 of the same street, and, although reduced in attendance, it maintains its character for earnest and special prayer. Another meeting for Bible reading and prayer, which I greatly enjoyed along with Dr. Innes, was held at the house of the late venerable Dr. Brown, father of the author of *Rab and his Friends*. Talking of models for the painter, I never saw a head more worthy of the canvas of the painter or the marble of the sculptor than that of this saintly man of God.

My most happy marriage in the autumn of 1849 began a

new and important era of my life. We went to the English Lakes; but, finding the hotels at Ambleside so crowded that two bishops, it was said, had to sleep under the tables, we went back to Pooley Bridge, and stayed there, rowing on Ulleswater, and learning to pull together. The winter we spent in Edinburgh; but in the beginning of 1850 I had to make a hurried run to Malta, to see my brother William, of the Bombay Artillery, who was on his way home, in consequence of an attack of lung complaint, but had stopped there in a very critical state. In those days there was no continuous railway from Paris to Marseilles, which made the journey very tedious. I got into the *coupé* of the diligence at Paris on the Wednesday at nine o'clock in the morning, and did not get out of it except for meals, till the Saturday night at eleven; the diligence having been lifted from time to time from the road on to the rail. Next morning I embarked on board a steamer, and, encountering a very heavy sea, I lay dead sick in my berth till we reached Malta; but so well could I stand "roughing it" in those days, that an hour after my arrival at Malta I was as fresh as when I started from Scotland. My brother recovered from the attack, but, after battling with frequent returns of the complaint, he died in perfect peace, and was laid beside a brother and sister, who shortly before him had succumbed to the same disease, and were sleeping under the shadow of the old Abbey Church. They were followed soon after by the dear mother, whose unfailing letters during my long absence, had held, as with an entwining cord of love, my heart to its far-off home.

The cold climate of Scotland brought out symptoms of liver affection, which, though felt, were not so pronounced in India; and I came to the resolution of retiring from the service. I did this, as I found afterwards, at some sacrifice, as the Government, on the retirement of Major Wingate, had intended to place me in his stead at the head of the Revenue

Survey as Commissioner. Not having quite completed my twenty years' service, it was necessary I should return to India for three months to entitle me to my pension. When I embarked at Southampton, the first person I saw on board the ship was the recently retired Governor, Sir George Clark; who told me, to my surprise, that they were looking out for me at Bombay to fill Wingate's place. He was seeing his son off to India in the Civil Service. We had on board Sir William Gomm, the Commander-in-Chief elect, the present Duke of Westminster, and the gallant William Peel. The latter had a moonshee, and was hard at Arabic, in the expectation of service before long in Egypt. Mr. Anderson of the Madras Mission and his interesting convert, Raja Gopal, were also passengers. In the Mediterranean a very large shark kept hovering round the steamer, and, having with me a little pistol with six-inch barrel and minute telescope, I resolved to give him a shot. The shark came close under the bows, and I put a bullet in the centre of his head, when he gave a tremendous wallop and sank.

On reaching Bombay, as I landed at the Apollo Bunder, I found to my satisfaction my faithful Seetaram waiting to receive me. He had got permission from his master to give me his services during the few months I was to be in India, and he entered on his duty just as if we had been separated three days instead of years. In the early morning, as the steamer drew near the landing-place, I said to a fellow-passenger that in the course of an hour or two I should be sitting at breakfast with a friend, eating kegaree and pomphlit; and, true enough, I found myself, within that time, comfortably seated at the breakfast-table of the Rev. George Candy, enjoying once more a cordial welcome and the usual Bombay breakfast. Some days after, at the same quarters, I heard a palanquin draw up, and a gentleman speaking to the bearers in the purest Marathee. This was Captain Molesworth, who, associated with George Candy's

twin-brother Tom, had twenty years before completed the first part of his Marathee Dictionary, the most perfect work of the kind that ever was produced. He had retired from the service in very feeble health, and, after twenty years, had been induced to return to carry on and publish the second part (the English and Marathee) of his admirable dictionary.

As I was shortly to retire, I was not required to join my regiment, which was then on the march to a new station. So I proceeded to the Ahmednuggur Districts to see how the survey work was progressing, and bid a final farewell to my old associates. Having joined the camp of my brother Fletcher, who was one of the assistant superintendents, I went out with him on his morning's work; Sackeram, my old peon, carrying on his shoulder, as he was wont to do, my heavy rifle, and the little pistol with wire stock and telescope, with which I had shot the shark. We had not proceeded far before we saw a couple of wolves coursing a buck antelope, so, leaving my brother to his work, I sought to interrupt their fun. This, however, I failed to do, the distance at which they passed being too great even to frighten them with the discharge of my little weapon. Afterwards I sighted some antelope, and, having stalked them under cover of my horse, I dropped into my sitting position, and knocked over the best one. The distance was 120 paces; it was the last shot I fired in India, and perhaps the first by which a deer was killed with a six-inch barrelled pistol at such a range.

I was once more in the midst of my old work, but now only as a looker-on. Visions of the past were readily revived. The hill tent, with felt over its inner ply and walls, to intercept the scorching sun; the glass windows, and wet kuskus mats to cool the hot wind; the portable copper bath to refresh the body after a hard morning's work; and all the contrivances for rapid and yet careful shifting of the

camp. Every article with its own receptacle: quilted cotton bags for glass and crockery, into which when thrust, and the string drawn, they were snug and safe; spring cart with tilt, and boot to hook on behind, into which to stretch the legs when travelling at night, when with my bullocks Raja and Mottee and Seetaram to drive, I could get over thirty or forty miles before dawn, and ride with my three horses fifty more to breakfast. Sometimes, but rarely, I had to adopt the slower but more luxurious mode of travelling by a palanquin. On one of these occasions the following incident occurred. Before starting I mustered the bearers to see that all was right; the "musalchee," or torch-bearer, among the rest, carrying in one hand his torch consisting of a roll of rags, and in the other his "boodlee," or oil vessel, a globular affair of skin, with wooden nozzle through which to allow the oil to trickle on the lighted torch. I commenced the journey by moonlight, but ere long the moon set, and darkness intervened. I called on the torch-bearer to light his torch. He ran up, shaking his oil vessel, and, joining his hands, confessed he had no oil. Having scolded him well for his forgetfulness, I asked what was to be done. I was told a village was near where a supply could be obtained. Shortly we heard the musalchee knocking at the door of the "tailee," or "one of those who sell oil." It was midnight, and some time elapsed before the tailee could be got out of bed. At last the vessel was filled, the torch lighted, and we proceeded on our way. As I lay awake after this interruption, I could not help thinking of the illustration this afforded of the parable of the ten virgins. At starting, the torch-bearer stood before me with his loins girt, his torch and boodlee in his hand, and to all appearance prepared like the rest for the journey. I could not, neither could the bearers, see into the black greasy oil vessel and tell that it was empty. Thus the false professor cannot always be detected by the true one. The five wise virgins do not appear to have suspected that

the five foolish ones were different from themselves; even Judas was not suspected by the eleven. So a decent profession is not enough; we must have the oil of grace in our hearts.

I found that three years' luxurious living at home had somewhat spoiled me for the frugal fare to which I had been so long accustomed in my tent life, and with which I was well content. The fowls and mutton seemed unusually tough, and chupatees, or thin unleavened cakes, a miserable substitute for bread. It was quite a new discovery, due entirely to the visit home, and the fastidious notions as to diet I had there acquired. Yet the life had been a singularly pleasant one, and the work was so interesting, and had such a fascination connected with it that it clings to me still, and even after forty years it haunts me in my dreams, when I find myself at work, surrounded by my native staff, giving orders in Marathee, with a freedom that would fail me when awake; or at times galloping on Bedowin, or on Mark, at full speed over the roughest ground (with that delightful feeling of security which is peculiar to riding in a dream), after a wounded buck. Sir Bartle Frere was kind enough to send me a copy of the proceedings of the Bombay Council on the Survey and Settlement Bill on 18th October 1864, passed after twenty-five years' experience of the effects of the Survey. His Excellency Sir William Mansfield (now Lord Sandhurst) said, "It appeared that in the year 1850–51 there were 12,691,111 acres under cultivation in the thirteen Collectorates of the Presidency. In the year 1860–61 there was a cultivated area of 17,992,757 acres. In eleven years, therefore, the cultivation had increased by upwards of five millions of acres, that is to say, upwards of forty per cent., a result which he (Sir William Mansfield) doubted could be paralleled in any other part of India. This increase of cultivation indicated an increase of the welfare of the agricultural classes." Sir Bartle Frere, the Governor and

President of Council, then followed and said: "Nearly thirty years had passed since he was personally connected with the operations which led to the commencement of the survey in this Presidency, and was himself employed in the districts in which the survey was first introduced. It was impossible to give any one, who had not seen the country at the time he was speaking of, an idea of how this India, which is always said to be immutable, had changed for the better; and how much of that change was due to one good measure of administration steadily and consistently carried out. The situation was shortly this. Rarely more than two-thirds of the culturable land in any district was under cultivation. Frequently as much as two-thirds of the land was waste. Villages, almost deserted, were frequently to be met with; some were 'be chiragh,' without a light in them, utterly uninhabited. The people were sunk in the lowest depths of poverty; they had few recognised rights in the land. The rates were so much higher than could possibly be paid at the existing price of produce, that it was necessary to grant remissions, of the necessity and extent of which the local (native) officers were the sole judges; and it was thus left practically to a very ill-paid class of inferior officials to decide what was to be taken from the people. If any one were now to visit the places of which he had spoken, he would find that the statements which had been laid before them that day failed to give an adequate idea of the whole truth. In fact, bare figures could not describe the progress that had been made in any district where the survey rates of assessment had been long in operation. Cultivation had been increased to a truly remarkable extent, so much so that he (the President) believed it would be a difficult matter now to find anywhere, in the Deccan even, a thousand acres of unoccupied culturable land, available for any one wishing to take up land for cultivation. Land was not only occupied, but valued, as the Honourable Mr. Premabhai had described

it, 'as their lives,' by those to whom it belonged; whereas it formerly often happened that the ill-governed territories of the Nizam, and other native princes, gave refuge to those who had been forced by over-assessment to abandon the ancestral lands in their own country. The increase in the public revenue was perhaps still more striking than the increase of cultivation. But he (the President) would always, in estimating the benefits of the survey, give but a secondary place to the increase of the Government revenue. For it had been clearly laid down by the Government which originated the survey, that financial considerations were to be held of minor importance, and that they were to look rather to the indirect results of fixity of tenure and moderate assessment, and to the consequent improvement of the condition of the ryot, than to the direct increase of land revenue. It had always been felt that if these objects were kept in view, revenue would also be indirectly improved, and in attaining these objects the Government had always had the hearty co-operation of the survey officers themselves. In judging of these results it is impossible to over-estimate the obligations of the Government and the country to the survey officers, who year after year had devoted themselves to the very important but monotonous and trying duties of their department, with a zeal and perseverance which are beyond all praise. If he (the President) wished to show to a foreigner how the English keep India, he would show him men of this stamp, who, living habitually far remote from our Presidency towns and large stations, by their free association with the people of the country, and by the expression of a sincere sympathy with their wants, promoted their welfare, and attracted the affections and respect of the agricultural classes to the British Government."

I sincerely wish that the sentiments expressed by Sir Bartle Frere as to the importance of maintaining a low assessment on the land had influenced his successors in the government of

the country. It is a matter of deep regret that on the expiration of the first leases of thirty years, which led to such an increase in the land revenue, the Government of the day, not satisfied with this, imposed a very much higher demand.

The present system of governing India from Downing Street can never be a real success. The appointment of governors has been too much a matter of patronage; the most successful of its rulers have been those chosen from the *élite* of its civil and military services; men who have given a lifelong study to the condition and wants of our Indian subjects. Whereas, when a governor is of home selection, he has everything to learn, and his administration takes its colour very much from the character and opinions of those subordinates on whom he cannot help being more or less dependent when he assumes the reins; and if, by the end of his five years' reign, he begins to know what he is about, he has to give place to a successor who has to go through the same process of initiation in the duties of his office. And again, the governors of presidencies have become too much the mere channels through which the viceregal decrees have been carried into effect. India is far off from Home Rule. Those natives of India who in these days are pressing for it are just the class in which the great body of the people have least confidence. They prefer the government of a foreign power like ours, and set a great value on the impartiality and equity of our European officials. They can appreciate the high tone of morality by which these are influenced, while they altogether distrust the integrity of their own countrymen, whose moral nature, while they hold to their gross superstitions, or merely exchange these for infidelity, is not materially improved by a high education.

When paying my farewell visit to the Free Church Institution at Bombay, I wished to give some prizes to be contested for by the most advanced students; and in consulting Dr. Wilson, he thought I should confine it to the

highest class,' taught by the Rev. Mr. Nisbet. The young men, some eight or ten in number, sat round a table, each with his paper before him, and on the spur of the moment I wrote down three subjects, from which I allowed them to choose their themes. The subjects were these :—(1) Wherein does Christianity chiefly differ from all other forms of faith? (2) What is the effect of education without Christianity? (3) Why do educated natives, when convinced of the truth of Christianity, fail to embrace it? None of the Hindoos who formed the class had come forward for baptism. The essays, which were written in my presence, were extremely interesting, and, as they show the effect of a Christian education on the minds of natives forty years ago, I give extracts of some of them.

Baba Pudmunjee writes on the first subject: "Before attempting to answer the question, I shall write a few words on the points on which Christianity agrees with all other religions. First, it admits the existence of an Eternal and Almighty God. Secondly, on the immortality of the soul of man, and his capability of holding communion with God. Thirdly, the sinful state of man, and the need of salvation from God. Fourthly, that God has given a revelation in which He has made known His will to men, and the way of their salvation. Fifthly, Christianity, like all other religions, speaks about the after-life of man, and about heaven and hell. But these are the chief points in which it agrees *externally;* a vast difference exists between the internal nature of these important things. As to the first, that of the existence of God, it agrees with all other religions; but in answering the question, What is God? a great dispute comes in. Christianity represents Him as a Being perfectly holy, eternal, unchangeable, and hating sin, however trifling it may appear in the eyes of men. Other religions, for instance the religion of the Hindoos, describes God in some places as the author of sin, loving and conniving at the sins

of men. Again, Christianity tells us that God is in every place, and in all things; but Hindooism takes us beyond the boundary of this truth, and says, too, that God is in everything: and again it says that everything is God. In the second point Christianity agrees with Hindooism in saying that man is immortal, and that he is capable of holding intercourse with God. But what a great contrast between these statements and those which we find in Hindooism! The Hindoo doctrine is horrible: it says that the immortal soul of man is a portion of God Himself; and that in the end it will enter into the Divine essence, and both the Creator and the created will be one. The intercourse which man is capable of holding with his heavenly Father is, according to the Hindoo account, of the basest sort, dishonouring God, robbing Him of His moral attributes. We read of Hindoo saints speaking with God in a manner nothing better than the foolish play of boys, joking, ridiculing each other, treating with low and vulgar expressions. But the Christian communion is of a very different kind. The speech of God with His servant Moses will throw light on this subject." He goes on to say, on the third point, that Christianity has only one way of getting rid of sin, namely, by the blood of Christ; whereas other religions have other modes, chiefly external, which he enumerates. On the fourth point he says: "All religions, Christianity and Mahomedanism excepted, say that God has given to each nation a separate revelation, and all these are true, and every man ought to follow his own religion; this Christianity denies. It declares that the Bible is the only book come from God, and that all men are invited to be partakers of the Word of God and the promises given in it. It calls all men with a parental affection, saying, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' But Hindooism cannot save a drowning European or Musulman, neither can it point him to a safe refuge." I need

hardly say that the writer of this essay, which I have been loath to curtail, has long since embraced the truth, and is a distinguished advocate, through the press, of the gospel of Christ. (See *Life of Dr. Wilson*, p. 457.)

The next paper, by Ramchunder Narayan, on the same subject, is short, but to the point. "Christianity," he says, "differs from other religions in one great point, viz., it tells us that we are fallen beings, that we shall not be able to regain our former glory without satisfying the wrath and justice of God. Again, it tells us that we can satisfy the Divine wrath and justice by believing in Jesus Christ. All other religions flatly contradict all this, and say that men can satisfy the Divine wrath and justice by working out a righteousness of their own. In this they have erred. Here Christianity comes forward and says to the people that there is only one way to appease the Divine anger and justice, to believe in Jesus Christ, who has already suffered for our sins."

There were many excellent papers on the second theme. Harry Narayan says: "The effect of education without true religion is prejudicial both to the individual in particular, and to society at large. A man may be ever so learned and intellectually educated, he may have had all the wit of a Voltaire in his head, he may be deeply versant in the philosophy of a Newton, he may be possessed of the brilliant parts of an Addison; but if, unhappily, he wants moral training and discipline, and has not imbibed true notions of a heavenly born religion, of the relation in which he stands to his Maker, and the duties it inculcates towards man, his knowledge, instead of being a blessing to him, will be injurious to his well-being individually, as well as to mankind at large." After enumerating the various forms of error into which such a one is led, the writer says, "Such are the mazes and intricacies through which he tries, and vainly tries, to work out his course. But all is darkness. There is not a single ray to light, to illuminate the path. The light pervades

only where true religion exists. Knowledge without true religion is like a sword in the hands of a madman, who may apply it either to his own destruction or that of the bystanders."

Ramchunder Narayan, writing on this subject, and referring to the results of the Elphinstone College in Bombay, where Christian instruction is excluded, says, "The effects of education without Christianity are awful. To show this fully, we have only to cast our sight upon the institution in which Christianity is excluded. Here we find that many of the students have not, properly speaking, any idea of God. They do not know why they are made in this world. Their ideas are solely confined to this world, and to obtaining rewards at the hands of men. It is true their faith in their own religion is greatly shaken. They are free from superstition."

Mahadew Ballajee on the third subject writes: "Why do educated natives, when intellectually convinced of the truth of Christianity, fail to embrace it? This question has often been discussed among the educated youth, and the following are the points at which they have arrived:—(1) Christianity is despised because their elders dislike it, in fact, the word *dousht* (bad) is a great prejudice to them. (2) The demands that Christianity makes are painful to them. It requires the heart to be in a state of perfect obedience to God. She says, Love God more than anything else. She forbids them to sin, and requires them to be entirely free from the allurements of the world. (3) The change of caste is painful to them. They would say that, instead of being baptized, they would love God, and act according to His will in their own houses. (4) Separation from their parents, wives, and close relatives, detains them much. (5) They do not like being called Christians, a name hated among a great portion of Hindoos. (6) Most of them think they could do without Christ; in short, they say Christianity without Christ is a

better religion, which is absurd. (7) The eating of animal food is an obstacle to educated Brahmins. With these hasty thoughts I conclude my essay. Our Hindoos must recollect that the path to heaven is difficult; and, unless they walk up the steep road, they will never be happy. Let them not expect a child to be healthy when it is accustomed to eat sweet things. Let them then stand all the difficulties in this world, and enjoy an eternal happiness in the next."

As I wished to take home with me from Bombay some specimens of Indian handicraft in the form of jewellery, as presents to my wife, I bought, in a reliable quarter, some twenty-two carat gold, and sent for a working goldsmith to make it into bangles. He came, carrying his tools in a small bundle, and, having borrowed from the cook an earthen pot with some charcoal, he sat down near the door of my tent, and commenced operations. The gold was duly weighed; and as I knew these gentlemen have a trick of stirring the gold when in a state of fusion with a copper wire, which, melting in the process, adds an alloy to the mass, enabling them to snip off a portion, and still deliver full weight, I took care to sit by and watch the operator. Having lighted the fire in the pot, three-quarters filled with sand, he chose a suitable piece of charcoal and scooped it out into an extemporised crucible, in which he put the gold; and using a blow-pipe peculiar to India, and which I will hereafter notice, he soon produced an intense heat, and melted the gold, which he ran out into a bar; and, having stuck his little anvil in the ground, by successive hammering and annealing he reduced it sufficiently to admit of his drawing it through the first of a series of holes in his steel plate; and, passing it through several, he reduced the gold to a wire of the thickness suited to the work he had in hand. With fingers as delicate as those of a woman, he formed an elegant bangle and bracelet, inserting in the rosettes some turquoises I had procured for the purpose; and he was

satisfied with a very moderate remuneration for his labour; very different from the charge for such work in gold in our country. The blow-pipe, to which I have referred, is either a bamboo or a piece of musket barrel about a foot long, which is held an inch or two from the mouth and blown into, being about the same distance from the fire. The effect is almost magical; a concentrated jet of air undeprived of its oxygen is thrown upon the fire, and an intense heat produced.

There is another industry in Bombay of which I desired to take a few specimens home, namely, carved furniture in blackwood, or East Indian rosewood. The natives had always been famous for the beautiful carved fronts and internal decorations of their houses, and an enterprising English upholsterer, who had established himself in Bombay, conceived the idea of applying this art to articles of furniture; and this was the origin of what is now an extensive trade. As some of the articles I wanted were out of the ordinary run, I got a skilful workman to make them to my fancy. Having given him a rough outline of the shape required, he took a piece of chalk, and, with great rapidity and masterly effect, sketched out elegant and fanciful designs suited to the different compartments he had to fill, and then set to work. His tools consisted of a chisel and a gouge of the roughest form, made of two bits of thick steel wire, and his mallet was any bit of stray wood that lay conveniently at hand; yet with these he turned out beautifully clean carved tracery, with edges sharp and well defined. While they carve with such taste and skill, they are wretched carpenters, with miserable tools; and there is much need of technical schools in which the European methods might be taught.

During my brief stay in Bombay, and just before embarking for home, I had the privilege of making the acquaintance of Lieutenant-General Colin M'Kenzie and his gifted and attractive wife. I never met a couple more suited to each other, whether in respect of head or heart.

The acquaintance thus formed was renewed from time to time at home, after they left India; and ended with the gallant and chivalrous brigadier only when I saw him laid in the Grange Cemetery beside his brave and distinguished companion in arms, and fellow-soldier in Christ, Hope Grant.

Now came my farewell to India, a land which takes a powerful hold of the heart and memory of any who have been brought into close contact with its various tribes, and have had to deal with some of those problems which affect the well-being of its interesting people. Strong as were the drawings towards home, there were counter-drawings towards India; so long the scene of pleasant and useful work, the scene of my birth into a new spiritual state, and of many warm and enduring friendships. But then a return to one's native land is what every Anglo-Indian looks forward to, and in connection with which he forms so many bright and glowing anticipations. The question is, Are these always realised? In quitting India he generally terminates the really active part of his life, and that often when in the full vigour of health and strength. Many such men, after having filled in India the highest positions, in which they had to deal with questions of the greatest practical and political importance, come home, drop from their pedestal, and are lost in the crowd. If the present demand for Home Rule, or the settlement of local questions on the spot, should lead to something definite, may we not believe that many men of this class would come to the front and do valuable service? I had the satisfaction of feeling, when I left the service, that I had not been a "Company's hard bargain." I had worked hard for twenty years, half under canvas, and my accumulated leave of absence had not amounted to six months. The work which I had helped to originate had not only been a benefit to the cultivating population, but had added largely to the public revenue, and my retiring pension left a burden on the State of only £180.

CHAPTER XII.

My return voyage was unattended by any incident worthy of remark. I landed at Marseilles, and came home by Paris. It was my happiness to find my wife well, and to be presented by her with a son, born during my absence. When baptized by Dr. Candlish in Free St. George's, being four months old, he was disposed to resent with his little fists the administration of the ordinance. Soon I had to go to London to arrange a case of rifles and pistols fitted with my telescopic sight for the Exhibition of 1851. I occupied a place, close to where Colonel Hawkins had his duck-guns, and had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the great authority on shooting in my early days. I found him a most genial man of pleasant humour. Discovering among the exhibitors a gunmaker of the name of Egg, he asked, "Are you an egg out of the old nest?"

It was a grievous disappointment to old Hawkins that he missed the Queen when she made her private visit to our portion of the show; and when Her Majesty heard of it, with her usual kind consideration, she on a subsequent occasion honoured him with a special visit. It was by mere accident that I was at the Exhibition on the day the Queen examined the gunnery department, no notice having been given; and I thought myself very fortunate in being present at my post when Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the Princess Royal went their rounds. The Queen was in high spirits, and laughed heartily when she was shown an india-rubber gun. It was an air-gun on the principle now so

common, an india-rubber spring acting on the cylinder instead of the steel spring now used. The Queen was then only thirty-two, and looked so handsome, with her fine expressive eyes. The Princess Royal ran about, and took a lively interest in all she saw. Prince Albert carefully examined my exhibits, put a pistol with telescopic sight to his shoulder, and inquired how the lines were adjusted into the line of fire. He was surprised when I told him I had shot deer and bustard with that little weapon.

We had now to settle where we were to live. I had a strong preference for a country life, and felt as if an occasional shot at a stag would be a great enjoyment.

During the summer following our marriage, my wife and I journeyed north, looking by anticipation for a home. When at Strathpeffer, taking the waters for my liver, we went to see Craigdarroch, on the beautiful Loch Achilty, which had just been vacated by Captain Horatio Ross, who had it on a long lease. We were much taken with it, though the house was a poor one, and found from the agent (Mr. Russell) in Edinburgh that the terms would suit, but delayed an offer till I should return from India. By that time some one else had got it, and after further search we fixed on the fine low-country shooting of Castle Huntly, in the Carse of Gowrie, with a house big enough for a family ten times the size of ours. I found it healthy exercise tramping over the heavy coarse land after partridges and hares; while the woods abounded in pheasants and woodcock. Once a bird rose of familiar flight, and fell to my shot; it proved a quail —the identical grey quail of India! I found a little colony of them in a rough, uncultivated patch of land. Castle Huntly, or rather Castle Lyon, as it was originally called when it belonged to the Strathmore family, had had its day of princely splendour, of which there are still left some proud remains. There is its lofty tower built upon a rock that juts out from the rich plain (at one time under water,

and afterwards, it is believed, a royal hawking and hunting ground), and commanding an extensive and varied view; from the neighbourhood of Dunsinnan on the north, and over the broad Tay, the coast of Fife, and Norman Law on the south, to the far east, where the "Ecce Tiber" of the Romans empties itself into the German Ocean. It was famous for its wood, the chief tree being the Glamis Ash, of which a history is now before me, written by the head gardener when in its glory, and claimed by him to be the finest tree in Scotland; but, when I saw it, reduced to a huge stump. Some of the younger neighbours still remain unrivalled for their beauty; but alas! where are the splendid avenues, with their twenty-six lofty gates, so exultingly described by the same curator of the place, and in terms of affection as if they were his children?—where "its Bow-butts faced with turf, and broad ranges eighty yards long; that on the right hand for the nobility, and that on the left for the commonalty, with premiums granted to the best shots, won at the exercise of the Bow, a noble piece of antiquity"? And entering what was once the court, but now blocked up with hideous modern improvements, we enter the "Ancient Fabrick 12 feet thick in the walls, and with its western gable 115 foot high, and seven stories; the scal stair with 4 flats, broad and easy," leading to "the lady's room on the right, and on the left the parlour, and the big Hall or Dining-room, wonderful rich in roof with stucco work and paintings, all as fresh and bright as when done. The Hall wainscoted round, the roof finished off in full Corinthian order, with columns with gilded capitols on each side the chimney, the Drawing-room finished much in the same fashion, the roof done with wine grapes and oake-leaved garlands, with a circle in the middle wherein hung a Christal Globe; half the room wainscoted, the other half hung w^t^ arras-work richly flowered in different figures. These two rooms is ane admiration to beholders, and for my part I never saw any work equal to

them. Those that painted them is said to have come from Italie, whose tomb is still to be seen in the session-house of Longforgan." And then, characteristic of the times, at the base of the main tower, and sunk into the rock, is the dismal dungeon into which the unhappy culprits were let down by cords, like Jeremiah of old, minus the clouts, from a trap-door in the floor of the room above.

The head gardener, evidently a man of education and of cultivated taste, in a postscript to his detailed description of Castle Lyon and the Glamis tree, from which I give these scanty extracts, adds an incident in the early life of Wallace, which bears the impress of truth. I give it *verbatim.*

"Among the curiosities of this Lordship there is one in the village of Longforgan, omitted formerly, which I shall mention here, viz. In the reign of Edward Longshanks of England, Sir William Wallace of Elerslie Baronet, being a promising youth of 14 years of age, was sent from thence to the school of Dundee—the Mayor of Dundee at that time was a Yorkshire Gentleman of the name of Selbie, who had an only son of 16 years of age, who was likewise at school there. One day when all the scholars was at play at the west port of that town, young Selbie found fault with Wallace for having a suit of short green clothes, with a belt from thence depended a Durk or Skene. This weapon is still practised in Scotland, and is very dangerous in close combat; it serves for manuall uses as well as for Defence, it is ten inches long in the blade, and two-edged, with a row of holes up the middle; the handle is five inches long, it hangs befor on the Belly. This weapon young Selbie wanted from Wallace, at any rate, so that a scuffle inshued between the two young Heroes. Four times Wallace threw his antagonist on the ground; at the fifth attack Wallace drew his skene and stabbed young Selbie to the heart, and fled to a house on the Netherside of the overgate of that town, where he was well screened by the femal sex, whil

the English Garishon vented their fury on the inhabitants of the toun, and would have laid it in ashes if it had not been for the interposition of Sir John Scrimger of Dudhop, who went on his knees and stopped their fury. As this was the first of our Scots Worthy's exploits, let us return to him. Wallace being conducted safe out of the west port, fled up the Tay side. The first halt he made was at a house in Longforgan, and sat down at the Door of said house on a stone that serves as a knocking-stone, and hear the Hospitable Landlady gave him an ample repast of Bread and Milk; from thence he proceeded to Killspindie, but his uncle fearing a search from Dundee, sent our young Hero with his wife over the ferry at Lindors on their way to Dunigree in Stirlingshire, where he was safe at that time. But to return to that stone at the house in Longforgan still goes by the name of Wallace's stone, and is still preserved safe; and what is remarkable ever since the forementioned period, the name of Smith, from father to son, hath been Landlord of the house, and how long before is not known; only this one thing, among all the revolutions of time they have been very carefull in preserving this stone as a piece of great antiquity." We found the stone in the house of this family of Smith in 1851, and when I called in 1868 to see the stone, I found the family gone, the last son having gone to Australia. I believe the stone is now in Castle Huntly. It is a mortar of hard black stone, with a flat square lid.

When at Castle Huntly, we made the acquaintance of Mr. Joseph Wilson, the Free Church minister of Abernyte, a man of the true Covenanter type, who seemed to have been born two hundred years behind his time. When my wife and I called on him, we found him, in the absence of a manse, occupying the lodge of a mansion-house which had been shut up for years. He was feeding a flock of pet sparrows at the door, and received us without embarrassment, leading us through the kitchen, where Jess, his maid-of-all-

work, was busily engaged, to a little closet which he had converted into a study; and the character of the man was so transparent, that in half an hour we felt that we knew him through and through. A great reader, his books were mostly of the old-fashioned class, and occupied the larger share of his little den. Devoted heart and soul to his work as a country pastor, his visits were in request by all who needed counsel or consolation, to whatever denomination they belonged; and when in distress at the loss of his son and heir, even his noble neighbour at Rossie Priory welcomed his visit, and valued his tender sympathy in the hour of his great sorrow. The Established minister, a man of scientific tastes, with whom he lived on terms of kindly intercourse, instead of resenting, rather encouraged his visits to his people. Spending almost nothing on himself, his slender income went chiefly in ministering to those whose necessities were greater than his own. Possessing a lively sense of humour, he was a pleasant as well as profitable companion; and it always cheered us when, as it suited him, he dropped in upon us, and occupied a little cosy room we called the prophet's chamber. His sermons were quaint, full of gospel truth put in forcible terms, and pressed home with great earnestness, enlivened now and then by pithy illustrations peculiarly his own. Thus, when urging on his flock the importance of making the influence of their Sabbath services bear upon all the ordinary duties of the week, he said there was a form of speech called the parenthetical, the words in the parenthesis having no connection either with what followed or went before, and he feared sometimes their Sabbath exercises partook of this character. Preaching on Jacob's ladder, he said: "One perfection of the ladder is that it stands on earth and reaches to heaven. A person about to mount a ladder first lays hold of it with his hands, so the believer first lays hold of Christ by faith. In climbing the ladder he looks upwards. Those on the ladder are

above those who are not; they get a wider range of vision and a purer atmosphere; the things below get less, and those above get larger. The higher he gets, the stronger he holds, and the more he dreads a fall."

His place of worship in our day—for he subsequently got a nice church built, with manse beside it—was a barn-looking affair, but occupying a lovely site beside a wimpling burn, on the grassy banks of which his flock would rest, and eat their "piece" during the interval between the "diets." An English visitor, while admiring the spot, was curious to see the inside of a Scotch kirk, and got the minister's man to open this for his inspection. Doubtless it had a strange look to him, but his attention was especially attracted to some objects suspended from the rafters, each consisting of two cross sticks with spikes at their extremities. The canny beadle, noticing the inquiring glance, thought he might stretch a point for the credit of the place, and whispered confidentially, "Ow, sir, they're only temporal," leaving the visitor with a dim idea of their use, which was that of chandeliers for evening service.

Mr. Wilson died, as it were, on the battlefield. Returning one evening wet and weary, after an arduous day's visitation, he lay for a time at his door, crept up to his bed, was seized with violent spasms, and by the morning had entered into rest. In accordance with a memorandum found in his desk regarding his funeral, I acted as chief mourner, and had the great honour of laying his head in the grave. He left his valuable library to his successor, and some money that had lately come to him on the death of his mother, having neither kith nor kin, he bequeathed to the church of which he had been a faithful minister.

Our regular place of worship during our stay in the Carse of Gowrie was Free St. Peter's, at Dundee, where Dr. Islay Burns was successor to M'Cheyne. He was brother to the great Chinese missionary, and subsequently was a

professor in the Free Church College at Glasgow. A man who added to deep piety a refined taste and a cultivated love of nature in all its aspects, his discourses partook of the character of his mind. He preached from scanty notes; and with a modest and unaffected delivery, the most beautiful thoughts and illustrations flowed from him, as from a natural fountain, with a peculiar charm. The following, given, I fear, from imperfect notes, may serve as a specimen of his style. His subject was the fruits of the Spirit (Gal. v. 22, 23). "(1) The manner of the Spirit's work. It is like the process of fruit-bearing, secret, mysterious, constant, gradual and progressive. (2) The effect of the Spirit's work. Mark the unity of principle. Like the beam of light divided by the prismatic glass. Love is that beam; the graces and fruits here mentioned, the various rays of which it is composed, each beautiful in itself, and all blending into one harmonious whole. Love, the first-born, has most of the Father's likeness. We have her portrait in the 13th chapter of 1 Corinthians. Joy is as closely united to Love, as heat to light in the solar ray. Peace, Joy in her tranquil mood. To what in nature shall we compare this lovely grace? To the cloud floating in still sky, tinged with the setting sun? To the placid bosom of a lovely lake; the gently-flowing river; the infant slumbering in its mother's arms; or the brow of evening? She left the world when Adam fell, and returns only when Christ is truly received into the heart. Long-suffering or patience. Peace in conflict; peace militant and triumphant. Jesus praying for His murderers an example of this. Gentleness, or kindliness, a homely working grace; a true sister of charity, known by her noiseless step and busy hand, wherever sickness and sorrow is to be alleviated or shared. Goodness, her twin-sister, a noble, queen-like, large-hearted benevolence, such as a Howard, a Wilberforce, or a Chalmers had. Faith, here the disposition is meant. Fidelity, trusting and worthy of being trusted.

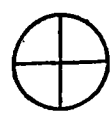
Nathaniel-like. Meekness, one of the last fruits that ripen on the tree; chiefly to be found in the old disciple, as the delicious flavour in the fully ripened fruit. Temperance, the ascendancy of grace over all the appetites of nature. These graces form the Christian's touchstone, and teach him his responsibility; they form the necklace with which the Bride adorns herself to meet her Lord." After a residence of three years at Castle Huntly, we moved to Micklewood in the Carse of Stirling; a modern mansion-house, situated on what Sandy Miller, the factotum of the place, called a "penansoolar;" formed by one of the many remarkable twists and turns of the river Forth. The surrounding land had only of recent years been cleared of moss; which, being thrown into the river, and imperfectly carried off by successive floods, had left a dark deposit, which spoiled it for any fish but pike. In this respect it contrasted unfavourably with its neighbour, the clear and rapid-flowing Teith. The property then belonged to a family descended directly from David Graham, the brother of Claverhouse, but has since passed into other hands. While at Micklewood we attended the ministry of the now aged Dr. Beith, at Stirling, where we had the privilege of hearing sermons powerful, feeding, and original, with a firm grasp of evangelical truth.

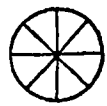
During the progress of the Crimean war, it was the constant practice of the Russians to restore during the night the batteries we had silenced during the day; so that the assaulting party, instead of a practicable breach, found the work repaired, and furnished with fresh guns. This state of matters revived in my memory some experiments I had made during the practice of the artillery at Ahmednuggur, with a view of registering, as it were, the aim of the gun during the day, so that the fire could be continued with equal precision during the night. As the method I proposed involved an arrangement practised by astronomers, I consulted Professor Piazzi Smyth, the Astronomer-Royal

for Scotland, who entered most cordially into the subject, and gave me valuable assistance. I also submitted my plan to the criticism of Professor Airey, the Astronomer-Royal at Greenwich, who pronounced it perfectly correct in principle. In the beginning of 1855 my instrument was inspected by the select committee at Woolwich; which, while commending its ingenuity, stated that the existing mode of night firing was sufficiently accurate. However, when Lord Panmure was appointed Secretary of State for War, he directed that my method should have a fair trial. This was made at Woolwich with perfect success; and twenty-six breeching guns furnished with my apparatus were ordered for the Crimea; but such was the delay I encountered, that Sebastopol was taken before they left Woolwich. Sir J. H. Lefroy, a distinguished Artillery officer, was then on Lord Panmure's staff at the War Office, and gave me his most cordial support. When the war was over, he visited the Crimea, and in a note I had from him on his return he says: "My visit to the East has not abated my sense of the value of the application." Ten of my unfortunate instruments, some thirty in number, were distributed for practice and report among the artillery stations at home and abroad, and copies of the reports were to be furnished to me, but not one ever reached me; and the invention, in the absence of any interested person at headquarters to look after it, was allowed to slumber and be lost sight of. My plan included the use of the same telescope for direct aim during the day; and lately, when an Engineer officer's telescopic sight for direct aim was submitted for adoption into the service, my request that mine, which had so many years before been tried, approved, adopted, and sealed for further use, should be tried against the other, as much more simple and equally efficacious, was refused without any reason assigned, and that of the other inventor, who had adopted my principle, it may be independently, was accepted and rewarded.

In May 1869 I read a paper on my invention before the Royal United Service Institution, at the conclusion of which Sir J. H. Lefroy made, amongst others, the following remarks:—"I had the pleasure of having some official intercourse with Colonel Davidson about fifteen years ago, when this subject was first brought forward; and I then formed an extremely favourable impression of it, which I retain. The application of the principle of the collimator is exceedingly happy: it is a familiar thing to astronomers in connection with fixed instruments, as a convenient way of adjusting two axes of any kind, whatever their distance from each other. The collimator of Colonel Davidson is actually in the service. It was introduced into the service in 1863, and if such a siege as that of Sebastopol were to occur again, I have no doubt this instrument would be employed. When Colonel Davidson brought it forward, he fell on evil days, on times when our minds had not become accustomed to the refinements of artillery practice. Although the Government actually sent ten of these instruments to different stations, I never could learn that they were actually used. The general reception they met with was that people understood them, but would not be bothered with them, and went on aiming in the old way. . . . But if occasions of service should again arise, the officers of the Royal Artillery are now prepared to take advantage of the collimator; and, if I had anything to do in such matters, it would be my desire to see them used in all suitable cases. I am satisfied it will give extreme accuracy in laying guns, combined with those conditions of security which the use of arms of precision now renders so necessary." Colonel Moncrieff, so well known for his system of husbanding the recoil, and making it available for restoring the gun into position after loading, was present at the lecture, and made the following remarks as to the application of the instrument to the laying of mortars:—"Whatever the value of Colonel

Davidson's instrument for guns, there is no doubt that in mortar practice it would be of great importance. We all know that the present method of laying mortars with pins, lines, etc., is a very rude and troublesome one. I am sure that artillerymen would gladly avail themselves of this instrument for sustained fire, if they were acquainted with it. The adjustment is rapid, and the aim is extremely correct."

I will here add a brief description of the instrument. It is contained in a box which a man can carry. The collimating telescope consists of an achromatic object-glass five inches in diameter, mounted in an oblong box, and hanging on two long thumb-screws, which admit of its being moved to any angle in the vertical plane. In the focus of this lens is a disc of glass marked with cross lines thus,  and illuminated by a small lantern. This collimator is placed on the top of its packing-box, on which it can be moved to the required angle in the horizontal plane, and then clamped. For use, the case may be loaded with shot to keep it steady, and it is placed in rear of the platform, clear of the recoil of the gun. The other instrument is a small telescope, having cross lines in the focus of its eye-piece, in this form. This telescope has at its object end a cross-piece furnished with two pointed feet, one of which enters a small hole in the upper surface of the breach of the gun, the other resting on its surface. At the eye end, through a collar runs a long thumb-screw, with a point entering a small hole in the gun, the turning of which screw elevates or depresses the telescope, so as to enable it to look into the collimator. To take up and register the aim of the gun, supposing it to have been laid on an object during the day, the small telescope is placed on the gun (its position after adjustment being constant), and looking back through it into the collimator,

the collimator is so moved, either horizontally or vertically, that the two crosses shall intersect thus.  The aim being thus registered, the collimator is then clamped to its stand, and the telescope removed. The gun having been fired, and run up to within an inch or two of its position on the platform, the telescope is applied, and, looking back into the collimator, the gun is moved until the two crosses intersect as before, when it will be either in the exact position it was in before firing, or, if the gun has not been placed in its exact lateral position, in one exactly parallel, which for practical purposes is the same thing. The arrangement for mortars is different as regards the telescope, which is mounted on an arc clasping the muzzle of the piece, and fitted with a level, the collimator in this case being placed in front of the mortar. This use of the level has been adopted in the telescopic sight for guns (for correction in the case of uneven platforms, or of field guns), which has been accepted and rewarded, so that my invention of 1855 anticipated every principle in the new sight by which it has been so unjustly superseded. My invention, though adopted into the service, has neither been acknowledged nor rewarded by Government.

During the first twenty years of our residence at Woodcroft, we passed two summer months at the seaside; varying our quarters first on both sides of the Firth of Forth, and latterly at Bute and Arran, so that all our children became expert swimmers. For six successive years I visited an old Indian contemporary, a brave Christian officer, General Robert Shaw (who was severely wounded in leading a forlorn hope), at his shooting and fishing quarters, first at Netherdale on the Deveron, and latterly at Glassaugh. By him I was initiated in the art of salmon-fishing; and the second season brought a rod, reel, and portable gaff, all of my own making. My last day on the Deveron was to me one of great excitement. The river was in spate, and it rained

heavily; so much so that the farmer who was to have accompanied me to the "whirling wheel pool" would not face it. But it was my last chance, and I determined to have a few casts. On arriving at the pool, which was a rapid, the wind was dead against me, and I could hardly get my line into the water. At the third throw I felt the welcome rough tug, and soon found I had hooked a heavy fish. He did his best to beat me; and, after half an hour's hard fight, he sulked, and stuck as a dead weight in a deep hole. Stone after stone was pitched at him; when suddenly out he flew with a rush, that made my reel go like a clock running down. It was a desperate struggle between man and fish. Drenched and tired, at one time I felt it would be a relief if he got away. At last, after more than an hour's contest, he showed symptoms of being beat. But how was I to land him? The bank was almost perpendicular to the water, and my only chance was to coax him into a little harbour, which at last I did. Out went the gaff and into him, and now we lay together on the wet rock, he dead, and I dead beat. He was a thirty-pounder, so a pretty heavy load to carry home, first up a long steep bank over a ploughed field, and then some miles to Netherdale.

CHAPTER XIII.

When engaged in London in the matter of the collimator, living at the house of my old associate, Sir George Wingate, I found time to call at 5 Cheyne Row, on my early friend Jeanie Welsh (Mrs. Thomas Carlyle), but unfortunately missed her. Some days afterwards I received the following note :—

5 Cheyne Row, *Thursday.*

My dear—David is what nature prompts me to write! But then comes the recollection of that tall grave *stranger* I met in the railway carriage to Haddington, and I could scream at the idea of such a liberty! "*Thirty years makes a great odds* on a Boy as well as *on a Girl!*"—and it takes more than one good talk to get accustomed to the *odds.* Still the boy and the girl that knew one another thirty years ago must always, I think, have a certain interest for one another, independent of personal sympathies. So I do not hesitate to beg you to come again, tho' you have already tried the distance. When I found your card, I could not leave it in the customary plate, but put it safe by, till I wrote to you next day. Now, I do not know if it is a peculiarity; but for *me*, the result of putting anything safe by, is to make it undiscoverable when wanted, so, with your address; I have hunted for it twenty times since, and only found it this morning *in a china mug!* And now I make haste to tell you that I have missed no call for six months—or a whole year if you like!—that I so regretted—and that I shall rely on your coming again. The best time for finding

me, and when we may make one another's grown acquaintance without interruption, is any time before *one* o'clock. Does that suit your Indian habits? I generally, at this time of the year, go out at one—not of necessity, but for the same reason the Scotch Professor gave for drinking whisky, "because I like it, and because it is cheap"—if you come so as to find me before I go out, there would be no need for me to go after —Don't you think it would be pleasing to our mothers—dear friends as they were—that *we* should be meeting again in this great foreign London?—If you cannot come before one *any day*, write to me appointing any other time you like and I shall wait for you.—Affectionately yours,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

I was not long in repeating my call, and we passed some interesting hours together, conversing on old times, and reviving old and treasured recollections. She brought out her mother's miniature, and, what surprised me, a pen and ink sketch I had done when a boy, for her mother, of an old tower—Fast Castle—supposed to be the original of Wolf's Crag in *The Bride of Lammermoor*. We had both been absent from Haddington for twenty years, during which time we had alike been cherishing many pleasant memories, which it was a sort of relief to recall. She spoke freely of the incidents of her early life, but with a subdued and chastened tone when these referred to either of her parents. Her feeling towards the memory of her father was deeply reverential. But she struck many a merry chord. Of course she had many admirers, and more than one offer of marriage. To these she jokingly referred, mentioning the well-known stile at which she had given her "jewab," as we say in India, to one of them. And there was a young officer, whom I well remember, a good-looking fellow in his frogged military surtout, but by no means bright, who was deeply smitten. His letter of proposal, she told me, was so beautifully

composed that she detected in it an inspiration not his own; and she, in answering it, declining the honour he proposed for her, added playfully that if the real writer of the letter would come forward in his own proper person, he might perhaps have a better chance. I could remember her long walks with Edward Irving up the "plantations" that stretch north from Haddington towards the Garleton Hill, as also his appearance in the pulpit of the Abbey Church. One evening he had ascended the hill in company with a little boy, and was standing absorbed in the contemplation of a glorious sunset, when suddenly he turned to the child, and, pointing to the golden clouds, said solemnly, "My boy, how would you like to live there?" The wee laddie, half frightened, said, "I like to live at hame best."

Soon after my interview with Mrs. Carlyle, I took tea at Cheyne Row, and was introduced to her husband. He was very friendly, and talked incessantly. After shaking hands, he said, "Do you know, you remind me of a major as tall as you are, to whom I was sent to teach him mathematics, when I was only fourteen years old, and a very apt scholar I found him." (Dodds in his reminiscences of Carlyle says, "Carlyle, while yet a mere lad, taught mathematics in an Annandale school for twelve months.")

Later in the year 1855, being in London getting forward the Government requisition for my collimators, I received the following note:—

5 CHEYNE ROW, *Saturday.*

MY DEAR MAJOR DAVIDSON,—As you are a Poet yourself, perhaps you might like to meet Alfred Tennyson. He is in town for a few days, and has engaged to eat a (*strictly*) family dinner here on Thursday next at six o'clock. Will you come and give me the pleasure of seeing you again? I assure you it would be considerable.—Affectionately yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

Of course I went, but, my wife having joined me the same day, I had no occasion to write to her, and, having kept no notes of that most interesting meeting, I have to trust entirely to memory for any of the incidents worth recording. The only other guests besides the Poet-Laureate were Mr. Carlyle's brother and a young man whose name I did not gather. Mr. Tennyson came in a morning suit, a tall, strongly-built man, with a handsome, clear-cut face, close shaved, the features large and powerful. During dinner, Carlyle, speaking of some distinguished man,—I cannot recall whom,—said, "He had a face like yours, Tennyson." There was a mask of Dante, which I think the young man had brought, at that moment on the table. In the course of conversation they spoke about the difficulty of making speeches; when Tennyson said if allowed to sit he might manage it, but it was severe upon the nerves to stand up when every one else was sitting. The question was discussed as to whether they would accept titles if offered. Tennyson was disposed to decline such honours for himself, and said no title could excel the simple name of "Thomas Carlyle." After dinner long clay pipes were laid on the table, and a smoking parliament commenced. When we went up-stairs, it was most interesting to hear these two men talk, and I noticed that when Carlyle was at a loss for a poetical quotation, Tennyson promptly supplied it. Referring to the Life of Frederick, on which Carlyle was then engaged, Tennyson said, "At this crisis, Peter the Great would have been a better subject." Carlyle agreed, and added, "And it would have been *better for me.*" Alluding to the state of Europe, the war in the Crimea being at its height, Tennyson remarked, "The world is looking for the coming man." I said, "The coming Man has already come, and they crucified Him." Carlyle said emphatically, "I quite agree with you." Speaking of modes of government, Carlyle said, "If I had to govern a

country, I would take the Bible as my rule, and if it involved the occasional cutting off of a head, I should not mind." He told Mr. Tennyson about my plan for night firing, and his knowledge of mathematics enabled him to describe it correctly. After my return to Scotland I got the following characteristic letter from Mrs. Carlyle :—

5 CHEYNE ROW, *2nd Feb.* 1856.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I made sure of seeing you before your departure from London, but you slipt away like that most provoking of all things, "a knotless thread;" and I was feeling to have "lost you quite." "Not so fast!" (my gracious, were you ever "*at the sea-bathing*" in North Berwick? and do you remember *an idiot* that used to shuffle about there saying, "Not so fast!" I have not thought of him these five-and-thirty years before! and I could paint his picture at this moment, but it is not necessary). You have not forgotten us—or even forgotten "your promise," and I call that very nice of you—being *a man!* Dear darling old Betty will be delighted to see you! it will be next best to seeing myself, and I should say *you*, with your memories of old things, will enjoy seeing *her*, and hearing her; and so the doctrine of "virtue ever its own reward" will for once at least hold good! The address is *Mrs. Braid*, 5 West Adam Street, in the George's Square region it is. It would be a pleasure to visit you, and make acquaintance with your wife; and decidedly I for one, will not be in Scotland without inquiring how you are situated, and going to spend a day or two with you, "*if convenient.*" But Mr. C. has such a physical horror of travelling, and of any change, even for the better, in his arrangements, that our journeys are few and far between. It has become through a long course of years, a part of our life, like any other, to spend a month every winter at Lord Ashburton's in Hampshire, and that one visit Mr. C. thinks quite a sufficient year's visiting for

both himself and me, in which notion I do not always agree with him. But "anything for a quiet life," as I daresay your wife says too sometimes. However, neither Mr. C. nor I have given up the idea of seeing old Scotland again, and I will keep the other idea (of visiting you and your wife) as an integral part of it. For the rest, you will be interested to hear that within the last two weeks, I have made two involuntary attempts on my life; neither of which proved fatal! First during my stay at the Grange, the house Dr. (the Ashburtons keep a Dr. all to themselves, a questionable luxury I think) ordered me an embrocation for my throat, and I DRANK it every drop! supposing that England expected me! A revolution of three days in my "interior" (as Mr. Carlyle calls it) was the unexpectedly unimportant result of this mistake. Since my return, in taking a flying leap in the dark (!) I struck myself a violent blow on the right side which was supposed to have fractured it; but as it was only *sprained* and bruised, I am now recovering, and won't if I can remember it take flying leaps in the dark again; at least not till I return to *Jeanie Welsh* in some other planet. God bless you—my affection to Betty; and look me up again before long, will you?—Sincerely yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

In the autumn of the same year:—

AUCHERTON MANSE, KIRKCALDY,
Sept. 1, 1856.

MY DEAR MAJOR DAVIDSON,—I had not forgotten my promise to tell you when I came to Scotland—tho' it was binding myself to believe for more than a year, in your caring—or any one caring—whether I was in Scotland or *The Back of Beyont!* a grave engagement for one with so very limited an outfit of self-confidence as myself. But on my first coming I did not know your actual address—nor could dear Betty tell me, tho' she spoke about you till

your ear might have tingled! (the *right* one). So I waited till I should see your sister at Haddington, whither I was bound. Tho' I was there ten days, being kissed and cried over by my dear old ladies at Sunny Bank, and crying myself pretty continuously out of sheer gratitude to everybody for being so good to me! I did not see Mrs. Cook. I had no sooner arrived than Mrs. Cook proceeded to have a Baby, and that fact was communicated to me along with another similar fact, viz. your own new baby. In such a domestic crisis it was clearly expedient not to bother you with the idea of my presence in your neighbourhood, since you might feel a *certain* obligation to invite me to your house, sooner than might be agreeable to your wife to receive a stranger. The Bishop who has indeed been playing the part of "*the Pigs*" in running through my arrangements ever since I came, has run through this delicate silence also! it would seem, and so he must bear the blame of having done that which flesh and blood could do towards not troubling you. I cannot positively do *more*, and *refuse* to go and see you when you still ask me! I have not much time left. We return to London the end of the present month, and I have six visits to pay still, among relations and old friends chiefly in Dumfriesshire, whence I proceed to London via Carlisle without returning to Edinburgh; but when I leave this place in the middle of next week, I could go to you for two or three days, if your wife were really well enough and good enough to receive me. Write with perfect frankness, would that suit? Mr. Carlyle has been with his own family in Annandale all this while, and is now just starting off on a visit to some London friends near Dingwall. Perhaps he will *sail* to London, at all events he won't rejoin me till we are starting for home. But I am not unaccompanied, I have with me bound for Chelsea two—*canaries*, bred at Haddington, and adopted for *its* old dear sake! and you will have to

extend your hospitality to these blessed birds to the extent of furnishing them with a nail to hang on out of reach of any possible cat or dog.—Yours affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

I may come about the time I have said, give me precise directions how to get to you, I mean after I get to Stirling. How far is Micklewood—in what direction?

This anticipated visit, for some reason which I cannot recall, was not accomplished, and we did not see Mrs. Carlyle till the following year, when we occupied the smallest cottage, called St. Margaret's, in Greenhill Gardens; till we were able to expand, like the genie in the copper vase, into Woodcroft. My next letter from Mrs. Carlyle was the following:—

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA.
(*No date.*)

MY DEAR FRIEND,—This is not to be a letter all out of my own head (as the children say) all *about feelings!* I write you at the suggestion of certain "*parties*" for a political purpose. (Bless us!) William Ewart, member for Dumfries, is getting up a committee on the question of colonising India; and looking all round for men whose evidence could throw any light thereon, George Rennie of Phantasy (once you may remember him at a Dance at your mother's, if indeed you were not sent to bed before the company arrived, or learning your lessons in the nursery!) being Friend and Helper to Mr. Ewart, came here to ask if we could suggest anybody whose evidence would be worth having. Mr. C. and I between us suggested "three good men," among whom it seemed to me you were especially "*good.*" Your general human sympathy, and general human intelligence combining with the knowledge you must have acquired in course

of the employment you had in India to fit you for speaking on such questions before any House of Commons or Uncommons. It was settled that it would be good to have *you*. To that question of course I could give no other answer, but that I was sure you would not grudge trouble *to yourself* if that were the only objection to your coming up to be examined, and if you felt convinced it was for the advantage of your fellow-creatures that you should come. But there might be many things to keep you at home, duties you considered more important. Finally I was told to ask you if there was any likelihood of your being in London soon at any rate? or if you would dislike to come up on purpose? and when would best suit you to come provided you did not dislike it? Moreover I was to tell you that your expenses would *not* be paid. "The honour of the thing" being supposed worth its own expenses! ("to be strongly doubted") as they say in Edinburgh—though perhaps the good to be done might be worth its own expenses! I don't know. The Committee is expected to go through the whole Session. When Mr. Ewart knows your inclinations, if favourable to his purpose he will then send you a formal summons for the time you may have indicated as most convenient for yourself. What they need most to have is Evidence about the *Land Tenure*. I am in a great bustle to-day, so must keep to the business. Besides, Monsieur, you owe me a long letter, don't you? You never acknowledged the photographs I sent you at New Year. Ever since I have been a close prisoner. Obliged to take care of my health, the most tedious and insipid of all earthy occupations. If Thomas Erskine comes to you, receive him with open arms, as the best benefit I can bestow. Kindest regards to your wife and the adorable Babies, and a kiss to the little darling that laughed at me!—Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

I did not give evidence, I had no sanguine views as to the success of colonising India; and, besides, I was able to suggest a substitute in Sir George Wingate, then in London, and able to give them full information about the "Land Tenure." He did give most valuable evidence, and made the acquaintance of Mr. Carlyle, of whose writings he had long been a student and admirer. A subsequent letter from Mrs. Carlyle, which I have lost, or probably sent to Wingate, mentioned how much Mr. Carlyle was charmed with him, "so intelligent, and withal so modest." Mrs. Carlyle's next letter is dated—

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, *Thursday evening, 5th Nov.* (1857) (and a furious Protestant demonstration on the part of Chelsea Boys going on in shape of squibs and rockets!)

MY DEAR MAJOR DAVIDSON,—In the first place, thanks for your letter from the bottom of my heart! Reading it was like hearing music from one's far-off home in a strange Land! I paid it the compliment of crying over it; what more could I do? It is curious that beside *you*, I always feel *like to cry*, even when I am laughing! Is it a good influence that, or a bad? I should say good at the *present date* anyhow; for softness is not the quality a woman of my years is apt to carry too far; there is more tendency to become hard as the nether millstone. But let us keep out of metaphysics! Do you know I was getting sadly afraid that you had abandoned the "*hope*" of writing to me? But don't suppose the message about Mary was a woman's wile to quicken your "*hope*." I really was very anxious about the good old soul, both for her sake and your aunt's. Many a Peeress would have been less missed than that pattern Maid of all work! Her farewell words to me were often in my ears during the days I fancied her in danger. "Ye'll find us aye here, while we are to the fore; but it's no' lang we can expect to get bided noo!" The idea of her Mistress

and she being parted even in Death, seemed to have no place in her heart! Miss Jess Donaldson, too, wrote to me of her recovery, which was like her kindness. I have got a sketch of Sunnybank framed and hung opposite my bed, on the same principle that Ruskin has every night one or other of his splendid Collection of Turner's pictures placed on a chair at his bed-foot; that he "may have something spirit-stirring to open his eyes on the first thing in the morning!" People have such different notions about what is spirit-stirring! I have also brought back with me a clever drawing of *the Nungate Bridge*, and the block of stone and mortar for the Boys to play at ball on—which I would not exchange for any Turner I ever beheld! You would be amused, and being *you*, I daresay you would be TOUCHED to see my picture gallery! representations, better or worse (mostly worse) of places and people, all out of or associated with "dear Old Long ago." Will you make me a drawing of *your* house when it is finished? or will you send me your photograph? You shall have a beautiful one of Mr. Carlyle in return for it. The Mackenzies set out for India *via* Brussels a fortnight after my return; but they were with us three evenings. Both seemed in brave composed spirits; tho' the Indian business looked black enough just then! He meant to present himself at once to Lord Canning, ask to be sent on whatever service was most arduous. My husband gave him a letter of most emphatic recommendation to Colin Campbell. We talked of you and your wife, and I think the *right ears* of both of you must have rung with it! Sir Colin writes that "if there was any nonsense in the English papers about Lord Canning and he not drawing well together, no word of it was to be believed, for nothing could exceed the kindness and furtherance in every way which he had met with from both Lord and Lady Canning." He says, too, that he has "a dreadful quantity of writing to do"—writing not being quite so easy for Colin as fighting!

and so his bosom friend Colonel Stirling sailed yesterday morning "to take some of the writing off him, poor Fellow!" When are you coming to London again? They have made fine walks in the Hospital park and put beautiful *live* sheep in it: and there are seats to sit down and rest, and talk; only there is no *gardener's house* to take refuge in from thunder-showers! I should have thanked you for your letter before to-day; had not a girl called Georgina Craik had the smallpox some thirteen years ago! a case of *Tenterden steeple* causing the encroachment of the *Goodwin Sands!* But you remember there was discovered a good many years ago a real connection of cause and effect between the steeple and the Sands! So is there between little Miss Craik's smallpox and my delay in writing. The smallpox made a very pretty girl into a very plain one, and the consciousness of her spoiled looks drove the girl's exuberant young life all *inward*, which has raged and erated under a shy embarrassed self-conscious exterior, till finally, after thirteen years it has burst out in a passionate, all-for-love three-volume novel! Which novel having been presented to me by the young authoress, I was bound in common politeness, not to say kindness, to write her a letter of acknowledgment. But what to say, that would not hurt her feelings and at the same time not hurt my own conscience, was a difficulty. The Book is "thrilling," "enchanting," "absorbing," all a novel needs to be in *interest;* but to have written even a "successful" novel is a fault as well as a misfortune for a young Lady, I think; and given this persuasion to be expressed in delicate unwounding terms, and no such terms suggesting themselves, I had day after day written "5 Cheyne Row" at the top of a sheet, and then not "My dear Georgina," but "My dear somebody else," on quite the "voluntary principle," till at last, ashamed of my off-putting, I took a solemn engagement with myself that I would not write to man, woman, or child till that other

letter was despatched! So now you see how Georgina Craik's smallpox thirteen years ago prevented your getting a speedier answer. It is close, heavy, sloppy weather, giving one the feeling of being weltering in Train oil! I would rather be at Morningside by a great deal, *cæteris paribus*. I should be thankful, however, that I keep on foot. I *do* just *that* and no more. It will be better for me perhaps when we are out of this "gloomy month of November, in which (according to some French writer) the people of England hang and drown themselves"! Will you give my love to your wife and a kiss to that darling little Boy who burst out laughing at me? And will you "hope" to write" to me now and then? You may do it under the account of "time devoted to charitable purposes." And so good-bye, and all blessing on you and your belongings. —Affectionately yours,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

It appears I sent Mrs. Carlyle a photograph of myself, for the next letter is in acknowledgment of it, and sending me one of her husband, "the best of him that exists," the one given in Froude's *Memoir*, without a beard.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,
29th December 1857.

DEAR FRIEND,—Don't estimate the warmth of my thanks by the length of time they have kept silence; unless indeed you think like Mr. C. that "all good things are *silent*." The photograph was more than a pleasure to me, coming just when it did; it was a *consolation* under several things! particularly under the mortal ennui of spending long evenings with two female cousins, who talk incessantly "Bonnets," "Miss Clark" (a distinguished milliner), "collar and sleeves," and all that sort of thing, which even *Martha* would have been ashamed to "trouble herself" about!

Fancy me for eleven evenings in succession, living in a Milliner's "showroom" (figuratively speaking). In one of these dreary worrying evenings came your Valentine, bringing with it airs from a better life—and you may fancy how glad I was and how grateful I was! Though I have never all my life had a head for *dates*, I did not for a moment mistake the packet for a Valentine, it was so like outside to certain presentation copies of "*Early Poems*," "*Thoughts in Rhyme*," "*Metrical Leaves*," as I am constantly receiving from young gentleman and young ladies "*of Genius*." I let it lie unopened till I had finished my tea, and then tore it up with small reverence and less hope, and *saw you!*—and gave a scream of joy! like a little girl who had still to learn that all is weariness under the sun! The likeness is recognisable anywhere. I should have known it if I had found it lying in Piccadilly addressed to nobody. Still it has a want for me which your real face has not, I cannot by any effort of imagination gather out of that photograph the faintest image of the tall pale Boy that my Mother was so fond of, and that I called *David*, in the course of nature. For a portrait of Major Davidson at Greenhill, however, I am pretty well satisfied with it. And now I send you the photograph of my husband according to promise—the best likeness of him that exists—only it was done before he set up a beard—also *two* of myself—no less! not knowing which is likest. You may choose between them, and burn one when you have chosen. I congratulate you both on the new Baby, though I do think with the merry little boy, that you have a great many children now! But there will be plenty of room for them in the hearts of their father and mother. Certainly if you were to have so many children, you could not possibly have had nicer ones or better brought up. I am at present in what Mr. C. calls "a *welter* of *things*" — accumulated on me during the fortnight my cousins stayed with me, on their way to the Isle of Wight

—and complicated by "*the season*," and a violent tendency to catch cold—so you must excuse a dull letter, and a briefer than I should wish to write to you if I had more time and spirits. God bless you and all your belongings. My affectionate remembrance to your wife, and a Kiss to the new Baby.—Yours ever affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

I say nothing of "a happy new year," that sounds such an irony nowadays.

Some of Mrs. Carlyle's letters I have either mislaid or lost, but the next according to date, chiefly got from post-mark, is as follows:—

BAY HOUSE, ALVERSTOKE, HANTS.
(17*th Aug.* 1858.)

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your last letter was thrice welcome as being on "the Voluntary principle" in its purest expression! not only you were not owing me a letter, but I was a letter in your debt! a discreditable fact rather; but for the "extenuating circumstances," I had not however forgot my debt—nay—I had been paying a sort of interest on it in the shape of occasional beginnings of letters *in my head!* But whenever it came to "carrying" them "out" in black on white; my cough, the pain in my shoulder, my languor, my dispiritment; ach! so many things with and without name stood in the way! But all *that* is behind, *for the present*, and now I should be a horrid wretch if I did not acknowledge your *last* letter—did not render some account of myself to the friend who takes such a kind interest in me; ill-health being no longer the ready excuse for any and every omission I fall into. Since I came here three weeks ago I have been no longer recognisable for the same woman, who in London was described by a "fast" Lady of my friends, as "the very *seediest* looking Party she had ever

set eyes on." I have recovered the highly useful faculties of sleeping and eating, and quite ceased to cough; and life is no longer the horrid nightmare I had been feeling it for many months. So excellently has my "change of air and scene" succeeded that I mean to go on with it a while longer. I return to London on the 21st or 23rd, but shall only stay there till I have replaced—the ribbons on my bonnet! and made a few other necessary feminine arrangements—and then start off again—to Dumfriesshire next! Mr. Carlyle will sail in two days from Newcastle for Hamburg to make a grand looking up of *Battlefields*. He will be gone for some four or five weeks—so why should I stay "like an owl in Desert" at 5 Cheyne Row, which has got to look to me, I regret to say, something compounded of a Hospital a Prison and a Madhouse! such long confinements and miserable illnesses, and horrors of sleeplessness I have transacted there of late years! I shall not see *you* tho' I go to Scotland—for I shall not go further than Dumfries. Haddington and *all that* uses me up dreadfully! In Dumfriesshire too, there are sad associations enough—but it has more to cheer me—my husband's family and dear friends of my own are still living and prospering there. Besides there will not be time for much visiting about, nor have I the necessary strength for it. It is the hourly astonishment of me, that I should be going to Scotland at all—for my own pleasure—at my own suggestion! a month ago I had so utterly lost courage—courage in the groom's sense of the word as applied to horses, when they "go whether they can or not." But it is such a famous place this for "getting up one's strength." "The beautiful Nature," combined with plenty of live sailors and soldiers, the beautiful art displayed in the house and grounds. The daily drives in an open carriage, and daily (almost) sailing in the Bay; the atmosphere of great good Sense and Kindness wrapping one round like "medicated cotton wool," all

that is so good for me in my invalid condition. How glad your wife and you must be to get into the new house with "ample room and verge enough." But when it is all perfected what "work of art" will you undertake next? You will have acquired the habit of superintending something, and seeing something going on, besides the natural growth of your daily life. Will you write a Book about India? Will you go into Parliament? What will you do or try to do? "Live," you say, as a man should who feels that an account will be required of his years, his days, his minutes, live and do whatever Providence appoints! Bah! when one is still as young as you, one must help Providence to cut out one's business for one! Meanwhile, God bless you and all your belongings. Don't forget me, but you won't be able to get that done; *I* shall remember *you* so often and kindly! My belief in magnetism goes thus far. I return to London on the 21st, and after the 28th my address for a fortnight at least will be Tarn Hall, Lymon, Dumfriesshire. —Yours faithfully, JANE W. CARLYLE.

Do you know anything of the Mackenzies? I am surprised I have not had a letter from *her*. She volunteered the promise with such an air of good faith.

The following year Mrs. Carlyle writes from—

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,
Monday, 14th Feby. 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—It is not to YOU that I should write this evening, if I were animated by a due sense of "the duty nearest hand!" Putting aside all questions about a cap to be "done up" (alas that *England* should expect of one to wear caps at "a certain age" for all that one's hair don't turn grey!) and all questions about three pair of socks in my workbasket in immediate need of darning; then Katie Macready in breathless expectation of a letter from me to

tell her "what I think" of a bulky MS., on which after the fashion of young ladies of the present day, she has been employing her leisure, instead of on a *sampler;* and there is *Miss Anderton* (a young actress and a good girl as can be) expecting "a few lines" about a sensible little "article" of hers, entitled "*Thoughts on Actresses*," in the *Englishwomen's Journal*, which she sent me yesterday. (What a mercy you were married a good many years ago! You could hardly have succeeded in finding a wife *now* who had not published a Book or contributed to a Journal, or at least had a manuscript in progress!) And there is an unknown Entity, who is pleased to pass by the name of *George Eliot*, to whom I have owed acknowledgment a week back for the present of her new novel *Adam Bede*, a really charming book, which *novel* tho' it be I advise you to read—and engage that you will not think the time misspent—under penalty of reading the dreariest book of sermons you like to impose on *me* if you do! *All that* I don't feel equal to breaking ground on to-night. My pen positively would not begin with anything to-night but "My dear Friend." Besides I don't want you to be thinking me quite a Brute! insensible to your kindness in writing me such nice long letters—deaf to the echoes of dear long ago, that sound through them. That little picture of your visit to Grant's Braes! how pretty, how dream-like! awaking so many recollections of my own young visiting there—the dinners of rice and milk with currants—a very few currants—kind, thrifty Mrs. Gilbert Burns used to give me, with such a welcome! of playfellows, boys and girls—all I fancy dead now—who made my Saturdays at Grant's Braes *white* days for me! I went to see the dear old house, when I was last at Sunny Bank, and found the new prosaic farm house in its stead, and it was as if my heart had knocked up against *it!* a sort of (moral) *blow* in the breast is what I feel always at these sudden revelations of the new strange uncared for thing

usurping the place of the thing one knew as well as oneself, and had all sorts of associations with, and had hung the fondest memories on! When I first saw Mrs. Somerville (of mathematical celebrity) I was much struck with her exact likeness to Mrs. G. Burns—minus the geniality—and plus the feathers in her head! and I remember remarking to my husband, that after all Mrs. Burns was far the cleverer woman of the two, in as much as to bring up *twelve* children, as these young Burns were brought up, and keep up such a comfortable house as Grant's Braes, *all on eighty pounds a year*, was a much more intricate Problem than the Reconcilement of the Physical Sciences! and Mr. C. cordially agreed with me. I am glad, however, the Centenary is over! for Mr. C. was pestered out of his wits with letters from "all the braying Jackasses in Creation" about it. If he had cut himself up into square inches he could not have been present at all the "occasions" where he was summoned. He (Mr. C.) is as busy as ever tearing away at his new volumes. Meanwhile I am spending my life with the two Royal Children (of his title page) as large as life! Lord Ashburton having made me a present of the Picture from which the engraving was made. It quite makes the fortune of my drawing-room. For one thing, it serves the end our pretty little *Shandy* used to serve at Haddington, and is something for the stupid *callers* to chatter about. A very interesting letter came to-day to Mr. C. from Captain Pelly, the intimate friend of Colonel Jacob, who got back to India just in time to be with him at his death. He himself, Jacob, called his illness "complete loss of vital power, with inability to sleep." For seven nights he had never closed his eye, yet was *making himself* go on and do work all the same. He said to Pelly the day before his last, affectionately pressing his hand, "I am passing away, and am glad of it." All that day he said his face was superhumanly

beautiful. What a long time it is since you were in London! Are you not ashamed of yourself for being able to *sit still* in this restless age? I have been very anxious these many weeks about my dear old Miss Donaldson. She has been living or rather holding on to life, beyond all expectation of those about her. Her mind is as clear and her heart as warm as ever, but her physical life is going out slowly slowly, amidst nervous suffering sad to think of in one so *old*, and so patient. I have not had a cold since November, and can drive out in good days, a great improvement on last year. Kind regards to your wife.—Affectionately yours, JANE CARLYLE.

I happen to possess the only portrait, as far as I know, of the dog "Shandy" mentioned in this letter. He was borrowed by my mother, when portraits were being painted, by a wretched itinerating artist named Brooks, of my two boy brothers, to give more effect to the group; and, as it was the only good bit in the production, I cut it out, and preserved it for Jeanie's sake. I have preserved no more of Mrs. Carlyle's letters. Her last was giving cover to a photograph of the early miniature of her done by Kenneth Macleay, for which I had asked, and which she sent, saying in her note, "much good may it do you." It was painted, I well remember, in the zenith of her beauty; and it presents to the eye, though imperfectly, the impression she made upon me as a boy. How vividly can I recall that image! In fact, it is the Jeanie Welsh of the first half of my long life, when my memory dwelt, like hers, tenderly and lovingly on the past; and I cling to it still, rather than to her appearance in later years. I see her now, her raven locks and dark liquid eyes contrasting with her fair complexion; and features which, if not quite regular, yet flashed with bright intelligence, softened in tender sympathy, or sparkled with the choicest fun.

Then came her sudden death, snatched away just when she heard by telegram, and in detail in a letter from my brother Henry, of her husband's successful address, and of his enthusiastic reception as Lord Rector of the Edinburgh University. Who can say how her domestic life might have run, had she been spared to welcome the husband of whom she was so proud? whose days of absorbing authorship were ended, and in whose companionship she might have realised the brightest hopes of the days of her espousals and early married life? But it was not to be. However frank in other matters, Mrs. Carlyle was singularly reticent on the subject of religion; and I, in my desire not to offend, may have erred by going too far on the non-aggressive side. Her godly aunts were more venturesome, and latterly were more hopeful as to her attitude in regard to the most momentous subject. It is a pleasing fact that some of her dearest friends, and those on whose affection she relied with the greatest confidence, were decidedly serious people. In her girlhood there was Edward Irving; then her dear old friends the Misses Donaldson of Sunnybank. Thomas Erskine, Dr. Chalmers, and last, but not least, the faithful and godly Betty Braid. In my last letter to her, I pressed upon her as earnestly and affectionately as I could the importance of making sure work for eternity. I told her that in my dressing-room were hung portraits of many dear friends who had entered into their rest; and that the only ones that represented living friends were those of her husband and herself. And I added that, as I looked at hers, I was often filled with anxious thought as to what assurance I should have, if she were taken before me, that we should meet again in the happy land. That letter closed our earthly correspondence. God grant that, through His abounding grace to each of us, our intercourse may be renewed, never to be closed or saddened, where all is joy and peace.

I have been induced the more readily to give these letters a place in this record, because while some worthy of Mrs. Carlyle have been given to the public, others, I think, might have been judiciously, and, in justice to her, more properly withheld, as giving wrong impressions in matters of great delicacy. While one or two of those here given show the art that some women have of writing a long and pleasing letter out of the scantiest material, as Soyer could, by his skill, produce the most tasty dish almost out of nothing, so there are others written in her best style, full of interesting incident, and of the character of those already published, in which she charmingly and graphically describes her experience—so touching and pathetic—when she revisits, after twenty years, the grave of her father, and the scenes of her early life.

Some time after Mrs. Carlyle's death I wrote as follows to her afflicted husband :—

My dear Sir,—Often lately have I felt a strong impulse to write to you a few lines on the subject that has moved our hearts so deeply, but as often have I shrunk from it. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with its joy." And I doubt not most men at this time,—even those you were in a sense familiar with,—have been peculiarly strangers to you. You have felt how few there were, if any, who could go down into the deep waters with you. I know but One who could do so fully. Yet I cannot be altogether silent. I have been looking over some of your dear lost one's letters, which are more precious than ever, and I draw from one of them an argument for writing. When inviting me to repeat my call, I having missed her, she says, "Don't you think it would have been pleasing to our mothers, dear friends as they were, that we should be meeting again in this great foreign London?" and so now I think it would be pleasing to her who is gone that

we exchanged a word of sympathy, and so I write. If I may not speak of your bitterness, may I not of my own? I have lost in her a true friend. She was one on whom my heart could rely most perfectly. Perhaps our strongest bond was the early associations we both cherished so deeply. Singularly enough, after twenty years' absence from the scenes of our youth, we, on our way to Haddington, were sitting face to face in the same railway carriage—looking out from the same window on scenes that awoke the same emotions, and yet time had so changed us, that when our eyes met, they met as the eyes of strangers! It was some years afterwards that we sat together in the drawing-room at Chelsea, and got into each other's hearts, drew out our little treasured memories, showed them to each other, and wept over them. She was perhaps the only one who had freely entered this secret chamber of my heart; and, now that she is gone, I feel as if its door were for ever closed. Hers was the hand that touched chords which now no living hand can cause to vibrate. Dear friend, I feel as if I were one of those who have a right to weep with you, though, as compared with yours, my grief must take a secondary place. Since the tidings came in all their suddenness, you have been much in my thoughts and in my prayers. The hand of God can turn even this sorrow into a great good. Precious as she was to you through forty years of loyal wifehood, her loss may be more precious still! You know what I mean. It is usually by affliction that God draws His wanderers to Himself. There is but one narrow way of life. The child and the philosopher must alike enter therein if they would be saved. This plan is worthy of God, before whom all degrees of human intellect are reduced to one common level. May the Spirit of all grace teach and guide you and me.—Yours most sincerely,

D. DAVIDSON.

I venture to send you a reprint of a little essay by

Chalmers, introductory to Booth's *Reign of Grace*, which in India nearly thirty years ago, as stated in the note, was the means in God's hands of giving me the first clear view of gospel truth. Might I ask you to read it?

At the request of Mrs. Carlyle, Mr. Thomas Erskine called on me soon after I came to Edinburgh. I had seen his photograph at Cheyne Row, and had no difficulty in recognising at first sight the fine apostolic head. It was interesting to me to meet a man whose early books on "The Internal Evidences of Christianity," and "Faith," had been read by me with interest and profit in the dawn of my new life; and there was that about the author himself which could not fail to make one love and respect him. But I must confess I was disappointed at the way he pressed his latterly acquired views, which I felt were contrary to Scripture, and calculated, if not to injure his own spirituality, seriously to imperil the faith of his followers, and the cause he had at heart. His widowed sister's house was close to mine, so that I saw him frequently. One evening, after tea at Cheyne Row, Mr. Carlyle put on his slouch hat, and, taking his heavy walking stick, he volunteered to walk with me to my hotel in Trafalgar Square, a pretty long stretch to be doubled back, before he could court the repose which, even after a tiring walk, he often sought in vain. Having him thus all to myself, I tried, but with little success, to get some distinct expression of his views on personal religion, and his own position in regard to it. He remarked, however, that he thought Thomas Erskine about the best specimen he knew of what a Christian ought to be. I said it was impossible not to be struck with the deep and living piety of Mr. Erskine, and that long ago I had sat at his feet a willing learner, but that I took exception to the views he had more recently adopted. What he said in reply I do not now remember.

Not long after Thomas Erskine's death, some unknown person (a lady, I supposed from the handwriting) sent me the following notes, written from the lips of the dying saint: "'In a few hours I shall be in another world. I can trust. I will trust and not be confounded. My soul, wait thou only upon God.' Sunday was a blessed day. Constant sleeping, and then waking quite clear and quiet for a few moments; and at one Mr. Sandford came, and a waking interval enabled us to have the communion together; and the clasped hands and fervent face showed perfect communion. 'My Lord and my God! Oh, wonderful!' he said at the end. 'My dear God, my beloved Father.' On Tuesday he said to Dr. B. (Brown), at half-past four, a sort of farewell, and then, 'For He hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.' Another time, 'Truly my soul rejoiceth in the Lord!' 'Farewell,' he said on Monday to one of his devoted ladies. 'Thank you, I do feel most grateful. He who spared not His own Son, but gave Him up to die for us, shall He not with Him freely give us *all things*—all things?' Last night, after we had several times thought all was over, he said distinctly, 'The whole Christian family stands in Jesus Christ, the loving Father beholding them with everlasting love.' Between sleeping and waking there were many of these kind words, and many pleasant-sounding remarks, such as 'a lovely country!' 'Is it not a beautiful drive?' 'A fine warm-hearted creature!' About his books he said they were very badly written, and not clear, and that he would not republish them."

The original of these notes I immediately enclosed to Mr. Carlyle, with a few hurried lines, in which I told him of my last meeting with Thomas Erskine, which was at the west end of George Street. After a hearty shake of the hand, he asked, "How old are you?" I said my days had been "few and evil," and then told him my age. He then said, "I am

eighty-three" (?). "Well," I added, "we shall soon be gone, but the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin!" He said, "Yes, that is it—the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from *all* sin." We again shook hands, and that was the last I saw of Thomas Erskine. By return of post I got the following letter, written with a blue pencil in Mr. Carlyle's own hand:—

CHELSEA, *7th April* 1870.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter awakens many thoᵗˢ in me whʰ are very mournful if also very beautiful, tender and solemn. Indeed yʳ mere *signature*, at any time wᵈ do that! I much esteemed and loved the now departed Thomas Erskine, for the pious, lucid and loving character whʰ always shone in him, and the ingenuous, simple, pure and cheerfully devout life he led—ever patient amid many sufferings & impedimᵗˢ. A Nathaniel indeed, in whom there was found no guile! In a note of Dr. John Brown's to my brother, I observed and ever since remember, that the last words he was heard to utter were, "Lord Jesus." His end appears to have been perfectly peaceable; such as his kindest friends cᵈ have wished for him, now that the great hour had come. One of the most touching latter things to me in Mr. Erskine the constant regard he had to poor "old Betty," whom you may remember *young* as a Serᵗ at Haddington—the good Erskine seemed to have taken on him as a bequest the love that was felt for her here; he had a high and real respect for the character of Betty, and never long failed to drive out to her poor Cottage at Greenend, and see the really venerable sister woman for a while. From Betty herself I got a poor old Edinʳ Newspapʳ with some obituary Notice of him in it, addressed in her poor old hand; one of the most pathetic things to me. Adieu dear Sir; I am surely much obliged by this letter and by yʳ evidᵗˡʸ kind feelings and intentⁿˢ towards me in sending it. I will beg you to remember me a little,

& you are safe to do it kindly, always while I continue here. With you too may all things, temporal & eternal, go ever *well.*—Yours sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

It was in the beginning of 1872 that I found myself at the door of old Betty's "poor cottage at Greenend." Betty opened to my knock, and exclaimed, "Eh, Maister Davidson!" I was soon seated beside her in her tidy little room, and deep in the memories of auld lang syne. Among other subjects we came upon Dr. Welsh. She said, in reference to his regard for religion, "Some folk didna think sae muckle o' the Doctor, but I thought a hantle o' him. Ye see, when he got auld, he didna tak' the lang rides he used to tak', but he got a kerridge; and just aboot that time I was takin' in a Bible an' commentary in pairts,—that's it on the table there,—and as the Doctor gaed his veesits, mony a read he had o't. I mind as weel as yesterday his sayin', as he cam' thro' the kitchen to the kerridge, 'Betty, could ye obleege me wi' a bit o' yer Bible?' Says I, 'What pairt wad ye like, Doctor?' Says he,—for the Doctor was aye very pelite,—'Weel, Betty, if it's quite convenient for you, I wad like a bit o' the Gospel o' John!' Ay! he was fond o' the Bible." Then I was telling how I remembered that solemn Sabbath morning when he died, which led her to go into the circumstances of his illness and death. "Ye see," said she, "the Doctor was a regular man in his habits. He used to come hame at four o'clock, an' tak' a bath before his denner; but yae Thursday he cam' hame, an' took naither his bath nor his denner, but gaed straight to his naked bed. The next day he was in a high fever, an' word was sent to Edinburgh for a grand doctor (Hamilton, I think he was ca'ed), and he cam' wi' his cocket hat an' gold-headed stick, an' had a lang consultation wi' Dr. Howden. Whan it was ower, he cam' thro' the kitchen, for that was the nearest way to the kerridge. Mrs. Welsh was

wi' him, wi' a bottle in her han', for she wanted to gie him a glass o' wine, but we couldna find the screw; so she just took a knife an nicket aff the head o' the bottle. As he was takin' the wine, he saw I was lookin' at him, an' he said, 'Ow, he'll get roon, he'll get roon!' But he didna get roon ava, for the next day he was waur, an' on the Sabbath morning he was sae bad they put a laddie on a horse to ride to Edinburgh for the doctor, but before the laddie was weel awa', the breath gaed clean oot o' him! There was deid silence in the hoose for aboot half an oor, an' the first that brak it was Miss Jean. She was sitting on the stair, when up she got wi' a scream, an' cried, 'I maun see my father!' an' rushed to the locked door o' his room; but, before she could open it, Dr. Howden gat her in his airms, an' she fainted clean awa'. He carried her through the drawing-room, ye ken, to the little bedroom aff it, an' laid her on the bed beside her puir mother that was lying there in a deid swoon; an' there they were, like twa deid corpses! Eh, but it was waefu'! I thocht I wad look in an' say a word, whan the mistress brak oot into sic a fit o' greetin' I thocht she wad break her heart. So I went to Dr. Howden an' telled him to come an' see her, for I thocht she wad dee, but he said, 'Oh, Betty, I'm gled o't, for it's juist the best thing that could happen to her;' an' he only wished Miss Jean could get a gude greet too." Such was Betty's account of this tragic event, which cast a gloom over the whole town and countryside. After a little I said to Betty, "Suppose we read a bit out of this same Gospel of John, that the Doctor was so fond of;" and, taking the same Bible off the round table, I turned to the 17th chapter, and read that wonderful prayer, in which our Lord gives vent to the pent-up feelings of His heart; Betty now and again making her remarks on the love of Christ to "*puir sinners.*" "Neither pray I for these only, but for *them also* that shall believe on Me through their word!" "Ay, Maister Davidson, to think that He prayed for you an' me!"

When I got home from this striking interview, I wrote down the substance as nearly as possible in the foregoing words, and sent it off to Mr. Carlyle. By return of post I got the following letter :—

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,
22*nd Feb.* 1872.

DEAR SIR,—I am very much obliged indeed by the letter received from you yesterday morning, right thankful that you were prompted to make that visit, and to write me such an account of it. Not for many a long day have I read any letter so interesting and affecting to me ;—a letter which I shall carefully keep among my valuable records! Good old Betty is at this time the most venerable woman I know in the world. So much of loyalty, of piety, of patient endeavour—in a word, of noble human worth, and fine old Scotch practicality, and simple wisdom to be found there. She belongs to me also, as the last living link of scenes and persons now all departed, but dear and sacred to me as no others are. She once told me something, volunteered to tell me, of that sad tragedy which happened in your eighth year; a strange and solemn narrative on her part, and on mine, to which I listened speechlessly attentive: but it was nothing like so minute as yours. Thank you, thank you for this true favour done me! I hope you will again, as you propose, go out and visit poor Betty; and keep me acquainted with anything that befals her, so long as she and I are spared alive. The late Mr. Erskine was a regular link between Betty and me, as long as he lived, but since his death this is wanting to me; and a bright element in poor Betty's reverential life as well.—Believe me, dear sir, yours always with many thanks and regards,

T. CARLYLE.

I regret that that was my last interview with poor old Betty. Her minister, the son of Dr. Guthrie, promised he

would let me know how she got on, but she died without my knowing of her illness, to my unspeakable regret. The last meeting I had with Dr. Candlish, and not long before his death, I read to him Betty's narrative, and Mr. Carlyle's reply to my letter containing it, and he exclaimed, "Oh, but isn't that delightful!" There lived in my near neighbourhood, close to the house in which Dr. Chalmers died, three maiden sisters, lineal descendants of John Knox: women of deep, severe piety, and considerable force of character; these were the aunts of Mrs. Carlyle, being her father's sisters, but very much younger than he was. Two of them were members of Dr. Candlish's congregation, and, being their elder, I had frequent and pleasant intercourse with all three. They kept up a correspondence with Mrs. Carlyle, and she occasionally visited them, but she did not fall in readily with their religious views and habits. Mr. Carlyle had a great regard for them, visited them after his great sorrow, and on that occasion expressed a wish that they might all get "the sanctified use of the affliction." He offered them his wife's horse and carriage, but they were not in a position to accept of them. Grace, by much the youngest, a pretty and attractive woman, died soon after Mrs. Carlyle; on her deathbed she presented me with a paper-knife made of the oak wainscoting of John Knox's house. The other two, Elizabeth and Ann, died within a few days of each other, and were buried together. I wrote some account of their last days to Mr. Carlyle, telling, at the same time, that I never went to visit them that he was not mentioned in our conversation and in our prayer. They often spoke of a Bible-woman in Stirling, a superior woman who wrote some pretty hymns, who had read Carlyle's works, and took a deep and spiritual interest in him, as a man who had a great message to deliver suited to his times. On being told this, Carlyle wrote, "Tell the good woman I am much obliged to her, *and not to read my books.*" In answer to my

letter about the death of these aunts I got the following from Mr. Carlyle's niece :—

5 GREAT CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,
17*th May* 1877.

MY DEAR SIR,—My uncle is very much obliged to you for your kindness in writing to him. But for your thoughtful attention, he would have heard no particulars at all of the death of his poor aunts, and he was very anxious to have them. You will easily guess how sad my uncle is to think that he has lost his old friends ; but he is glad to think that poor Miss Ann did not live to realize the heavy sorrow that was waiting her in the death of her sister.—My uncle begs you to accept his grateful thanks and regards.—Dear Sir, Yours faithfully, MARY CARLYLE AITKEN.

Being in London about a year before Mr. Carlyle's death, I asked of his niece whether I might call and see him, and was told he would be glad to see me about two o'clock, before he took his drive. I found him in the upper room, reclining on a sofa, and he looked so worn and ill, I could not help apologizing for intruding on him ; but after he had spoken a little, he brightened up wonderfully, quite like his old self. He talked about the Knox Institute at Haddington, towards the erection of which he had contributed handsomely, and was much interested in what I told him about the opening of the same. I mentioned that in the few words I said on the occasion I had noticed the fact that, having got all the education I ever had in the same school in which Knox began his, I was bundled off to India at the age of sixteen ; but I carried with me such an impression of what Knox had done for Scotland, that, on an occasion offering in connection with my settlement of the Government land revenue of a district, I had been the means of initiating the first direct tax in India for education, somewhat on Knox's

plan ; and that, by a singular coincidence, at the very time I made this proposal, another boy was being educated at the same Burgh School who afterwards, as the first Director of Education, was employed in the supervision of the very schools that were so initiated ; namely, the son of his old friend, Provost Dods. At this Mr. Carlyle said emphatically, "Ah, that was just *another work of Knox!*" He was pleased also to hear that Dr. Donaldson, the then Rector of the Edinburgh High School, in his speech, had truly and generously said that it was far better for young boys to be educated amidst country scenery and the amenities of country life, than in the crowded institutions of the capital. A reference to the statue of Knox, placed over the entrance of the building, led him to express his regret it had not been executed by Boehm (whose name he carefully spelt), and from what he considered to be "the alone likeness of Knox ;" and then followed a full detail of the evidence he had collected as to its authenticity. He said that David Laing, "who knew as much of a picture as he did about a cow," had taken the other side.

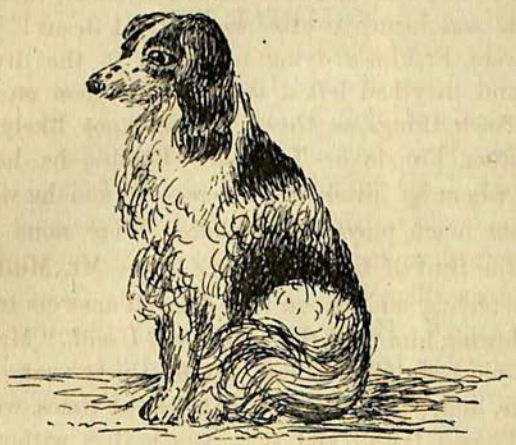
I alluded to a recent visit to Haddington, and a look I had taken at Dr. Welsh's grave ; when he said, with a deep sigh, "And the daughter lies there too!" Going back to the subject of Knox, he said he had a request to make, namely, that I would see to there being a tree planted to mark the site of the house where Knox was born, so that it might be seen from the churchyard. I said, "A tree will not last long." "Oh yes," he said ; "an oak will last a long time." "Yes," I added ; "perhaps as long as the world, which seems to be getting into its death-throes." "Na, na," he replied ; "the world will last a long time yet." In support of his proposal to plant this tree, Mr. Carlyle said, "A good many years ago, some ladies who were on a visit to the big house close to the Nungate"— I said, "Ainsfield, I suppose." "Yes, on a visit to Ainsfield—wished to see the spot where the

great Reformer was born, and had wandered into the Nungate near to the Gifford Gate; where, accosting an old wife, they asked if she could show them where John Knox's house was. 'What's yer wull?' said the old body, who was very deaf. 'We want to see John Knox's house!' screamed the ladies. '*John Knox's hoose? John Knox's hoose?* That's it ower there, and yon's John Knox himsel' sittin' at the door.'" Having told this story in his own inimitable Doric, he laughed that well-known laugh of his, till the couch shook under him. The tree was planted with some ceremony, in which I took part, and a railing was placed round it, with an elegant approach. A slab bears an inscription to the effect that the tree was planted by Thomas Carlyle. The work was executed under the direction of my esteemed townsman, Mr. John Brook, with whom Mr. Carlyle had been corresponding on the subject, and who generously bore the extra expense involved. Before leaving, Mr. Carlyle remarked how white my hair had got. I said, "Yes, I am getting old, and sometimes feel like one standing in the vestibule, waiting to be called into the presence of the King." He replied, "Well, it's no use living if we cannot do some good in the world." I said many dear ones had gone before, and above all the *Lord Jesus!* when the door opened, and a gentleman was ushered in, so, after a hasty and last farewell, I came away.

There is much about Mr. Carlyle which has been, and will be, while time lasts, a mystery to me. I find it difficult to reconcile the editor of *Cromwell's Letters*, and the narrator of the death-scene, with the writer of the *Life of Sterling*. While he admired the effects of a life of faith in Christ, I never could trace in him a due appreciation of the source from which they spring. He had a regard and reverence for the Bible; and his message to the world, which he travailed as in birth to deliver, is based on "things honest, things just, things pure, things lovely and

of good report;" and yet he would not distinctly acknowledge the divinity of that Saviour who is Himself the Word, and of whom the Bible speaks from Genesis to Revelation! I have sometimes dwelt hopefully on that passage in his letter to me, in reference to Mr. Thomas Erskine's death, where he says, "In a note of Dr. John Brown's to my brother, I observed and ever since remember, that the last words he was heard to utter were 'Lord Jesus!'" These words were Erskine's dying testimony to the divinity of Christ, and they had left a lasting impression on Carlyle's mind. Such things as these we were not likely to hear from either Froude or Tyndall. Besides, he had godly parents, whom he loved and reverenced, and he was a man for whom much prayer was made. Were none of these prayers the fruit of faith? I once heard Mr. Müller give a most interesting address on long-delayed answers to prayer; and, following him into the side-room, I said, "Mr. Müller, suppose you have prayed long, say for thirty years, for some loved one, and, you could not but feel at times, with something like real faith; and that person dies without giving any evidence of a change of heart?" He answered with deep emotion, "It was the case with my own father! but he knew the truth, and I know not what took place between him and his God at the time of death!" I said, "That thought has been a comfort to me in more than one such case." Carlyle also knew the truth; and I have heard that he once said, "he was feeling his way back to the simple faith of his childhood;" who can say that he did not land there before he died? If so, might not God in His infinite wisdom have seen fit that the fact should be concealed? With respect to the domestic life at Cheyne Row, while I lament that many wrong impressions have been given by the precipitate publications that followed Mr. Carlyle's death, I cannot but admit that much was wanting on both sides to render it harmonious and sweet.

Had the new life, the love of God in Christ, been there, what a different home it might have been! May not God in His providence have permitted these sad revelations, just to show that the gospel according to Carlyle and his followers, is utterly unfit to make one happy either here or in eternity?



"If Shand understood articulate speech, I would gladly return his compliments; for he is a dog of worth undoubtedly. He would give me welcome whenever he met me, which is all he can do, poor fellow,—and more than every one of our human friends can do."—*Letter from Thos. Carlyle to Miss Jane B. Welsh, dated 27th May* 1822.

CHAPTER XIV.

In reply to a letter of mine, I received instructions from the War Office, dated 23rd January 1858, to apply my patent military telescopic sight to two Enfield and two Whitworth rifles. This I did in Edinburgh, and took them to Whitworth's gallery to be tried. The result was most satisfactory, Mr. Whitworth saying, "I can now for the first time shoot with my own rifles, the telescope supplying the place of my defective sight." He at once bought my royalty for a considerable number, but for what purpose I could not ascertain. I left the rifles with him to be forwarded to the War Office, and was surprised afterwards to find they were kept back nearly three years, the reason assigned being that Mr. Whitworth was not yet prepared for his rifles being made public. Whether, when sent, they were ever tried, I could not find out. When the civil war in America was going on, I happened to read in the papers an article of which I kept a copy, in which the writer exposed the absurdity of tabooing the use of telescopic sights at Wimbledon, as *not military*, when, he added, "at this moment we believe there are many men, in the ranks of the Confederate army, doing fearful execution, at almost fabulous distances, with Whitworth rifles, fitted with strong and compact telescopes." When I read this, I saw where my telescopes had gone, and why the rifles I had fitted with them for Government had been kept back. Recently Mr. C. Frederick Lowe, the well-known rifle shot, took up my application of telescopic sights

both for rifles and cannon; and, with a courage and persistency equalled only by the generosity that led him to fight for an invention not his own, he searched into the matter, and discovered not only that a hundred Whitworth rifles fitted with my telescopes had run the blockade for the use of the Confederates, but he also found a Confederate soldier, named Shannon, who had carried one of them through the whole war; and who gave in a letter, dated July 1886, a most interesting account of the service they had done. He said that five rifles had been assigned to each division; and that he was one of the five selected from General B. F. Cleatham's division, and that he was present at all the battles fought in that department, from Shiloh to Beatonside. He said: "At the battle of Franklin, Tennessee, which was a desperate affair, our detachment of five of these guns opened the battle, and fought for an hour or more, until the divisions formed and came up. I fired the first shot in that engagement." On one occasion, he said, they raised their telescopes to 2200 yards elevation, and then aimed at the tops of pine timbers, at least 100 feet high, which stood on the edge of a large cotton plantation, dropping their balls amongst a large park of waggons and ambulances, and in a short time cleared the field of every waggon. He supposed the range was two and a half or three miles. This last is evidently in excess. Telescopes were also used on the Federal side. A distinguished Federal general told Mr. Lowe that a small body of telescope men kept a Confederate battery silent for some twenty days; and when it was subsequently taken, they found about fifty of the gunners killed, chiefly by shots in the head and shoulders, and this at a distance of 1100 yards.

In 1887 an English Martini rifle was sent to me, with instructions from the War Office to fit it with my military telescopic sight. The Select Committee, by an extraordinary blunder, in adopting the ratchet grooving, made 100,000

barrels with the ratchet *reversed;* and it was one of these that was sent to me. Having fitted a telescope to this rifle, in spite of the theoretic blunder,—showing that the spin may be given with any kind of grooving,—it shot with extreme accuracy; so much so that six out of seven shots at 100 yards would have hit a threepenny-bit, and performing with corresponding accuracy at long ranges up to 1300 yards. It was forwarded by the Surveyor-General of Ordnance to Hythe; where, after a very inadequate trial, it was condemned. I particularly explained that I pitted it against open sights, where the object to be hit could not be discerned by the naked eye; and that, in the trial, such objects, instead of targets with well-defined bull's eyes, were to be used, but this was not done. It is evident that, as long as the existing system prevails, inventors outside the dominant clique can have a poor chance of fair play. When Continental nations lead, then England follows suit.

Six years of country life, without a personal interest in agricultural operations, and with no occupation beyond that which should be pursued only for recreation, together with the question of education for my children, combined to send me to Edinburgh. My predilection was toward the southern suburb, then comparatively unbuilt upon, and affording some excellent sites for a house; so I determined to build. Having planned a house, I went to Edinburgh, and, meeting my eldest brother in George Street, he introduced me to his old friend, Mr. David Bryce, to whom I submitted my drawings; which consisted of ground plans and elevations from four sides. Mr. Bryce thought favourably of them, but before deciding, as he was very busy himself, directed his principal assistants, Messrs. Walker and Paris, to make plans containing the same amount of accommodation; and, having carefully examined them, he decided in favour of mine, with some slight alterations; substituting "old

Scotch," of which he was so great a master, for my Elizabethan elevations. I selected an admirable site on the ridge running east from Boroughmuirhead, on which the Scottish army was encamped before marching to Flodden; commanding a view of Blackford, the Braid, and Pentland Hills, stretching one behind the other, like the scenery of a stage, all possessing historic associations, and being thus in themselves an education for my children. The plot contained five acres, and, being surrounded by fine trees on three sides, I named it Woodcroft. Mr. Bryce resolved to open a quarry on the ground, and it furnished abundance of fine sandstone as hard as Craigleith, and of a beautiful pinkish colour. He also introduced a mode of building,—of which this was the first specimen, but which has now been largely adopted,—of laying the square-dressed stones on their natural bed, and, being split with wedges, the outer surfaces present no marks of the chisel. Dr. John Brown was greatly taken with the house,—"the best," he said, "in Edinburgh, and built of the rock on which it stands." Imitation is the highest form of flattery, and so two houses were shortly built to the east, of the same stone, and much on the same plan. Having myself had a home round which my most pleasing associations lingered when in a far-off land, I had wished my children to have the same; and this has been pleasantly realized. One writes from India, "I shall never feel myself really at home till I get to Woodcroft." The motto over the entrance of the house was suggested by Jeanie Welsh,—"*Meliora semper Cogita*," —being one on an old house near "Sunnybank."

My house finished, I felt sorely the want of some active occupation, and this came very opportunely to hand. I had long been impressed with the importance of encouraging rifle practice as a recreation, and utilizing rifle shots as a national defence. This led me to send the following letter to the papers :—

TRAINING FOR NATIONAL DEFENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE WITNESS."

17th March 1853.

SIR,—Beyond all doubt, volunteers would render the most effective service equipped and trained, not as regulars, but as riflemen, on the jager and guerilla model. If *good shots*, the movements they would require to know are so few and simple, that a few weeks' drill would at any time fit them for the field, and a most formidable body they would be; pouring, under cover and at long ranges, their destructive fire on the flanks and rear of an invading army; and, should the enemy effect an entrance into a city, these practised riflemen, behind a barricade or in possession of the houses, would give them a reception such as even the Chasseurs de Vincennes might scarcely relish.

A SOLDIER.

To this opening paragraph were added some details as to the method of forming such a corps, which I here omit. In the same month there appeared in the *Witness* Hugh Miller's rousing article entitled "Our Best Ramparts," republished in many of the London papers. There also followed my letter a series of articles on rifle clubs and rifle practice; but the matter of forming rifle corps slumbered till 1859, when, roused by the crowing of the French colonels, the subject began to take shape, and Edinburgh pioneered the way in Scotland. It was taken up almost simultaneously by members of the law, students, and citizens. I believe the earliest meeting took place in 6 York Place, when I read from a pamphlet by Sir Charles Napier on the subject, and addressed a body of students. The professors were most hearty in their co-operation, and I had an early opportunity, in the class-room of Professor Christison, of putting the subject before a crowded meeting.

Some slight opposition was skilfully met and turned into acquiescence by that most popular professor. The thing went on swimmingly, and is well described in the *History of the Queen's City of Edinburgh Rifle Volunteer Brigade*, by Mr. William Stephens, an officer of that corps. I have said members of the legal profession took a leading part in the movement. Indeed, we had in the Queen's Edinburgh a company of advocates, another of writers to the signet, and others of solicitors, accountants, and bankers; the formation thus taking the character of class companies. This gave a great impulse to the movement, not only in Edinburgh, but throughout Scotland. That gentlemen of high position should shoulder the musket, and stand shoulder to shoulder with the humblest citizen for the defence of our shores, was felt to be the right thing, and in harmony with the instincts of the nation. But citizens were not behind, but rather in the van; for in March 1859, led by a lawyer, John Anthony Macrae, the chief of the Macraes, and Mr. Henry, the distinguished gunmaker, a citizen company was formed, and this was the nucleus of what, with the artisans, has formed the backbone of the Edinburgh corps. It was a fine sight, a strong company of advocates, commanded by the late Lord Gordon, with Sergeant Macdonald on its right flank, moving in order over the oaken floor of the Parliament House, and causing it to resound with their martial tread; or, descending to the crypts below, to see pleaders in their horse-hair wigs filling up the intervals between their orations at the bar by a diligent practice of the manual and firing exercises. These gentlemen companies, though the two first-named did not endure, furnished some excellent officers; the most distinguished of whom, the sergeant of the advocates, being now the brigadier-general of the Forth Volunteer Brigade.

On the last day of August 1859, the services of the City of Edinburgh corps were accepted by Her Majesty; the Lord Advocate, James Moncreiff, being appointed its lieutenant-

colonel. On myself, as major, and subsequently as lieutenant-colonel commandant, devolved the duty of forming and drilling the brigade; and in this I was ably assisted by a succession of excellent adjutants. The first of these, Captain Page, a retired Indian officer, was of a very youthful appearance, and on one of the many occasions of our marching to the music of our band up the crowded Canongate, as Page brought up the rear on his charger, an old wife, in a burst of genuine enthusiasm, cried out, "Three cheers for the bairn!" The Canongate was our great recruiting ground; and an immense crowd of fine able-bodied fellows used to follow us from end to end, marching with a regular step to the cadence of the band. For some time our operations were necessarily confined to the drill of companies; and it was on the 15th October that we turned out for the first time as a battalion, and that to do homage to our Queen. Her Majesty was leaving Holyrood for Wales. The regiment was formed in line on the north side of the Duke's Walk, and received Her Majesty with a royal salute as she drove to St. Margaret's station. This was the first time Her Majesty saw a body of volunteers under arms. I commanded, and was the first field officer of volunteers in the kingdom who had the honour to salute Her Majesty. Up to this time the military had given the cold shoulder to the volunteers, and it was with pardonable pride that I marched the corps to the Castle Esplanade, and drew it up in close column, to receive a gracious message from the Queen, conveyed by our honorary colonel, the Lord Provost Melville, to the effect that Her Majesty "was particularly struck and highly pleased with the appearance of the volunteers, and their soldierly bearing under arms." The Queen conferred the honour of knighthood on Sir John Melville on this occasion. I may here add, as a touching circumstance, that the Queen's Brigade was the last corps to do honour to His Royal Highness the Prince Consort; escorting Her Majesty and him in

a torchlight procession, after he had laid the foundation stones of the General Post Office and Museum of Science and Art, to St. Margaret's station, eliciting from the Queen an expression of her gratification, and that of Prince Albert, at the beautiful effect it produced.

The Royal Review of the Scottish volunteer force, which took place on the 7th of August 1860, was an immense success. Hundreds of thousands of spectators clustered like bees on the slopes of Arthur's Seat, and looked down on a glorious spectacle. Nature had singularly suited the situation for such a scene; and never since its creation had it been the theatre of such a noble sight. It is well described in an ode by Mr. Mackenzie of the 2nd Highland company, afterwards Lord Mackenzie:—

"Ne'er shall the mem'ry of that sight
Depart, when youth and beauty bright,
Like countless flowers gemmed every height
Of that enchanting scene;
And on the plain the mustered host,
From Highland glens and Lowland coast,
A nation's pith, a nation's boast,
And in their midst their Queen."

I had the honour to command the leading brigade of rifles, of which my own corps formed the first portion. Lord Rokeby commanded the division to which this brigade belonged, and he expressed a wish to see the Gifford company of the Haddington corps, having heard they were exceptionally fine men. Having inspected them, he said to me, "I have had in my day a great deal to do with recruiting, and I must say we get our finest men from Scotland, and especially from Aberdeenshire. I don't know why the Aberdeen men should so excel, unless it be that there is a great development of muscle from working in the quarries." I said, "My lord, I'll tell you what makes our Scottish peasantry so stalwart; it is the porridge!" I regret that of

late the porridge is giving way to slops, such as tea and white bread, which are not so good for forming bone and muscle. My old friend, General Tapp, did duty as Queen's aide-de-camp at the review.

After a lapse of twenty-one years, during which the volunteer force had increased in strength and efficiency, and had become an institution of the realm, we had another Royal Review, which proved that the volunteers were not mere carpet knights, or fair-weather soldiers. The early part of the day was fair though threatening, and it was a fine sight, the various corps, headed by their bands, marching in from different points to take their respective positions under Salisbury Crags, preparatory to occupying the Queen's Park for the march past. After midday a tremendous storm of wind and rain commenced, and continued without abatement during the rest of the day, flooding the ground, and drenching the citizen soldiers to the skin. In the midst of it all the Queen appeared, drove along the line, and, taking her place at the saluting point, the different corps took up their ground in the Park, and marched past with a regularity and *éclat* that defied the elements.

I again commanded the senior brigade of rifles, being the only volunteer officer on whom the honour of a brigade command was conferred; and, as I was soon to retire, I had hoped that as my first salute as a volunteer was given to the Queen, so would be my last; but a brigade drill occurring before my resignation was in order, I had to lower my sword for the last time to the reviewing officer. It was not without a struggle that I gave up the command of the strongest and one of the finest corps in the kingdom; but I thought, after twenty-three years, it was time it devolved on younger hands. It had been a most pleasant time to me, during which I had been privileged to see the growth of a movement which had realized one of the dreams of my early life; a movement which had added an important element of

strength to the nation, had put dignity on the profession of the soldier, and had associated that profession with what is good and honourable in civil life. No volunteer corps ever had a finer set of officers than the Queen's Brigade, and to their cordial co-operation is chiefly due the high character it has maintained. Its performance at the target has been exceptionally good. During my command, it had a Queen's Prizeman. Twice it had gained the Prince of Wales' prize. One good man won for it in one year the St. George's Vase and the Irish International. Twice it had won the Battalion Sweepstakes in connection with the Queen's Prize. Once it got the Martin's Cup; and it put five names out of the first twelve as winners on the Caledonian Shield. In the International Regimental Competition of Great Britain in 1877, the 1st Battalion took the first prize, and the 2nd Battalion the fourth; and in 1878, the 2nd Battalion took the first prize, and the 1st Battalion the fifth. I have some pride in noting these successes, as good shooting is the *sine qua non* of a rifle volunteer force. It was a great satisfaction to me to hand over the command to Colonel Macdonald, who had done much, from the commencement, to promote the efficiency of the corps. At the first parade on which I wore my badge as a Commander of the Bath,—which the Queen had graciously conferred on me in consequence of my services in promoting the movement,—the hook opened, and it disappeared. As the mud on the parade-ground was several inches deep, I abandoned all hope of its recovery. True, I could replace it, but then it would no longer be the same I had received from the hand of the Queen. To my no small delight, a few days afterwards my man appeared with the decoration in his hand, having found it in one of my holsters. The fact was, I had ridden a high-actioned horse, and, as I was galloping, the same plunge that loosened the badge had opportunely lifted the cover of the holster to receive it, and had then closed it to keep it safe.

Contemporaneous with the rise of the volunteer movement was the beginning of the religious revival, which followed a similar awakening in America, and then in Ireland. Indeed, the same Queen's Park on which paraded our volunteers was the scene of large gatherings, which I helped to organize, to receive addresses by distinguished evangelists; and many thousands seated on the northern slopes of Arthur Seat could hear more distinctly than in any building, however excellent its acoustics, the addresses that were delivered from the platform at their foot. The hall in Carrubber's Close might be said to have been the headquarters of these operations, and Mr. Gall, the superintendent, the chief organizer. On one of the field-days, platforms were erected at intervals down the High Street and Canongate, and extending to the Queen's Park, from which the speakers successively addressed the assembled crowds; followed up by meetings in some of the churches, where any who had been awakened were personally dealt with. It was a movement regarding which a variety of opinions prevailed, even among those who earnestly desired the advancement of true religion. Of this I had an opportunity of judging, as I undertook the duty of visiting nearly all the ministers of the city, to invite their co-operation. Some said there were extravagances connected with the operations of which they could not approve. To such I said that was one reason why I applied for their help; that, by throwing themselves into the movement at this early stage, they might take it into their own hands, and obviate the evils arising from well-meant but misdirected zeal. I am happy to say that some who at first hesitated became eventually cordial and able supporters. Dr. Candlish had no scruples about it, but gave it his warm approval. He started to give an address from the platform in the Queen's Park, but he was at that time far from well, and I had a note of apology from him in which he said that on his way to the ground he had visited a sick member of

his congregation in the South Back of the Canongate, and felt so fatigued after it that he had unwillingly to abandon his engagement. The movement was not confined to Edinburgh; in fact, it had its beginning among the fisher population along our coasts, and one of the first scenes of it that I visited was at a fishing village on the south shore of the Firth of Forth. After the addresses were concluded, I said to the minister who presided, "Now, let us look after the wounded;" and I added, "The time was when it was hardly expected that there would be any wounded." He answered, "Too true; and I confess the first took me by surprise."

I had an opportunity of seeing the work in many parts of Scotland, from the extreme south as far north as Inverness, and can testify to its blessed results, as well as to the less marked, but not less important effects of the quiet and lasting operations by which it was followed up. The foundation, it was to be noticed, was laid in sound gospel preaching and the teaching in Sabbath schools. Where there had been diligent and prayerful sowing, there was the most successful reaping. I often thought of the comparative ease and joy that attended the latter operation, and the aptness there was to overlook or even depreciate the work of those who had sown with tears. At the outset, ministers, especially in the country, where earnest work was going on, made strong appeals for help; and some of the Edinburgh elders met to arrange how to answer these appeals. This led to the formation of the "Scottish Evangelistic Association," to which ministers were asked to apply; the members giving their aid as far as their other duties enabled them. For some time the work was carried on with the help of only one paid evangelist,—a Free Church probationer,—but the appointment of evangelists went on increasing till, to meet the extended demand, there were as many as twelve agents, under the superintendence of the late Captain Roderick Mackenzie, one of the fruits of the

revival in the Indian Navy, to which I have already referred. The Association, which is still in the field, is strictly undenominational, and its agents seek the co-operation of all the ministers of the places they visit. Two things have always seemed essential to success: first, meetings for prayer and earnest waiting on God for a blessing preceding the effort; and then a diligent following up on the part of the local ministers, and a watchful and tender care of those who have been brought under the effectual operations of the Spirit. Besides the ordinary agents of the Association, it was sought to enlist the services of students of divinity who had nearly finished their curriculum, by giving them their railway fares to and from the place visited; so that they could give help at the Saturday evening meeting and on the Sabbath, returning to their classes on the Monday morning. When I laid this plan before the Free Church Principal, Dr. Candlish, he gave it his hearty approval, and his own son made his first effort as a preacher in connection with this arrangement. I have, on the fly-leaf of my Bible, the names of eight students who took part in this work; and, when I mark their subsequent career, I feel satisfied that the bringing them into this close contact with such heart-stirring work, at the outset of their service for Christ, had an important and specific influence on their future ministry.

As a specimen of the work at an early stage, I may mention a visit I paid to Yetholm, the headquarters of our Scottish gipsies, at the invitation of the Free Church minister, the late Mr. Coventry, whom I had known, with his companion David Sandiman, when they were students at college. I was driven from the railway station to the village by a godly farmer in his trap. The night was dark, and I remarked on their primitive condition, as shown by the total absence of lamps in the village. "Ay, sir," said my friend, "we hae nae lamps, but we hae the True Licht."

It was Saturday, and I was put down at the door of a worthy master mason, with whom, for want of a manse, the minister lodged. There had been a very decided work of grace, but not without some of those exceptional excesses which occurred at the early stages of the movement. Some of the gipsies, including the queen, had come under the influence, and there were some cheering evidences of change of heart and life. Among the first converts were two shepherds, brothers, men of splendid physique, champion wrestlers at the Border games; for the Cheviots were not only famous for sheep, but for a race of stout and hardy hillmen. At the Saturday evening service, a gipsy from the gallery, when leading in prayer, referred to them as "Gran' wrastlers wi' men," and prayed that they might be "strong in wrastling wi' Sautan an' the pooers o' darkness." I noticed that the son of our host, the mason, did not come home with us to supper. He was shy in answering me when I inquired on the Sabbath morning what had become of him; but I found afterwards that he and some of his companions had stayed behind in the church, and spent a great part of the night in prayer for a blessing on the next day's services. On the Sunday I overheard him say to a young man that if he could but get that one, that would be them all. This, I discovered, referred to his Sabbath class, of all of whom he was hopeful except of this one. Some time after this visit to Yetholm, I heard of this striking incident. One of these two shepherds was keeping his solitary watch on the rounded summit of one of the Cheviot Hills, when it became suddenly enveloped in thick mist. Feeling utterly shut out from the world, and alone with God, he could not help kneeling down and pouring out his heart in audible prayer. As he prayed, he heard what seemed the echo of his voice. But when he stopped, to his surprise the echo went on. He was perplexed, as he heard distinct petitions offered up. Suddenly the mist was lifted

off, and on a far-distant peak he descried the figure of his brother shepherd, who had been engaged in like manner as himself; and this mist had conveyed the sound from mountain-top to mountain-top, while at the same time it went upwards to the Hearer and Answerer of prayer.

The visit of Mr. Moody gave a great impulse to revival work. There was a special meeting attended by ministers from the country, who carried back with them some fruitful, active influences. Mr. Moody's addresses, remarkable for their simplicity, and the absence of the ordinary conventional modes of expression, enriched as they were at the same time by apt and homely illustrations, made a powerful impression on his hearers; but the grand secret of his success seemed to be, what it is so hard to imitate, his own conviction that the Spirit was carrying home the truth to the hearts of at least some of those present; so that he always looked for anxious inquirers at the close of his meetings, and he was never disappointed. There was one occasion, I remember, when he had more inquirers than he could manage to deal with. It was after a very crowded meeting in the Corn Exchange. A number of ladies had taken on them the duty of going round the neighbouring Grassmarket, inviting working men to the meeting. The consequence was, that hall, the largest in Edinburgh, could not contain the audience, and many crowded round the entrance. I was somewhat late in arriving, and had difficulty in getting to the raised platform; shortly after which I was called upon to speak. When crossing the Grassmarket, I came to a spot which I never approach without lifting my hat. There is a cross in the paving stones which marks what was formerly the place of public executions. From that hallowed spot many of the Covenanting martyrs entered into glory. There, too, many a criminal paid the penalty due to a broken law; or, according to the well-known term in Scottish law, "was justified." On such occasions it was

commonly said, as the criminal passed, "There goes so and so, to be justified in the Grassmarket" As the subject of my address was, "How shall a man be just with God?" the cross in the pavement suggested an apt illustration. The law, whether human or divine, being broken, demands the life of the offender. That life being given, the law is satisfied; it can ask no more. Indeed, it did happen that a woman who was cut down after she had hung the appointed time was restored to life under the hands of the surgeons, and she was reckoned in the sight of the law a justified person; for although, with nothing the worse beyond a significant twist in her neck, she long after walked the streets under the *sobriquet* of "half-hangit Meg," the law could not lay a hand upon her. So the sinner, I said, is justified by the vicarious death of Christ, and the divine law is satisfied. As a proof of the manner in which this truth takes hold of the Scottish mind, I mentioned that I heard a Glasgow minister give from the pulpit the following experience in the course of his pastoral visitations. A poor woman was dying in the Infirmary, and, her friends being anxious to have some satisfactory proof that it was well with her spiritually, this minister was asked to visit her. He found her in a very low state, but quite sensible; and, after a little conversation about her bodily ailment, he said, "Now, my good woman, seeing it is so with your poor body, what hope have you with regard to your soul?" She replied, "Weel, sir, I'm juist lippening (trusting) to the justice of God." The minister was taken aback, and said, "My good woman, surely you are convinced of many sins, and if God were strict to mark iniquity, who could stand, or could answer for one in a thousand?" "Ay, sir, that's unco true, but I was just thinking that, if Christ died for my sins, it wadna be just in God to punish me for them." The minister said, "True, true; He is faithful and *just* to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

It was a very solemn meeting; and after several earnest addresses had been given, and hymns sung, led by Mr. Sankey, those that would wish to be spoken with were invited to adjourn to the Free Assembly Hall. Upwards of three hundred rushed to the Hall, where a meeting of women was just closing; and Mr. Moody, seeing it was impossible at so late an hour to deal with so many individually, said he would ask some of the believers present to give a brief account of the manner in which they had been brought to the Saviour. He called on a minister of the gospel, a nobleman, a lawyer, a merchant, a naval and a military officer; and, after we had heard some interesting examples of the variety of ways in which the Spirit works in the hearts and consciences of men, the inquirers were commended to God in prayer, and Mr. Moody, with a few appropriate words, closed what was a remarkable meeting. I have long thought it is a defect in our ecclesiastical arrangements that we have not, besides pastors, ordained and duly appointed evangelists. I have constantly observed on the platform at revival meetings a class of ministers whose *forte* manifestly lay in that direction; men who were more suited to be evangelists like the late Dr. Somerville, than pastors, preaching from Sabbath to Sabbath to the same set of hearers. Such men, I think, should be set loose, either permanently or for a time, for such work, and supported by a fund established for the purpose. What good might be done by half a dozen such evangelists, men of the highest gifts and richest graces, moving from place to place; arranging for a week or a fortnight's services; and so breaking in upon the monotony of the one voice, and the more or less one aspect of the truth, and giving a fresh impulse to the ministry of the gospel.

One of the first Edinburgh friends I made on coming from India was Miss Hunter Blair. I was sitting in Dr. Candlish's church at the conclusion of the service, when I

felt a gentle tap on my shoulder from some one on the seat immediately behind me, and, on turning round, a stout old lady, with a motherly look in her face, whispered, "Do you know Charles Mylne?" I said, "Oh yes, he is a great friend of mine." "Then you walk home with me between the services." So I accompanied the lady through the narrow lane which led at that time from Free St. George's Church to Torphichen Street, where she lived. We had not gone many steps before she said, "Now, tell me how the Lord dealt with your soul." And thus began this dear old lady's kindly interest in me, extending soon afterwards to my wife, and maintained till she went to the Father's house above, whither Captain Charles Mylne shortly followed her. Naturally, when I had made up my mind to come home, I looked forward to seeing Dr. Chalmers, but he died just before I left India. However, when I settled at Morningside, I had the satisfaction of visiting the house, not far from my own, from which he was taken as if by translation; as also of reading and praying with his invalid daughter, using his family Bible. His was the first house built in Church Hill, and it seemed to consecrate the locality, for I do not know a single house in that row that has not had godly occupants, nay, some of them a succession of such. The one at the end near me was built for three well-known ladies, sisters of one of Wellington's fighting men, of Field-Marshal Ross. I was their elder, though about half their age, and saw much of them. Indeed, their house had much of the atmosphere of heaven, which it was refreshing to inhale. All old, the eldest, though an invalid for forty years, attained the age of ninety-eight! To the last her intellect was unclouded, and her memory, so unusual with old people, was fresh for recent things, for which she had the liveliest sympathy. She combined the vivacity and cheerfulness of youth with the rich experience of old age. Holding on from day to day, she lived as on the verge of the unseen world; and I

remember her saying, with a smile, she sometimes feared her dear Lord had forgotten her. When she felt her call had come, she set her house in order, and gave minute directions about her funeral, who was to be asked, and who was not to be asked. Among the latter was Sir Henry Moncreiff, as she was sure he would catch cold at the grave. David Maclagan was to be asked, but he was not strong, so he was not to go to the grave, but was to stay in the house with her sister. Nothing was to be put on the coffin but the letter M., for Mary, in brass nails. Thus the aged pilgrim went the heavenward journey, to be with the Lord she had loved so long, and to join the brother and sister who had gone before her. The remaining sister survived her some years, but was both blind and deaf before she died; yet with her voice she would testify to the sweet presence of her Saviour.

My brother William, a few days after his arrival in India, on his way to Poona with some other artillery cadets, got a kick from his horse which dislocated his shoulder. Riding post haste from Ahmednuggur to Poona to see him, when changing horses at one of the travellers' bungalows, I got a glimpse of a tall officer whom I afterwards met at a prayer-meeting at Poona. This was Colonel Young, who at that time bore marks of a fierce encounter with a wounded bear, and who turned up soon after we came to Morningside, and has been my near neighbour ever since. We have long been members of the Free Church Foreign Mission Committee, and we had constant intercourse with Dr. Duff during his convenership, which lasted till he died. He bequeathed to each of us a book from his library, "in memoriam;" and his son, in conveying them, wrote to Colonel Young, that his father never named us individually, but his expression always was, "the two Colonels." I feel it an honour that Dr. Duff thus linked my name with that of one who has done such good service in the Church; and especially of late years, as the able Convener of that same Committee. Another

much valued neighbour, who at one time occupied one of the houses in Dr. Chalmers's row, was the late Sheriff Jameson, the brother of my first Christian friend; and there was Captain Shepherd, who afterwards possessed the same house; Colonel Henry Rolland, also close at hand, a Bombay cadet of the same season as myself, and companion in some of the tiger and bear hunts to which I have referred; to say nothing of dear old Dr. Graham already mentioned: all associated with memories of the past, some gone before, and some still travelling on to the same happy home.

I have now done. More recent events, however pleasant to recall, do not come within the range of "Memories." Those I have given are pictures transferred, without the help of diary, straight to the page from the tablet on which they are vividly portrayed; and I feel half ashamed that, yielding to pressure, I have allowed them to take their present form. Sir Charles Colvin asked my old friend, General Bagnold, whether he would like to begin life again. The General replied, "Yes; but only on one condition; namely, that of having the benefit of the experience I have gained." Now, while those who have attained mature or advanced life cannot begin life again on any terms, far less on the condition here proposed, still, those who are beginning life may have the want of an experience of their own in some measure compensated by availing themselves of the experience of those who have trodden the path before them; and this consideration may help to excuse me for having yielded to the suggestion to allow my poor "Memories" to appear in print.

The field over which I have travelled covers a large portion of this passing century, and is marked by vast and important changes. The practical application of the discoveries of science has brought the ends of the earth together, and has fulfilled the words of the prophet when he says, "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be in-

creased." Indeed, if the length of a man's life were to be measured by the changes he has witnessed, such as have lived through three-fourths of this century might rank with those who lived and died before the flood. The treasures of nature and of human intellect have been opened up, and have been applied to produce results which the most far-seeing of our forefathers never dreamt of. The materials were there, but the time for using them had not yet come; and it is striking to mark the diversity of ends to which they have been applied. The changes in matters moral and religious have also been great and significant. I can well remember being present as a boy at a crowded meeting at Haddington, which resulted in a petition to Parliament for the abolition of slavery within the British possessions. And it is the more strongly impressed upon my memory from the fact that, being the best penman at school, I was set to transcribe the document; and, instead of thanks for my services, I received a cuff for spoiling a sheet by spelling Britain with two t's. And as regards the progress of religious effort, it seems but yesterday that, as a collector for a Juvenile Missionary Society, I sat with other small juveniles round a deal table in a very humble meeting-place, while we in turn gave an account of our stewardship, and the small sums in pence we had taken were carefully recorded by our secretary and treasurer, a godly young cobbler, whose fingers were black with the obstinately adhesive rosin of that day's toil. That was indeed the day of small things in those missionary operations which are so rapidly extending to all the habitable portions of the earth.

But the progress has not been always in the right direction. There has been a sad backgoing in regard to the observance of the Sabbath, and attendance upon religious ordinances. In the country in those early days every man, woman, and child had their "Sunday bests," and the man whose shadow never darkened the church door was a rare

and marked exception. In the town, too, matters were very different from what they are now. One Sunday I was sick in church, and, leaving before the service was ended, I was overawed as I walked homewards through the streets, for not a living soul was to be seen; it was like a city of the dead. Again, before I left for India, there was just one solitary Roman Catholic in Haddington, a saddler by trade, whom we boys regarded with a suspicious dread, looking sometimes at his lower extremities to see if they were the same as those of other men. When I returned, there was a large colony of Romanists, with a chapel and a complete staff of priests, who sometimes had their joke with the Established minister telling him he was keeping the Abbey Church warm for them.

In the days to which I refer, the wave of religious influence from Reformation times was not altogether spent, but the deadening effects of Moderatism were still in force, and vital Christianity seemed to nestle mainly in the bosom of the Nonconforming churches. In the Establishment the same hearers listened with respectful patience to the Moderate in the morning and the Evangelical in the afternoon; and efforts for the extension of the gospel were few and feeble. I will not venture to touch upon the aspect of the Churches of the Reformation in the times in which we live; I leave that to the writer of "Memories" in the coming century. At the same time, it argues ill for the progress of that form of faith to which we owe so much, that scarcely one of the influential and popular writers of our day is orthodox. The late editor of the *Times*, writing in 1865, said, "I know many journalists, men of letters, and other educated people in London, and, to speak frankly, I don't know a single one who believes in Christianity. I know few who mention it for any other purpose than to ridicule its pretensions."

A word about the progress of crime. It was somewhat

severely dealt with a hundred years ago. A conspicuous figure in the streets of Haddington, in his slouch hat drawn over his brow, his ragged coat, with cow's horn in his hand, announcing "Caller haddies, new come in," was Patie Carse; who, having narrowly escaped the gallows for the theft of a sheep, was a kind of outcast in the town. Since then, how terrible the growth of crime! In one page of our daily paper there is perhaps a larger record of wife-beating, child-starving, suicides, and murders, than could be gathered from a six months' file of the *Caledonian Mercury* of that early date.

We can look back on the past, but we cannot dive into the future. Dr. Macallum, the Methodist minister at Haddington, in describing the brief footing of to-day, said, "Where is yesterday? Gone back into the regions beyond the flood! And where is to-morrow? In the bosom of futurity!" But all is in the hand of a gracious and merciful Creator; and the look I can take of the past strengthens me to trust in Him for the time to come. I can truly say, goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, even as the waters from the rock followed the Israelites in their wanderings through the wilderness. And going back once more to the days of my childhood, I cannot better close these "Memories" than with the first verse I learned to repeat at my mother's knee:—

"When all Thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise."

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